(S.) THE *DUNCIAD*, COMPLETE IN *FOUR BOOKS*, ACCORDING TO MR. POPE'S LAST IMPROVEMENTS WITH *SEVERAL ADDITIONS NOW FIRST PRINTED*, AND DISSERTATIONS ON THE POEM AND THE HERO, AND *NOTES VARIORUM*. PUBLISHED BY MR. WARBURTON. *LONDON* PRINTED FOR J. AND P. KNAPTON IN LUDGATE STREET *MDCCXLIX*. 8vo., (the words printed in Italics are in *red* ink in the original), with a frontispiece illustrative of the lines —

"All my commands are easy, short, and full
My sons! be proud, be selfish, and be dull!"

What these "Additions now first printed" are, — how far Pope's, how far Warburton's — it falls not within our province to inquire. We shall, no doubt, in due time, learn this from the editors of the forthcoming edition of Pope's works.

N. Blakey inv. et del. 1749 C. Grignion sculp.

All my Commands are easy, short, and full:
My Sons! be Proud, be selfish, and be Dull. IV

Published by J. & P. Knapton, Nov.r 1.st 1749.

THE DUNCIAD, COMPLETE, IN FOUR BOOKS,

According to

Mr. POPE's last Improvements.

WITH

Several ADDITIONS now first printed,

AND THE

Dissertations on the *Poem* and the *Hero*,

AND

NOTES VARIORUM.

Published by

Mr. WARBURTON.

LONDON,

Printed for J. and P. KNAPTON in Ludgate-Street.

MDCCXLIX.

Advertiſement.

THIS Edition of the *Dunciad* is publiſhed for the ſame reaſon that the Editor, ſome time ago, publiſhed the *Eſſay on Man*, to prevent ſurreptitious and pirated Editions, to the injury both of the Proprietor and the Purchaſer. As theſe two Works are, in their ſeveral kinds, complete, and independent on any other, they will (for the purpoſe above-mentioned) be always ſeparately continued in ſale.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

HIS

PROLEGOMENA

TO THE

DUNCIAD.

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MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

OF THE

POEM.

THIS Poem, as it celebrateth the moſt grave and ancient of things, Chaos, Night, and Dulneſs; ſo is it of the moſt grave and ancient kind. Homer (ſaith Ariſtotle) was the firſt who gave the *Form*, and (ſaith Horace) who adapted the *Meaſure*, to heroic poeſy. But even before this, may be rationally preſumed from what the ancients have left written, was a piece by Homer compoſed, of like nature and matter with this of our poet. For of Epic ſort it appeareth to have been, yet of matter ſurely not unpleaſant, witneſs what is reported of it by the Learned Archbiſhop Euſtathius, in Odyſſ. x. And accordingly Ariſtotle, in his Poetic, chap. iv. doth further ſet forth, that as the Iliad and Odyſſey gave example to Tragedy, ſo did this Poem to Comedy its firſt idea.

From theſe authors alſo it ſhould ſeem, that the Hero, or chief perſonage of it was no leſs *obſcure*, and his *underſtanding* and *ſentiments* no leſs quaint and ſtrange

(if indeed not more ſo) than any of the actors of our poem. MARGITES was the name of this perſonage, whom antiquity recordeth to have been *Dunce the firſt*; and ſurely from what we hear of him, not unworthy to be the root of ſo ſpreading a tree, and ſo numerous a poſterity. The Poem therefore celebrating him, was properly and abſolutely a *Dunciad*; which though now unhappily loſt, yet is its nature ſufficiently known by the infallible tokens aforeſaid. And thus it doth appear, that the firſt Dunciad was the firſt Epic poem, written by Homer himſelf, and anterior even to the Iliad or Odyſſey.

Now, foraſmuch as our Poet had tranſlated thoſe two famous works of Homer which are yet left, he did conceive it in ſome ſort his duty to imitate that alſo which was loſt: And was therefore induced to beſtow on it the ſame form which Homer's is reported to have had, namely that of Epic poem, with a title alſo framed after the ancient Greek manner, to wit, that of *Dunciad.*

Wonderful it is, that ſo few of the moderns have been ſtimulated to attempt ſome Dunciad! Since in the opinion of the multitude, it might coſt leſs pain and oil, than an imitation of the greater Epic. But poſſible it is alſo, that on due reflection, the maker might find it eaſier to paint a Charlemagne, a Brute, or a Godfrey, with juſt pomp and dignity heroic, than a Margites, a Codrus, or a Fleckno.

We ſhall next declare the occaſion and the cauſe which moved our Poet to this particular work. He lived in thoſe days, when (after Providence had permitted the Invention of Printing as a ſcourge for the ſins of the learned) Paper alſo became ſo cheap, and Printers ſo numerous, that a deluge of Authors covered the land: Whereby not only the peace of the honeſt unwriting

ſubject was daily moleſted, but unmerciful demands were made of his applauſe, yea of his money, by ſuch as would neither earn the one, nor deſerve the other: At the ſame time, the Liberty of the Preſs was ſo unlimited, that it grew dangerous to refuſe them either; for they would forthwith publiſh ſlanders unpuniſhed, the authors being anonymous; nay the immediate publiſhers thereof lay ſkulking under the wings of an act of Parliament, aſſuredly intended for better purpoſes.

[a] Now our author, living in thoſe times, did conceive it an endeavour well worthy an honeſt Satyriſt, to diſſuade the dull, and puniſh the malicious, *the only way that was left*. In that public-ſpirited view he laid the plan of this Poem, as the greateſt ſervice he was capable (without much hurt, or being ſlain) to render his dear country. Firſt, taking things from their Original, he conſidereth the Cauſes creative of ſuch Authors, namely *Dulneſs* and *Poverty*; the one born with them, the other contracted, by neglect of their proper talents, through ſelf-conceit of greater abilities. This truth he wrappeth in an *Allegory*[b] (as the conſtruction of Epic poeſy requireth) and feigns that one of theſe Goddeſſes had taken up her abode with the other, and that they jointly inſpired all ſuch writers and ſuch works. [c] He proceedeth to ſhew the *qualities* they beſtow on theſe authors, and the *effects* they produce[d]: Then the *materials*, or *ſtock*, with which they furniſh them[e]; and (above all) that *ſelf-opinion*[f], which cauſeth it to ſeem to themſelves vaſtly greater than it is, and is the prime motive of their ſetting up in this ſad and ſorry merchandice. The great power of theſe Goddeſſes acting in alliance (whereof as the one is the mother of Induſtry, ſo is

[a] Vide Boſſu, Du Poeme Epique, ch. viii. [b] Ibid. chap. vii.
[c] Book i. ℣ 32, &c. [d] ℣ 45 to 52. [e] ℣ 57 to 75.
[f] ℣ 80.

the other of Plodding) was to be exemplified in ſome *one, great* and *remarkable Action*. [g] And none could be more ſo than that which our poet hath choſen, *viz.* the Reſtoration of the Reign of Chaos and Night, by the miniſtry of Dulneſs their daughter, in the removal of her Imperial Seat from the City to the polite World; as the Action of the Æneid is the Reſtoration of the Empire of Troy, by the removal of the Race from thence to Latium. But as Homer ſinging only the *Wrath* of Achilles, yet includes in his poem the whole hiſtory of the Trojan war; in like manner our author hath drawn into this ſingle action the whole hiſtory of Dulneſs and her children.

A *Perſon* muſt next be fixed upon to ſupport this Action. This Phantom in the poet's mind, muſt have a *Name* [h]; he finds it to be ——; and he becomes of courſe the Hero of the poem.

The *Fable* being thus, according to the beſt example, one and entire, as contained in the Propoſition; the *Machinery* is a continued chain of Allegories, ſetting forth the whole power, miniſtry, and empire of Dulneſs, extended through her ſubordinate inſtruments, in all her various operations.

This is branched into *Epiſodes*, each of which hath its Moral apart, though all conducive to the main end. The Crowd aſſembled in the ſecond book, demonſtrates the deſign to be more extenſive than to bad Poets only, and that we may expect other Epiſodes, of the Patrons, Encouragers, or Paymaſters of ſuch authors, as occaſion ſhall bring them forth. And the third book, if well conſidered, ſeemeth to embrace the whole World: Each of the Games relateth to ſome or other vile claſs

[g] Boſſu, chap. vii, viii, Poetic. cap. ix.

[h] Boſſu, chap. viii. Vide Ariſtot.

of writers: The firſt concerneth the Plagiary, to whom he giveth the name of More; the ſecond the libellous Novelliſt, whom he ſtyleth Eliza; the third, the flattering Dedicator; the fourth, the bawling Critic, or noiſy Poet; the fifth, the dark and dirty Party-writer; and ſo of the reſt; aſſigning to each ſome *proper name* or other, ſuch as he could find.

As for the *Characters*, the public hath already acknowledged how juſtly they are drawn: The manners are ſo depicted, and the ſentiments ſo peculiar to thoſe to whom applied, that ſurely to transfer them to any other, or wiſer Perſonages, would be exceeding difficult: And certain it is that every perſon concerned, being conſulted apart, hath readily owned the reſemblance of every portrait, his own excepted. So Mr. Cibber himſelf (Letter to Mr. P. p. 41.) "I cannot help think-"ing your wit is more remarkably bare and barren, "whenever it would fall foul on *Cibber*, than upon "any other Perſon or occaſion whatever."

The *Deſcriptions* are ſingular, the *Compariſons* very quaint, the *Narration* various, yet of one colour: The purity and chaſtity of *Diction* is ſo preſerved, that in the places moſt ſuſpicious, not the *words*, but only the *images* have been cenſured, and yet are thoſe images no other than have been ſanctified by ancient and claſſical Authority, though (as was the manner of thoſe good times) not ſo curiouſly wrapped up: Yea, and commented upon by moſt grave Doctors, and approved Critics.

As it beareth the name of *Epic*, it is thereby ſubjected to ſuch ſevere indiſpenſable rules as are laid on all Neoterics, a ſtrict imitation of the Ancients; inſomuch that any deviation accompanied with whatever poetic beauties, hath always been cenſured by the ſound Critic. How exact that Imitation hath been in this piece, appear-

eth not only by its general ſtructure, but by particular alluſions infinite, many whereof have eſcaped both the commentator and poet himſelf; yea divers by his exceeding diligence are ſo altered and interwoven with the reſt, that ſeveral have already been, and more will be, by the ignorant abuſed, as altogether and originally his own.

In a word, the whole poem proveth itſelf to be the work of our Author, when his faculties were in full vigour and perfection; at that exact time when years have ripened the Judgment, without diminiſhing the Imagination: which, by good critics, is held to be punctually *at forty*. For, at that ſeaſon it was that Virgil finiſhed his Georgics; and ſir Richard Blackmore at the like age compoſing his Arthurs, declared the ſame to be the very Acme and pitch of life for Epic poeſy: Though ſince he hath altered it to *ſixty*, the year in which he publiſhed his Alfred[i]. True it is, that the talents for *Criticiſm*, namely ſmartneſs, quick cenſure, vivacity of remark, certainty of aſſeveration, indeed all but acerbity, ſeem rather the gifts of Youth than of riper age. But it is far otherwiſe in *Poetry*; witneſs the works of Mr. Rymer and Mr. Dennis, who beginning with Criticiſm, became afterwards ſuch Poets as no age hath paralleled. With good reaſon therefore did our author chuſe to write his Eſſay on that ſubject at twenty, and reſerve for his maturer years this great and wonderful work of the Dunciad.

[i] See his Eſſays.

RICARDUS ARISTARCHUS

OF THE

HERO of the POEM.

OF the Nature of *Dunciad* in general, whence derived, and on what authority founded, as well as of the art and conduct of this our Poem in particular, the learned and laborious Scriblerus hath, according to his manner, and with tolerable ſhare of judgment, diſſertated. But when he cometh to ſpeak of the *Perſon* of the *Hero* fitted for ſuch Poem, in truth he miſerably halts and hallucinates. For, miſled by one Monſieur Boſſu, a Gallic critic, he prateth of I cannot tell what *Phantom of a Hero*, only raiſed up to ſupport the Fable. A putrid conceit! As if Homer and Virgil, like modern Undertakers, who firſt build their houſe and then ſeek out for a tenant, had contrived the ſtory of a War and a Wandering, before they once thought either of Achilles or Æneas. We ſhall therefore ſet our good brother, and the world alſo, right in this particular, by giving our word that in the *greater Epic*, the prime intention of the Muſe is to exalt Heroic virtue, in order to propagate the love of it amongſt the *children* of men; and

conſequently, that the Poet's firſt thoughts muſt needs be turned upon a real ſubject meet for laud and celebration; not one whom he is to make, but one whom he may find truly illuſtrious. This is the *primum mobile* of his poetic world, whence every thing is to receive life and motion. For this ſubject being found, he is immediately ordained, or rather acknowledged, an *Hero*, and put upon ſuch action as befitteth the dignity of his character.

But the Muſe ceaſes not here her eagle-flight. For ſometimes, ſatiated with the contemplation of theſe *Suns* of glory, ſhe turneth downward on her wing, and darts like lightning on the *Gooſe* and *Serpent* kind. For we may apply to the Muſe, in her various moods, what an ancient maſter of Wiſdom affirmeth of the Gods in general: *Si Dii non iraſcuntur impiis & injuſtis, nec pios utique juſtoſque diligunt. In rebus enim diverſis, aut in utramque partem moveri neceſſe eſt, aut in neutram. Itaque qui bonos diligit, & malos odit; & qui malos non odit, nec bonos diligit. Quia & diligere bonos ex odio malorum venit; & malos odiſſe ex bonorum cáritate deſcendit.* Which in the vernacular idiom, may be thus interpreted: "If "the Gods be not provoked at evil men, neither are "they delighted with the good and juſt. For contrary "objects muſt either excite contrary affections, or no af-"fections at all. So that he who loveth good men, "muſt at the ſame time hate the bad; and he who "hateth not bad men, cannot love the good; becauſe "both to love good men proceedeth from an averſion to "evil, and to hate evil men from a tenderneſs to the "good." From this delicacy of the Muſe aroſe the *little Epic*; more lively and choleric than her elder ſiſter, whoſe bulk and complexion inclineth her to the flegmatic; and for this, ſome notorious Vehicle of vice and folly was ſought out, to make thereof an example. An early

inſtance of which (nor could it eſcape the accurate Scriblerus) the Father of Epic poem himſelf affordeth us. From him the practice deſcended to the Greek Dramatic poets, his offspring; who in the compoſition of their *Tetralogy*, or ſet of four pieces, were wont to make the laſt a Satyric tragedy. Happily one of theſe ancient *Dunciads* (as we may well term it) is come down to us amongſt the Tragedies of Euripides. And what doth the reader think may be the ſubject? Why, truly, and it is worth his Obſervation, the unequal contention of an *old, dull, debauched, buffoon Cyclops*, with the heaven-directed Favourite of Minerva; who after having quietly born all the monſter's obſcene and impious ribaldry, endeth the farce in puniſhing him with loſs of ſight, and the mark of an indelible brand in his *forehead*. May we not then be excuſed, if for the future we conſider the Epics of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, together with this our poem, as a complete *Tetralogy*; in which the latter worthily holdeth the place or ſtation of the *ſatyric piece?*

Proceed we therefore in our ſubject. It hath been long, and, alas for pity! ſtill remaineth a queſtion, whether the Hero of the *greater Epic* ſhould be an *honeſt man*; or, as the French critics expreſs it, *un honnête homme*[a]; but it never admitted of any doubt but that the Hero of the *little Epic* ſhould *not* be ſo. Hence, to the advantage of our Dunciad, we may obſerve how much juſter the *Moral* of that Poem muſt needs be, where ſo important a queſtion is previouſly decided.

But then it is not every Knave, nor (let me add) Fool, that is a fit ſubject for a Dunciad. There muſt ſtill exiſt ſome analogy, if not reſemblance of qualities,

[a] Si un Heros Poëtique doit être honnête homme. Boſſu, Du Poeme Epique, lib. iv. ch. 5.

betweeen the Heroes of the two Poems; and this in order to admit what Neoteric critics call the *Parody*, one of the livelieſt graces of the little Epic. Thus it being agreed that the conſtituent qualities of the greater Epic Hero are *Wiſdom*, *Bravery*, and *Love*, from whence ſpringeth *heroic Virtue*; it followeth that thoſe of the leſſer Epic Hero ſhould be *Vanity*, *Impudence*, and *Debauchery*, from which happy aſſemblage reſulteth *heroic Dulneſs*, the never-dying ſubject of this our Poem.

This being confeſſed, come we now to particulars. It is the character of true *Wiſdom*, to ſeek its chief ſupport and confidence within itſelf; and to place that ſupport in the reſources which proceed from a conſcious rectitude of Will. — And are the advantages of *Vanity*, when riſing to the heroic ſtandard, at all ſhort of this ſelf-complacence? Nay, are they not, in the opinion of the enamoured owner, far beyond it? "Let the "world (will ſuch an one ſay) impute to me what Folly "or weakneſs they pleaſe; but, 'till *Wiſdom* can give "me ſomething that will make me more heartily happy, I am content to be GAZED AT[b]." This we ſee is *Vanity*, according to the *heroic* gage, or meaſure; not that low and ignoble ſpecies which pretendeth to *Virtues* we *have not*, but the laudable ambition of being *gazed at*, for glorying in thoſe *vices* which all the world know *we have*. "The world will aſk (continues he) "why I make my follies public? Why not? I have "paſſed my time very pleaſantly with them[c]." In ſhort, there is no ſort of Vanity our Hero ſcruples, but that which would have gone near to have degraded him from his high ſtation in this our Dunciad; namely, "Whether it would not be *Vanity* in him to take "ſhame to himſelf for not being a *wiſe man*?[d]"

[b] Dedication to the Life of C. C. [c] Life, p. 2. octavo Ed. [d] Life, ibid.

Bravery, the ſecond attribute of the true Hero, is Courage manifeſting itſelf in every limb; while, in its correſpondent virtue in the mock Hero, that Courage is all collected into the *Face*. And as Power when drawn together, muſt needs be more ſtrong than when diſperſed, we generally find this kind of courage in ſo high and heroic a degree, that it inſults not only Men, but Gods. Mezentius is without doubt the braveſt character in all the Æneis; but how? His bravery, we know, was an high courage of blaſphemy. And can we ſay leſs of this brave man's, who having told us that he placed "his *Summum bonum* in thoſe follies, which he "was not content barely to poſſeſs, but would likewiſe "glory in," adds, "*If I am miſguided*, 'TIS NATURE'S FAULT, *and I follow* HER [c]." Nor can we be miſtaken in making this happy quality a ſpecies of *Courage*, when we conſider thoſe illuſtrious marks of it, which made his *Face more known* (as he juſtly boaſteth) than moſt in the kingdom; and his *Language* to conſiſt of what we muſt allow to be the moſt *daring* Figure of Speech, that which is taken from the *Name of God*.

Gentle Love, the next ingredient in the true Hero's compoſition, is a mere bird of paſſage, or, as Shakeſpear calls it, *ſummer-teeming Luſt:* and evaporates in the Heat of *Youth*, doubtleſs by that refinement it ſuffers in paſſing through thoſe *certain ſtrainers* which our Poet ſomewhere ſpeaketh of. But when it is let alone to work upon the Lees, it acquireth ſtrength by *Old age*; and becometh a ſtanding ornament to the little Epic. It is true indeed, there is one Objection to its fitneſs for ſuch an uſe. For not only the Ignorant may think it *common*, but it is admitted to be ſo, even by Him who beſt

[c] Life, p. 23. octavo.

knoweth its nature. "Don't you think (ſaith he) to "ſay only *a man has his Whore*, ought to go for little "or nothing? Becauſe *defendit numerus*, take the firſt "ten thouſand men you meet, and I believe you would "be no loſer if you betted ten to one, that every ſingle "ſinner of them, one with another, had been guilty "of the ſame frailty[f]." But here he ſeemeth not to have done himſelf juſtice: The man is ſure enough a Hero, who has his Lady at fourſcore. How doth his modeſty herein leſſen the merit of a *whole well-ſpent* Life! not taking to himſelf the Commendation which *Horace* accounted the greateſt in a theatrical character!

——— *Servetur ad* IMUM
Qualis ab incepto proceſſerat ———

But let us further remark, that the calling her *his* whore, implieth ſhe was *his own*, and not his *neighbour's*. Truly a commendable continence! and ſuch as Scipio himſelf muſt have applauded. For how much Self-denial was neceſſary not to covet his Neighbour's whore? and what diſorders muſt the coveting her have occaſioned, in that Society, where (according to this political calculator) *nine* in *ten* of all ages have their *concubines*?

We have now as briefly as we could deviſe, gone through the three conſtituent Qualities of either Hero. But it is not in any, or all of theſe, that Heroiſm properly or eſſentially reſideth. It is a lucky Reſult rather from the colliſion of theſe lively qualities againſt one another. Thus, as from Wiſdom, Bravery, and Love, ariſeth *Magnanimity*, the object of *Admiration*, which is the aim of the greater Epic; ſo from Vanity, Impu-

[f] Letter to Mr. P. p. 46.

dence, and Debauchery, ſpringeth *Buffoonry*, the ſource of Ridicule, that *laughing ornament*, as he well termeth it [i], of the little Epic.

He is not aſhamed (God forbid he ever ſhould be aſhamed!) of this Character; who deemeth, that not *Reaſon* but *Riſibility* diſtinguiſheth the human ſpecies from the brutal. "As Nature (ſaith this profound philoſo-"pher) diſtinguiſhed our ſpecies from the mute creation "by our Riſibility, her deſign MUST have been by *that* "*faculty* as evidently to raiſe our HAPPINESS, as by "OUR *os ſublime* (OUR ERECTED FACES) to lift "the dignity of our FORM above them [k]." All this conſidered, how complete a Hero muſt he be, as well as how *happy* a Man, whoſe Riſibility lieth not barely in his *muſcles*, as in the common ſort, but (as himſelf informeth us) in his very *ſpirits?* And whoſe *Os ſublime* is not ſimply an *erect face*, but a brazen head, as ſhould ſeem by his comparing it with one of Iron, ſaid to belong to the late king of Sweden [l].

But whatever perſonal qualities a Hero may have, the examples of Achilles and Æneas ſhew us, that all thoſe are of ſmall avail, without the conſtant *aſſiſtance of the* GODS: for the ſubverſion and erection of Empires have never been adjudged the work of Man. How greatly ſoever then we may eſteem of his high talents, we can hardly conceive his perſonal proweſs alone ſufficient to reſtore the decayed empire of Dulneſs. So weighty an atchievement muſt require the particular favour and protection of the GREAT: who being the natural patrons and ſupporters of *Letters*, as the ancient Gods were of *Troy*, muſt firſt be drawn off and engaged in another intereſt, before the total ſubverſion of them can be accompliſhed. To ſurmount, therefore,

[i] Letter, p. 31. [k] Life, p. 23, 24. [l] Letter, p. 8.

this laſt and greateſt difficulty, we have in this excellent man a profeſſed favorite and Intimado of the Great. And look of what force ancient Piety was to draw the Gods into the party of Æneas, that, and much ſtronger is modern Incenſe, to engage the Great in the party of Dulneſs.

Thus have we eſſayed to pourtray or ſhadow out this noble Imp of Fame. But now the impatient reader will be apt to ſay, if ſo many and various graces go to the making up a Hero, what mortal ſhall ſuffice to bear this character? Ill hath he read, who ſees not in every trace of this picture, that *individual*, ALL-ACCOMPLISHED PERSON, in whom theſe rare virtues and lucky circumſtances have agreed to meet and concentre, with the ſtrongeſt luſtre and fulleſt harmony.

The good Scriblerus indeed, nay the world itſelf might be impoſed on, in the late ſpurious editions, by I can't tell what *Sham-hero*, or *Phantom:* But it was not ſo eaſy to impoſe on HIM whom this egregious error moſt of all concerned. For no ſooner had the fourth book laid open the high and ſwelling ſcene, but he recognized his own heroic Acts: And when he came to the words,

Soft on her lap her Laureat ſon reclines,

(though *Laureat* ſaith no more than *one crowned with laurel*, as befitteth any aſſociate or conſort in empire) he ROAR'D (like a Lion) and VINDICATED HIS RIGHT OF FAME: Indeed not without cauſe, he being there repreſented as *faſt aſleep*; ſo unbeſeeming the eye of empire, which, like that of providence, ſhould never ſlumber. "Hah! (ſaith he) faſt aſleep it ſeems! that's a little too "ſtrong. Pert and dull at leaſt you might have allowed "me, but as ſeldom aſleep as any fool[m]." However,

[m] Letter, p. 53.

the injured Hero may comfort himſelf with this reflexion, that tho' it be *ſleep*, yet it is not the *ſleep of death*, but of *immortality*. Here he will [m] *live* at leaſt, tho' not *awake*; and in no worſe condition than many an Enchanted Warrior before him. The famous *Durandarte*, for inſtance, was, like him, caſt-into a long ſlumber by *Merlin* the *Britiſh Bard* and Necromancer: and his example, for ſubmitting to it with ſo good a grace, might be of uſe to our hero. For this diſaſtrous knight being ſorely preſſed or driven to make his anſwer, by ſeveral *perſons of quality*, only replied with a ſigh, *Patience! and ſhuffle the cards* [n].

But now, as nothing in this world, no not the moſt ſacred or perfect Things either of Religion or Government, can eſcape the teeth or tongue of Envy, methinks I already hear theſe carpers objecting to the clear Title of our Hero.

" It would never (ſay they) have been eſteemed ſufficient " to make an Hero for the Iliad or Æneis, that Achilles " was brave enough to overturn one Empire, or Æneas " pious enough to raiſe another, had they not been God- " deſs born, and Princes bred. What then did this Au- " thor mean, by erecting a Poet inſtead of one of his " Patrons, (a perſon never a hero even on the ſtage [o],) " to this dignity of Collegue in the empire of Dulneſs, " and Atchiever of a work that neither old Omar, At- " tila, nor John of Leiden could entirely compaſs."

To all this we have, as we conceive, a ſufficient anſwer from the Roman hiſtorian, *Fabrum eſſe ſuæ quemque fortunæ: Every man is the* Smith *of his own fortune.* The politic Florentine, Nicholas Machiavel, goeth ſtill further, and affirms that a man needs but to *believe himſelf a Hero* to be one of the beſt. " Let him (ſaith

[m] Letter, p. 1. [n] Don Quixote, Part ii. Book ii. ch. 22. [o] See Life, p. 148.

" he) but fancy himſelf capable of the higheſt things, " and he will of courſe be able to atchieve them." Laying this down as a principle, it will certainly and inconteſtably follow, that if ever Hero *was* ſuch a character, OURS *is:* For if ever man *thought* himſelf ſuch, OURS *doth.* Hear how he conſtantly paragons himſelf, at one time to ALEXANDER the Great and CHARLES the XII. of SWEDEN, for the exceſs and delicacy of his Ambition[q]; to HENRY the IV. of FRANCE, for honeſt Policy[r]; to the firſt BRUTUS, for love of Liberty[s]; and to Sir ROBERT WALPOLE, for good Government while in power[t]: At another time, to the godlike SOCRATES, for his diverſions and amuſements[v]; to HORACE, MONTAIGNE, and Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, for an elegant Vanity that makes them for ever read and admired[w]; to TWO Lord CHANCELLORS, for Law, from whom, when confederate againſt him at the bar, he carried away the prize of Eloquence[x]; and, to ſay all in a word, to the right reverend the Lord BISHOP of LONDON himſelf, in the art of writing *paſtoral letters*[y].

Nor did his *Actions* fall ſhort of the ſublimity of his conceptions. In his early youth he *met the Revolution at Nottingham*[z] face to face, at a time when his betters contented themſelves with *following* her. It was here he got acquainted with *old Battle-array*, of whom he hath made ſo grateful mention in one of his immortal odes. But he ſhone in Courts as well as Camps: He was *called up* when *the nation fell in labour of this Revolution*[a]: and was a goſſip at her chriſtening, with the Biſhop and the ladies[b].

y Life, p. 149. r P. 424. s P. 366. t P. 457.
v P. 18. w P. 425. x P. 436, 437. y P. 52.
z P. 47. a P. 57. b P. 58, 59.

As to his Birth, it is true he pretendeth no relation either to Heathen God or Goddeſs; but, what is as good, he was deſcended from a *Maker* of both[c]. And that he did not paſs himſelf on the world for a hero, as well by birth as education, was his own fault: For, his lineage he bringeth into his life as an Anecdote, and is ſenſible he had it in his power *to be thought no body's ſon at all*[d]: And what is that but coming into the world a hero?

There is in truth another objection of greater weight, namely, "That this Hero ſtill exiſteth, and hath not "yet finiſhed his earthly courſe. For if Solon ſaid "well, that no man could be called happy till his death, "ſurely much leſs can any one, till then, be pronounced "a Hero: this ſpecies of men being far more ſubject than "others to the caprices of fortune, and humour." But to this alſo we have an anſwer, that will be deemed (we hope) deciſive. It cometh from *himſelf*, who, to cut this diſpute ſhort, hath ſolemnly proteſted that *he will never amend*.

Firſt, with regard to his *Vanity*, he declareth that nothing ſhall ever part them. "Nature (ſaith he) hath "amply ſupplied me in Vanity; a pleaſure which nei-"ther the pertneſs of wit, nor the gravity of wiſdom, "will ever perſuade me to part with[e]." Our poet had charitably endeavoured to adminiſter a cure to it: But he telleth us plainly, "My ſuperiors perhaps may "be mended by him; but for my part I own myſelf in-"corrigible. I look upon my Follies as the beſt part of "my fortune[f]." And with good reaſon: We ſee to what they have brought him.

Secondly, as to *Buffoonery*, "Is it (ſaith he) a time of "day for me to leave off theſe fooleries, and ſet up a

[c] A Statuary. [d] Life, p. 6. [e] P. 424. [f] P. 19.

" new character? I can no more put off my follies " than my ſkin; I have often tried, but they ſtick too " cloſe to me; nor am I ſure my friends are diſplea- " ſed with them, for in this light I afford them fre- " quent matter of mirth, &c. &c[g]." Having then ſo publickly declared himſelf *incorrigible*, he is become *dead in law*, (I mean the *law Epopœian*) and deſcendeth to the Poet as his property: who may take him, and deal with him as if he had been as long dead as an old Egyptian hero; that is to ſay, *embowel* and *embalm him for poſterity*.

Nothing therefore (we conceive) remains to hinder His own Propheſy of himſelf from taking immediate effect. A rare felicity! and what few prophets have had the ſatisfaction to ſee alive! Nor can we conclude better than with this extraordinary one of his, which is conceived in theſe Oraculous words, MY DULNESS WILL FIND SOMEBODY TO DO IT RIGHT[h].

[g] Life, p. 17. [h] Ibid. p. 243. octavo edit.

THE
DUNCIAD:
TO
Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT,
IN
FOUR BOOKS.

ARGUMENT to BOOK the FIRST.

THE Propoſition, the Invocation, and the Inſcription. Then the Original of the great Empire of Dulneſs, *and cauſe of the continuance thereof. The College of the* Goddeſs *in the City, with her private Academy for Poets in particular; the Governors of it, and the four Cardinal Virtues. Then the Poem* haſtes into the midſt of things, *preſenting her, on the evening of a Lord Mayor's day, revolving the long ſucceſſion of her Sons, and the glories paſt and to come. She fixes her eye on* Bays *to be the Inſtrument of that great Event which is the Subject of the Poem. He is deſcribed penſive among his Books, giving up the Cauſe, and apprehending the Period of her Empire: After debating whether to betake himſelf to the Church, or to Gaming, or to Party-writing, he raiſes an Altar of proper books, and (making firſt his ſolemn prayer and declaration) purpoſes thereon to ſacrifice all his unſucceſsful writings. As the pile is kindled, the Goddeſs beholding the flame from her ſeat, flies and puts it out by caſting upon it the poem of* Thulé. *She forthwith reveals herſelf to him, tranſports him to her Temple, unfolds her Arts, and initiates him into her Myſteries; then announcing the death of* Euſden *the Poet Laureate, anoints him, carries him to Court, and proclaims him Succeſſor.*

THE

DUNCIAD:

TO

Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT.

Book the First.

THE Mighty Mother, and her Son who brings
The Smithfield Muſes to the ear of Kings,

Remarks.

The *Dunciad*, ſic MS. It may well be diſputed whether this be a right reading: Ought it not rather to be ſpelled *Dunceiad*, as the Etymology evidently demands? *Dunce* with an *e*, therefore *Dunceiad* with an *e*. That accurate and punctual Man of Letters, the Reſtorer of *Shakeſpeare*, conſtantly obſerves the preſervation of this

I ſing. Say you, her inſtruments the Great!
Call'd to this work by Dulneſs, Jove, and Fate;

REMARKS.

very Letter *e*, in ſpelling the name of his beloved Author, and not, like his common careleſs Editors, with the omiſſion of one, nay ſometimes of two *ee*'s, [as *Shakſpear*] which is utterly unpardonable. Nor is the neglect of a *Single Letter* ſo trivial as to ſome it may appear; the alteration whereof in a learned language is an *Atchievement that brings honour* to the Critic who advances it; and Dr. Bently will be remembred to poſterity for his performances of *this ſort*, as long as the world ſhall have any eſteem for the remains of Menander and Philemon.

THEOBALD.

HYPERCRITICA.

This is ſurely a ſlip in the learned author of the foregoing note; there having been ſince produced, by an accurate Antiquary, an *Autograph* of Shakſpeare himſelf, whereby it appears that he ſpelled his own Name without the firſt *e*. And upon this authority it was, that thoſe moſt Critical Curators of his Monument in Weſtminſter Abby eraſed the former wrong reading, and reſtored the true ſpelling on a new piece of old Ægyptian Granite. Nor for this only do they deſerve our thanks, but for exhibiting on the ſame Monument the firſt Specimen of an *Edition* of an author in *Marble*; where (as may be ſeen on comparing the Tomb with the Book) in the ſpace of five lines, two Words and a whole Verſe are changed, and it is to be hoped will there ſtand, and outlaſt whatever hath been done in Paper. BENTL.

It is to be noted, that this learned Critic alſo has omitted one circumſtance; which is, that the Inſcription with the Name of Shakſpeare was intended to be placed on the Marble Scroll to which he points with his hand;

You by whoſe care, in vain decry'd and curſt
Still Dunce the ſecond reigns like Dunce the firſt;

REMARKS.

inſtead of which it is now placed behind his back, and that Specimen of an edition (as he calls it) is put on the Scroll, which indeed Shakſpeare hath great reaſon to point at.

Though I have as juſt a value for the letter *e*, as any Grammarian living, and the ſame affection for the Name of this Poem as any Critic for that of his Author; yet cannot it induce me to agree with thoſe who would add yet another *e* to it, and call it the *Dunceiade*; which being a French and foreign termination, is no way proper to a word entirely Engliſh, and vernacular. One *e* therefore in this caſe is right, and two *e*'s wrong. Yet upon the whole I ſhall follow the Manuſcript, and print it without any *e* at all; moved thereto by Authority, at all times, with Critics, equal if not ſuperior to Reaſon. In which method of proceeding, I can never enough praiſe my very good friend, the exact Mr. Tho. Hearne; who if any word occur, which to him and all mankind is evidently wrong, yet keeps he it in the Text with due reverence, and only remarks in the Margin *ſic MS.* In like manner we ſhall not amend this error in the Title itſelf, but only note it *obiter*, to evince to the learned that it was not our fault, nor any effect of our ignorance or inattention. SCRIBLERUS.

This Poem was written in the year 1726. In the next year an imperfect edition was publiſhed at Dublin, and reprinted at London in twelves; another at Dublin, and another at London in octavo; and three others in twelves the ſame year. But there was no perfect Edition before that of London in quarto, 1729, which was attended with Notes.

Say how the Goddeſs bade Britannia ſleep,
And pour'd her Spirit o'er the land and deep.
In eldeſt time, e'er mortals writ or read,
E'er Pallas iſſu'd from the Thund'rer's head,

REMARKS.

VER. 1. *The Mighty Mother, and her Son, &c.*] The Reader ought here to be cautioned, that the *Mother*, and not the *Son*, is the principal Agent of this Poem: The latter of them is only choſen as her Collegue (as was anciently the cuſtom in Rome before ſome great Expedition) the main action of the Poem being by no means the Coronation of the Laureate, which is performed in the very firſt book, but the Reſtoration of the Empire of Dulneſs in Britain, which is not accompliſhed 'till the laſt.

VER. 4. *By Dulneſs, Jove, and Fate:*] i. e. By their *Judgments*, their *Intereſts*, and their *Inclinations*.

HYPERCRITICA.

It was expreſly confeſſed in the Preface to the firſt edition, that this Poem was not publiſhed by the Author himſelf. It was printed originally in a foreign Country. And what foreign Country? Why one notorious for blunders; where finding blanks only inſtead of proper names, theſe blunderers filled them up at their pleaſure.

The very *Hero* of the Poem hath been miſtaken to this hour; ſo that we are obliged to open our Notes with a diſcovery who he really was.

We learn from the former Editor, that this Piece was preſented by the Hands of Sir Robert Walpole to King George II. Now the author directly tells us, his Hero is

——— *the Son who brings*
The Smithfield Muſes to the ear of Kings.

Dulneſs o'er all poſſeſs'd her ancient right,
Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night:

REMARKS.

And it is notorious who was the perſon on whom this Prince conferred the honour of the *Laurel*.

It appears as plainly from the *Apoſtrophe* to the *Patricians* in the third verſe, that Tibbald could not be the perſon, who was never an Author in faſhion, or careſſed by the Great; whereas this ſingle characteriſtic is ſufficient to point out the true Hero; who, above all other Poets of his time, was the *Peculiar Delight* and *Choſen Companion* of the Nobility of England; and wrote, as he himſelf tells us, certain of his Works at the *earneſt Deſire* of *Perſons of Quality*.

Laſtly, The ſixth verſe affords full proof; this Poet being the only one who was univerſally known to have had a *Son* ſo exactly like him, in his poetical, theatrical, political, and moral capacities, that it could juſtly be ſaid of him

Still Dunce the ſecond reign'd like Dunce the firſt.

BENTL.

Ibid. *Books and the Man, &c.*] Wonderful is the ſtupidity of all the former Critics and Commentators on this work! It breaks forth at the very firſt line. The author of the Critique prefixed to *Sawney*, a Poem, p. 5. hath been ſo dull as to explain *The Man who brings, &c.* not of the Hero of the piece, but of our Poet himſelf, as if he vaunted that *Kings* were to be his readers (an honour which though this Poem hath had, yet knoweth he how to receive it with more modeſty.)

Fate in their dotage this fair Ideot gave,
Groſs as her ſire, and as her mother grave,

REMARKS.

We remit this Ignorant to the firſt lines of the *Æneid*, aſſuring him that *Virgil* there ſpeaketh not of himſelf, but of *Æneas:*

Arma virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris,
Italiam fato profugus, Lavinaque venit
Littora: multum ille & terris jactatus & alto, &c.

I cite the whole three verſes, that I may by the way offer a *Conjectural Emendation*, purely my own, upon each: Firſt, *oris* ſhould be read *aris*, it being, as we ſee *Æn.* ii. 513. from the *altar* of *Jupiter Hercæus* that *Æneas* fled as ſoon as he ſaw *Priam* ſlain. In the ſecond line I would read *flatu* for *fato*, ſince it is moſt clear it was by *Winds* that he arrived at the *ſhore* of Italy. *Jactatus*, in the third, is ſurely as improperly applied to *terris*, as proper to *alto*; to ſay a man *is toſt on land*, is much at one with ſaying *he walks at ſea: Riſum teneatis, amici?* Correct it, as I doubt not it ought to be, *vexatus*. SCRIBLERUS.

VER. 2. *The Smithfield Muſes*] *Smithfield* is the place where Bartholomew Fair was kept, whoſe ſhews, machines, and dramatical entertainments, formerly agreeable only to the taſte of the Rabble, were, by the Hero of this poem and others of equal genius, brought to the Theatres of Covent-garden, Lincolns-inn-fields, and the Hay-market, to be the reigning Pleaſures of the Court and Town. This happened in the Reigns of King George I. and II. See Book 3.

VER. 10. *Daughter of Chaos, &c.*] The beauty of this whole Allegory being purely of the poetical kind, we think it not our proper buſineſs, as a Scholiaſt, to

Laborious, heavy, buſy, bold, and blind,
She rul'd, in native Anarchy, the mind.

REMARKS.

meddle with it: But leave it (as we ſhall in general all ſuch) to the reader; remarking only, that *Chaos* (according to *Heſiod*'s Θεογονία) was the Progenitor of all the Gods. SCRIBLERUS.

VER. 13. *Laborious, heavy, buſy, bold, &c.*] I wonder the learned Scriblerus has omitted to adverti ſe the Reader, at the opening of this Poem, that Dulneſs here is not to be taken contractedly for mere Stupidity, but in the enlarged ſenſe of the word, for all Slowneſs of Apprehenſion, Shortneſs of Sight, or imperfect Senſe of things. It includes (as we ſee by the Poet's own words) Labour, Induſtry, and ſome degree of Activity and Boldneſs: a ruling principle not inert, but turning topſy-turvy the Underſtanding, and inducing an Anarchy or confuſed State of Mind. This remark ought to be carried along with the reader throughout the work; and without this caution he will be apt to miſtake the Importance of many of the Characters, as well as of the Deſign of the Poet. Hence it is that ſome have complained he chuſes too mean a ſubject, and imagined he employs himſelf, like Domitian, in killing flies; whereas thoſe who have the true key will find he ſports with nobler quarry, and embraces a larger compaſs; or (as one ſaith, on a like occaſion)

Will ſee his Work, like Jacob's ladder, riſe,
Its foot in dirt, its head amid the ſkies. BENT.

VER. 14. *She rul'd, in native Anarchy, the mind.*] *The native Anarchy of the mind* is that ſtate which precedes the time of Reaſon's aſſuming the rule of the Paſſions. But in that ſtate, the uncontrolled violence of the

Still her old Empire to reſtore ſhe tries,
For, born a Goddeſs, Dulneſs never dies.

O Thou! whatever title pleaſe thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerſtaff, or Gulliver!
Whether thou chuſe Cervantes' ſerious air,
Or laugh and ſhake in Rab'lais' eaſy chair,
Or praiſe the Court, or magnify Mankind,
Or thy griev'd Country's copper chains unbind;
From thy Bœotia tho' her Pow'r retires,
Mourn not, my SWIFT, at ought our Realm acquires,

REMARKS.

paſſions would ſoon bring things to confuſion, were it not for the intervention of Dulneſs in this abſence of Reaſon; who, though ſhe cannot regulate them like Reaſon, yet blunts and deadens their Vigour, and, indeed, produces ſome of the good effect of it: Hence it is that Dulneſs has often the appearance of Reaſon. This is the only good ſhe ever did; and the Poet takes particular care to tell it in the very introduction of his Poem. It is to be obſerved, indeed, that this is ſpoken of the univerſal rule of Dulneſs in ancient days, but we may form an idea of it from her partial Government in later times.

VER. 15. *Still her old Empire to reſtore*] This Reſtoration makes the Completion of the Poem. *Vide* Book 4.

VER. 21. *Or praiſe the Court, or magnify Mankind,*] *Ironicè*, alluding to *Gulliver*'s repreſentations of both.—The next line relates to the papers of the *Drapier* againſt the currency of *Wood*'s Copper coin in *Ireland*, which, upon the great diſcontent of the people, his Majeſty was graciouſly pleaſed to recal.

Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings out-ſpread
To hatch a new Saturnian age of Lead.

Cloſe to thoſe walls where Folly holds her throne,
And laughs to think Monroe would take her down,
Where o'er the gates, by his fam'd father's hand
Great Cibber's brazen, brainleſs brothers ſtand;
One Cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye,
The Cave of Poverty and Poetry.
Keen, hollow winds howl thro' the bleak receſs,
Emblem of Muſic caus'd by Emptineſs.

REMARKS.

VER. 28. *To hatch a new Saturnian age of Lead.*] The ancient Golden Age is by Poets ſtyled *Saturnian*; but in the Chemical language *Saturn* is Lead. She is ſaid here only to be ſpreading her wings to hatch this Age; which is not produced completely till the fourth book.

VER. 31. *By his fam'd father's hand*] Mr. Caius-Gabriel Cibber, father of the Poet Laureate. The two Statues of the Lunatics over the gates of Bedlam-hoſpital were done by him, and (as the ſon juſtly ſays of them) are no ill monuments of his fame as an Artiſt.

VER. 33. *One Cell there is,*] The cell of poor Poetry is here very properly repreſented as a little *unendowed Hall* in the neighbourhood of the Magnific *College* of Bedlam; and as the ſureſt Seminary to ſupply thoſe learned walls with Profeſſors. For there cannot be a plainer indication of madneſs than in mens perſiſting to ſtarve themſelves and offend the public by ſcribling,

Eſcape in monſters, and amaze the town.

when they might have benefited themſelves and others in profitable and honeſt employments. The *Qualities* and

Hence Bards, like Proteus long in vain ty'd down,
Eſcape in monſters, and amaze the town.

REMARKS.

Productions of the ſtudents of this private Academy are afterwards deſcribed in this firſt book; as are alſo their *Actions* thoughout the ſecond; by which it appears, how near allied Dulneſs is to Madneſs. This naturally prepares us for the ſubject of the third book, where we find them in union, and acting in conjunction to produce the Cataſtrophe of the fourth; a mad poetical Sibyl leading our Hero through the Regions of Viſion, to animate him in the preſent undertaking by a view of the paſt triumphs of Barbariſm over Science.

VER. 34. *Poverty and Poetry*] I cannot here omit a remark that will greatly endear the author to every one who ſhall attentively obſerve that Humanity and Candor which every where appears in him towards thoſe unhappy objects of the ridicule of all mankind, the bad Poets. He here imputes all ſcandalous rhymes, ſcurrilous weekly papers, baſe flatteries, wretched elegies, ſongs, and verſes (even from thoſe ſung at Court to ballads in the ſtreets) not ſo much to malice or ſervility as to Dulneſs; and not ſo much to Dulneſs as to Neceſſity. And thus, at the very commencement of his Satyr, makes an apology for all that are to be ſatyrized.

VER. 37. *Hence Bards, like Proteus*]

Sunt quibus in plures jus eſt tranſire figuras:
Ut tibi, complexi terram maris incola, Proteu!
Nunc violentus aper; *nunc quem tetigiſſe timerent,*
Anguis *eras, modo te faciebant* cornua Taurum,
Sæpe Lapis *poteras.* Ovid. Met. viii.

Neither Palæphatus, Phurnutus, nor Heraclides give us any ſteddy light into the mythology of this myſterious

Hence Miſcellanies ſpring, the weekly boaſt
Of Curl's chaſte preſs, and Lintot's rubric poſt:
Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,
Hence Journals, Medleys, Merc'ries, Magazines:

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fable. If I be not deceived in a part of learning which has ſo long exerciſed my pen, by *Proteus* muſt certainly be meant a hacknied Town-ſcribler; and by his tranſformations, the various diſguiſes ſuch a one aſſumes, to elude the purſuit of his irreconcilable enemy, the Bailiff. Proteus is repreſented as one bred of the mud and ſlime of Ægypt, the original Soil of Arts and Letters: And what is a Town-ſcribler, but a creature made up of the excrements of luxurious Science? By the change then into a *Boar* is meant his character of a *furious and dirty Party-writer*; the *Snake* ſignifies a *Libeller*; and the *Horns of the Bull*, the *Dilemmas* of a *Polemical Anſwerer*. Theſe are the three great parts he acts under; and when he has completed his circle, he ſinks back again, as the laſt change into a *Stone* denotes, into his natural ſtate of immoveable Stupidity. If I may expect thanks of the learned world for this diſcovery, I would by no means deprive that excellent Critic of his ſhare, who diſcovered before me, that in the character of Proteus was deſigned *Sophiſtam, Magum, Politicum, præſertim rebus omnibus ſeſe accommodantem.* Which in Engliſh is, *A Political writer, a Libeller, and a Diſputer, writing indifferently for or againſt every party in the State, every ſect in Religion, and every character in private life.* See my *Fables of Ovid explained.* ABBE BANIER.

VER. 40. *Curl's chaſte preſs, and Lintot's rubric poſt,*] Two Bookſellers, of whom ſee Book 2. The former was fined by the Court of King's Bench for publiſhing obſcene books; the latter uſually adorned his ſhop with

Sepulchral Lyes, our holy walls to grace,
And New-year Odes, and all the Grub-ſtreet race.

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titles in red letters.

VER. 41. *Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,*] It is an ancient Engliſh cuſtom for the Malefactors to ſing a Pſalm at their execution at Tyburn; and no leſs cuſtomary to print Elegies on their deaths, at the ſame time, or before.

VER. 42. *Magazines,*] Miſcellanies in proſe and verſe, in which at ſome times

— *new-born Nonſenſe firſt is taught to cry*;

at others, dead-born Dulneſs appears in a thouſand ſhapes. Theſe were thrown out weekly and monthly by every miſerable ſcribler; or picked up piece-meal and ſtolen from any body, under the title of Papers, Eſſays, Queries, Verſes, Epigrams, Riddles, *&c.* equally the diſgrace of human Wit, Morality, and Decency.

VER. 43. *Sepulchral Lyes,*] Is a juſt ſatyr on the Flatteries and Falſhoods admitted to be inſcribed on the walls of Churches, in Epitaphs.

VER. 44. *New-year Odes,*] Made by the Poet Laureate for the time being, to be ſung at Court on every New-year's day, the words of which are happily drowned in the voices and inſtruments. The *New-year Odes* of the Hero of this work were of a caſt diſtinguiſhed from all that preceded him, and made a conſpicuous part of his character as a writer, which doubtleſs induced our Author to mention them here ſo particularly.

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VER. 41, 42. *Hence hymning Tyburn,— Hence, &c.*]

——— *Genus unde Latinum*
Albanique patres, atque altæ mœnia Romæ. Virg. Æn. i.

In clouded Majeſty here Dulneſs ſhone;
Four guardian Virtues, round, ſupport her throne:
Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
Of hiſſes, blows, or want, or loſs of ears:
Calm Temperance, whoſe bleſſings thoſe partake
Who hunger, and who thirſt for ſcribling ſake:

REMARKS.

VER. 43. *In clouded Majeſty here Dulneſs ſhone*;] See this Cloud removed, or rolled back, or gathered up to her head, book 4. ℣ 17, 18. It is worth while to compare this deſcription of the Majeſty of Dulneſs in a ſtate of peace and tranquillity, with that more buſy ſcene where ſhe mounts the throne in triumph, and is not ſo much ſupported by her own Virtues as by the Princely Conſciouſneſs of having deſtroyed all other. SCRIBL.

VER. 48. *Who hunger, and who thirſt*,] "This is an "alluſion to a text in Scripture, which ſhews, in Mr. "*Pope*, a delight in prophaneneſs," (ſaid Curl upon this place.) But it is very familiar with Shakeſpear to allude to paſſages of Scripture: Out of a great number I will ſelect a few, in which he not only alludes to, but quotes the very Texts from holy Writ. In All's well

IMITATIONS.

VER. 43. *In clouded Majeſty*]

——— *the Moon*
Riſing in clouded Majeſty —— Milton, Book iv.

VER. 45. ——— *that knows no fears*
Of hiſſes, blows, or want, or loſs of ears:]

Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent.
Horat.

Prudence, whoſe glaſs preſents th'approaching jayl:
Poetic Juſtice, with her lifted ſcale,
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold ſhe weighs,
And ſolid pudding againſt empty praiſe.

Here ſhe beholds the Chaos dark and deep,
Where nameleſs Somethings in their cauſes ſleep,
'Till genial Jacob, or a warm Third day,
Call forth each maſs, a Poem, or a Play:

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that ends well, *I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, I have not much ſkill in graſs.* Ibid. *They are for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.* Mat. vii. 13. In Much ado about nothing, *All, all, and moreover God ſaw him when he was hid in the garden.* Gen. iii. 8. (in a very jocoſe ſcene.) In Love's labour loſt, he talks of Sampſon's carrying the gates on his back; in the Merry wives of Windſor, of Goliah and the weaver's beam; and in Henry IV, Falſtaff's ſoldiers are compared to Lazarus and the prodigal ſon.

The firſt part of this note is Mr. CURL's, the reſt is Mr. THEOBALD's, Appendix to Shakeſpeare Reſtored, p. 144.

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VER. 53. *Here ſhe beholds the Chaos dark and deep, Where nameleſs Somethings, &c.*] That is to ſay, unformed things, which are either made into Poems or Plays, as the Bookſellers or the Players bid moſt. Theſe lines allude to the following in Garth's Diſpenſary, Cant. vi.

Within the chambers of the globe they ſpy
The beds where ſleeping vegetables lie,
'Till the glad ſummons of a genial ray
Unbinds the glebe, and calls them out to day.

How hints, like ſpawn, ſcarce quick in embryo lie,
How new-born nonſenſe firſt is taught to cry,
Maggots half-form'd, in rhyme exactly meet,
And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.
Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,
And ductile dulneſs new meanders takes;
There motley Images her fancy ſtrike,
Figures ill pair'd, and Similies unlike.

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VER. 61. *Here one poor Word an hundred clenches makes,*] It may not be amiſs to give an inſtance or two of theſe operations of *Dulneſs* out of the Works of her Sons, celebrated in the poem. A great Critic formerly held theſe clenches in ſuch abhorrence, that he declared "he that "would pun, would pick a pocket." Yet Mr. Dennis's works afford us notable examples in this kind: "*Alexander Pope* hath ſent abroad into the world as many "*Bulls* as his nameſake Pope *Alexander*. — Let us take "the initial and final letters of his Name, *viz. A. P—E*, "and they give you the idea of an *Ape*.—— *Pope* comes "from the Latin word *Popa*, which ſignifies a little "Wart; or from *poppyſma*, becauſe he was continually "*popping* out ſquibs of wit, or rather *Popyſmata*, or *Po*"*piſms*." *Dennis* on *Hom.* and Daily Journal, *June* 11, 1728.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 62. *And ductile Dulneſs, &c.*] A parody on a verſe in Garth, Cant. I.

How ductile matter new meanders takes.

She ſees a Mob of Metaphors advance,
Pleas'd with the madneſs of the mazy dance:
How Tragedy and Comedy embrace;
How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race;
How Time himſelf ſtands ſtill at her command,
Realms ſhift their place, and Ocean turns to land.
Here gay Deſcription Ægypt glads with ſhow'rs,
Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flow'rs;
Glitt'ring with ice here hoary hills are ſeen,
There painted vallies of eternal green,
On cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
And heavy harveſts nod beneath the ſnow.

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VER. 68, 69. *How Farce and Epic — How Time himſelf, &c.*] Allude to the tranſgreſſions of the *Unities* in the Plays of ſuch poets. For the miracles wrought upon *Time* and *Place*, and the mixture of Tragedy and Comedy, Farce and Epic, ſee Pluto and Proſerpine, Penelope, &c. if yet extant.

VER. 71. *Ægypt glads with ſhow'rs,*] In the lower Ægypt Rain is of no uſe, the overflowing of the Nile being ſufficient to impregnate the ſoil. ——— Theſe ſix verſes repreſent the Inconſiſtencies in the deſcriptions of poets who heap together all glittering and gawdy images, though incompatible in one ſeaſon, or in one ſcene. — See the Guardian, N°. 40. parag. 6. See alſo *Euſden*'s whole works, if to be found. It would not have been unpleaſant to have given Examples of all theſe ſpecies of bad writing from theſe Authors, but that it is already done in our Treatiſe of the *Bathos*. SCRIBL.

All theſe, and more, the cloud-compelling Queen
Beholds thro' fogs, that magnify the ſcene:
She, tinſel'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
With ſelf-applauſe her wild creation views;
Sees momentary monſters riſe and fall,
And with her own fools-colours gilds them all.

'Twas on the day, when * * rich and grave,
Like Cimon, triumph'd both on land and wave:
(Pomps, without guilt, of bloodleſs ſwords and maces,
Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad [faces)

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VER. 83, 84. *'Twas on the Day when ** rich and grave, Like Cimon, triumph'd*] Viz. a Lord Mayor's Day; his name the author had left in blanks, but moſt certainly could never be that which the Editor foiſted in formerly, and which no way agrees with the chronology of the poem. BENTL.

The Proceſſion of a Lord Mayor is made partly by land, and partly by water.— Cimon, the famous Athenian General, obtained a victory by ſea, and another by land, on the ſame day, over the Perſians and Barbarians.

VER. 86. *Glad chains,*] The Ignorance of theſe Moderns! This was altered in one edition to *Gold chains*, ſhewing more regard to the metal of which the chains of Aldermen are made, than to the beauty of the Latiniſm

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VER. 77. *The cloud-compelling Queen*] From Homer's epithet of Jupiter, νεφεληγερέτα ζεύς.

Now Night deſcending, the proud ſcene was o'er,
But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more.
Now May'rs and Shrieves all huſh'd and ſatiate lay,
Yet eat, in dreams, the cuſtard of the day;
While penſive Poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepleſs themſelves, to give their readers ſleep.
Much to the mindful Queen the feaſt recalls
What City Swans once ſung within the walls;
Much ſhe revolves their arts, their ancient praiſe,
And ſure ſucceſſion down from Heywood's days.

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and Græciſm, nay of figurative ſpeech itſelf: *Lætas ſegetes*, glad, for making glad, *&c.* SCRIBL.

VER. 88. *But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more.*] A beautiful manner of ſpeaking, uſual with poets in praiſe of poetry, in which kind nothing is finer than thoſe lines of Mr. Addiſon:

Sometimes, miſguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for ſtreams immortaliz'd in ſong,
That loſt in ſilence and oblivion lie,
Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry;
Yet run for ever by the Muſes ſkill,
And in the ſmooth deſcription murmur ſtill.

Ibid. *But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more.*] Settle was poet to the City of London. His office was to compoſe yearly panegyricks upon the Lord Mayors, and verſes to be ſpoken in the Pageants: But that part of the ſhows being at length frugally aboliſhed, the Employment of City-poet ceaſed; ſo that upon Settle's demiſe there was no ſucceſſor to that place.

VER. 96. *John Heywood*, whoſe Interludes were printed in the time of Henry VIII.

She ſaw, with joy, the line immortal run,
Each fire impreſt and glaring in his ſon:
So watchful Bruin forms, with plaſtic care,
Each growing lump, and brings it to a Bear.
She ſaw old Pryn in reſtleſs Daniel ſhine,
And Euſden eke out Blackmore's endleſs line;

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VER. 101. *Old Pryn in reſtleſs Daniel*] The firſt edition had it,

She ſaw in Norton all his father ſhine:

a great Miſtake! for Daniel De Foe had parts, but Norton De Foe was a wretched writer, and never attempted Poetry. Much more juſtly is Daniel himſelf made ſucceſſor to W. Pryn, both of whom wrote Verſes as well as Politicks; as appears by the poem *De jure divino, &c.* of De Foe, and by theſe lines in Cowley's Miſcellanies, on the other:

——— *One lately did not fear*
(Without the Muſes leave) to plant Verſe here.
But it produced ſuch baſe, rough, crabbed, hedge-
Rhymes, as e'en ſet the hearers ears on edge:
Written by William Prynn Eſqui-re, the
Year of our Lord, ſix hundred thirty three.
Brave Jerſey Muſe! and he's for his high ſtyle
Call'd to this day the Homer of the Iſle.

And both theſe authors had a reſemblance in their fates as well as writings, having been alike ſentenced to the Pillory.

VER. 102. *And Euſden eke out, &c.*] Laurence Euſden Poet laureate. Mr. Jacob gives a catalogue of ſome

She ſaw ſlow Philips creep like Tate's poor page,
And all the mighty Mad in Dennis rage.

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few only of his works, which were very numerous. Mr. Cook, in his Battle of Poets, ſaith of him,

Euſden, a laurel'd Bard, by fortune rais'd,
By very few was read, by fewer prais'd.

Mr. Oldmixon, in his Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, p. 413, 414. affirms, "That of all the Galimatia's he "ever met with, none comes up to ſome verſes of this "Poet, which have as much of the Ridiculum and the "Fuſtian in them as can well be jumbled together, "and are of that ſort of nonſenſe, which ſo perfectly "confounds all ideas, that there is no diſtinct one left "in the mind." Further he ſays of him, "That he "hath prophecied his own poetry ſhall be ſweeter than "Catullus, Ovid, and Tibullus; but we have little "hope of the accompliſhment of it, from what he hath "lately publiſhed." Upon which Mr. Oldmixon has not ſpared a reflection, "That the putting the Laurel on the "head of one who writ ſuch verſes, will give futurity "a very lively idea of the judgment and juſtice of thoſe "who beſtowed it." Ibid. p. 417. But the well-known learning of that Noble Perſon, who was then Lord Chamberlain, might have ſcreened him from this unmannerly reflection. Nor ought Mr. Oldmixon to complain, ſo long after, that the Laurel would have better become his own brows, or any other's: It were more decent to acquieſce in the opinion of the Duke of *Buckingham* upon this matter:

—In ruſh'd Euſden, and cry'd, Who ſhall have it,
But I, the true Laureate, to whom the King gave it?

In each ſhe marks her Image full expreſt, 105
But chief in Bays's monſter-breeding breaſt;

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Apollo beg'd pardon, and granted his claim,
But vow'd that 'till then he ne'er heard of his name.
Seſſion of Poets.

The ſame plea might alſo ſerve for his ſucceſſor, Mr. Cibber; and is further ſtrengthened in the following Epigram, made on that occaſion;

In merry old England it once was a rule,
The King had his Poet, and alſo his Fool:
But now we're ſo frugal, I'd have you to know it,
That Cibber can ſerve both for Fool and for Poet.

Of Blackmore, ſee Book 2. Of Philips, Book 1. ℣ 236. and Book 3. *prope fin.*

Nahum Tate was Poet Laureate, a cold writer, of no invention; but ſometimes tranſlated tolerably when befriended by Mr. Dryden. In his ſecond part of Abſalom and Achitophel are above two hundred admirable lines together of that great hand, which ſtrongly ſhine through the inſipidity of the reſt. Something parallel may be obſerved of another Author here mentioned.

VER. 104. *And all the mighty Mad*] This is by no means to be underſtood literally, as if Mr. Dennis were really mad, according to the Narrative of Dr. Norris in Swift and Pope's Miſcellanies, vol. 3. No — it is ſpoken of that *Excellent* and *Divine Madneſs*, ſo often mentioned by Plato; that poetical rage and enthuſiaſm, with which Mr. D. hath, in his time, been highly poſſeſſed; and of thoſe *extraordinary hints and motions* whereof he himſelf ſo feelingly treats in his preface to

Bays, form'd by nature Stage and Town to bleſs,
And act, and be, a Coxcomb with ſucceſs,

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the Rem, on Pr. Arth. [See notes on Book 2. ℣ 266.]
SCRIBL.

VER. 104. *And all the mighty Mad in Dennis rage.*] Mr. Theobald, in the Cenſor, vol. 2. N°. 33. calls Mr. Dennis by the Name of Furius. " The modern " Furius is to be looked upon as more the object of pity " than of that which he daily provokes, laughter and " contempt. Did we really know how much this *poor* " man *(I wiſh that reflection on* poverty *had been ſpared)* " ſuffers by being contradicted, or, which is the ſame " thing in effect, by hearing another praiſed; we ſhould, " in compaſſion, ſometimes attend to him with a ſilent " nod, and let him go away with the triumphs of his " ill nature. —— *Poor* Furius *(again)* when any of " his cotemporaries are ſpoken well of, quitting the " ground of the preſent diſpute, ſteps back a thouſand " years to call in the ſuccour of the Ancients. His very " panegyric is ſpiteful, and he uſes it for the ſame reaſon " as ſome Ladies do their commendations of a dead " beauty, who would never have had their good word, " but that a living one happened to be mentioned in " their company. His applauſe is not the tribute of " his *Heart*, but the ſacrifice of his *Revenge*," &c. Indeed his pieces againſt our Poet are ſomewhat of an angry character, and as they are now ſcarce extant, a taſte of his ſtyle may be ſatisfactory to the curious. " A " young, ſquab, ſhort gentleman, whoſe outward form " though it ſhould be that of downright monkey, would " not differ ſo much from human ſhape as his unthinking immaterial part does from human underſtanding,

Dulneſs with tranſport eyes the lively Dunce,
Remembring ſhe herſelf was Pertneſs once.

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" —He is as ſtupid and as venomous as a hunchback'd " toad.—A book through which folly and ignorance, " thoſe brethren ſo lame and impotent, do ridiculouſly " look very big and very dull, and ſtrut and hobble, " cheek by jowl, with their arms on kimbo, being led " and ſupported, and bully-backed by that blind Hector, " Impudence." Reflect. on the Eſſay on Crit. p. 26. 29, 30.

It would be unjuſt not to add his reaſons for this Fury, they are ſo ſtrong and ſo coercive: " I regard him (ſaith he) " as an *Enemy*, not ſo much to me, as to my King, " to my Country, to my Religion, and to that Liberty " which has been the ſole felicity of my life. A vaga- " ry of fortune, who is ſometimes pleaſed to be frolick- " ſome, and the epidemic *Madneſs of the times* have " given him *Reputation*, and Reputation (as Hobbes ſays) " is *Power*, and *that has made him dangerous*. There- " fore I look on it as my duty to *King George*, whoſe " faithful ſubject I am; to my *Country*, of which I have " appeared a conſtant lover; to the *Laws*, under whoſe " protection I have ſo long lived; and to the *Liberty* of " my *Country*, more dear to me than life, of which I " have now for forty years been a conſtant aſſertor, *&c.* I " look upon it as my duty, I ſay, to do—*you ſhall ſee what*—" to pull the lion's ſkin from this little Aſs, " which popular error has thrown round him; and to " ſhew that this Author, who has been lately ſo much " in vogue, has neither *ſenſe in his thoughts*, nor *Engliſh* " *in his expreſſions*." Dennis, Rem. on Hom. Pref. p. 2. 91, *&c.*

Beſides theſe public-ſpirited reaſons, Mr. D. had a private one; which, by his manner of expreſſing it in

Now (ſhame to Fortune!) an ill Run at Play
Blank'd his bold viſage, and a thin Third day:

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p. 92, appears to have been equally ſtrong. He was even in bodily fear of his life from the machinations of the ſaid Mr. P. "The ſtory (ſays he) is too long to "be told, but who would be acquainted with it, may "hear it from Mr. Curl, my Bookſeller. — However, "what my reaſon has ſuggeſted to me, that I have "with a juſt *confidence* ſaid, in defiance of his two clan-"deſtine weapons, his *Slander* and his *Poyſon*." Which laſt words of his book plainly diſcover Mr. D.'s ſuſpicion was that of being *poyſoned*, in like manner as Mr. Curl had been before him; of which fact ſee *A full and true account of a horrid and barbarous revenge by poyſon, on the body of Edmund Curl*, printed in 1716, the year antecedent to that wherein theſe Remarks of Mr. Dennis were publiſhed. But what puts it beyond all queſtion, is a paſſage in a very warm treatiſe, in which Mr. D. was alſo concerned, price two pence, called *A true character of Mr. Pope and his writings*, printed for S. Popping, 1716; in the tenth page whereof he is ſaid "to have inſulted people on thoſe calamities and "diſeaſes which he himſelf gave them, by adminiſtring "*Poyſon* to them;" and is called (p. 4.) "a lurking "way-laying coward, and a ſtabber in the dark." Which (with many other things moſt lively ſet forth in that piece) muſt have rendered him a terror, not to Mr. Dennis only, but to all chriſtian people.

For the reſt; Mr. John Dennis was the ſon of a Sadler in London, born in 1657. He paid court to Mr. Dryden; and having obtained ſome correſpondence with Mr. Wycherly and Mr. Congreve, he immediately obliged the public with their Letters. He made himſelf

Swearing and ſupperleſs the Hero ſate,
Blaſphem'd his Gods, the Dice, and damn'd his Fate.

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known to the Government by many admirable ſchemes and projects; which the Miniſtry, for reaſons beſt known to themſelves, conſtantly kept private. For his character, as a writer, it is given us as follows: "Mr. Dennis is *excellent* at Pindaric writings, *perfectly regular* "in all his performances, and a perſon of *ſound Learning*. That he is maſter of a great deal of *Penetration* "and *Judgment*, his criticiſms (particularly on *Prince* "*Arthur*) do ſufficiently demonſtrate." From the ſame account it alſo appears that he writ Plays "more to get "*Reputation* than *Money*." DENNIS of himſelf. See Giles Jacob's Lives of Dram. Poets, p. 68, 69. compared with p. 286.

VER. 107. *Bays, form'd by nature, &c.*] It is hoped the Poet here hath done full juſtice to his Hero's Character, which it were a great miſtake to imagine was wholly ſunk in Stupidity; he is allowed to have ſupported it with a wonderful mixture of Vivacity. This Character is heightened according to his own deſire, in a Letter he wrote to our Author. "Pert and dull, at leaſt, you "might have allowed me. What! am I only to be "dull, and dull ſtill, and again, and for ever?" He then ſolemnly appealed to his own Conſcience, that "he could "not think himſelf ſo, nor believe that our Poet did; "but that he ſpoke worſe of him than he could poſſibly "think; and concluded it muſt be merely to ſhew his *Wit*, "or for ſome *Profit* or *Lucre* to himſelf." Life of C. C. chap. vii. and Letter to Mr. P. pag. 15. 40. 53.

VER. 111. *Shame to Fortune!*] Becauſe ſhe uſually ſhews favour to perſons of this Character, who have a three-fold pretence to it.

Then gnaw'd his pen, then daſh'd it on the ground,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vaſt profound!
Plung'd for his ſenſe, but found no bottom there,
Yet wrote, and flounder'd on, in mere deſpair.
Round him much Embryo, much Abortion lay,
Much future Ode, and abdicated Play;

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VER. 113. *Supperleſs the Hero ſate,*] It is amazing how the ſenſe of this hath been miſtaken by all the former Commentators, who moſt idly ſuppoſe it to imply that the Hero of the Poem wanted a ſupper. In truth a great abſurdity! Not that we are ignorant that the Hero of Homer's Odyſſey is frequently in that Circumſtance, and therefore it can no way derogate from the grandeur of Epic Poem to repreſent ſuch Hero under a calamity, to which the greateſt, not only of Critics and Poets, but of Kings and Warriors, have been ſubject. But much more refined, I will venture to ſay, is the meaning of our Author: It was to give us, obliquely, a curious precept, or, what Boſſu calls, a *diſguiſed ſentence*, that "Temperance is the life of Study." The language of Poeſy brings all into action; and to repreſent a Critic encompaſſed with books, but without a ſupper, is a Picture which lively expreſſeth how much the true Critic prefers the diet of the mind to that of the body, one of which he always caſtigates, and often totally neglects for the greater improvement of the other. SCRIBL.

But ſince the diſcovery of the true Hero of the poem, may we not add that nothing was ſo natural, after ſo great a loſs of Money at Dice, or of Reputation by his Play, as that the Poet ſhould have no great ſtomach to eat a ſupper. BENTL.

Nonſenſe precipitate, like running Lead,
That ſlip'd thro' Cracks and Zig-zags of the Head;
All that on Folly Frenzy could beget,
Fruits of dull Heat, and Sooterkins of Wit.
Next, o'er his Books his eyes began to roll,
In pleaſing memory of all he ſtole,
How here he ſipp'd, how there he plunder'd ſnug,
And ſuck'd all o'er, like an induſtrious Bug.
Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat ſcenes, and here
The Frippery of crucified Moliere;
There hapleſs Shakeſpear, yet of Tibbald ſore,
Wiſh'd he had blotted for himſelf before.

REMARKS.

VER. 129. *Poor Fletcher's half-eat ſcenes,*] A great number of them taken out, to patch up his Plays.

VER. 130. *The Frippery*] "When I fitted up an old "play, it was as a good houſewife will mend old linnen, "when ſhe has not better employment." Life, p. 217.

VER. 131. *Hapleſs Shakeſpear, yet of Tibbald ſore,*] It is not to be doubted but Bays was a ſubſcriber to Tibbald's Shakeſpear. He was frequently liberal this way; and, as he tells us, "ſubſcribed to Mr. Pope's Homer, "out of pure Generoſity and Civility; but when Mr. "Pope did ſo to his Nonjuror, he concluded it could be "nothing but a joke." Letter to Mr. P. p. 24.

This Tibbald, or Theobald, publiſhed an edition of Shakeſpear, of which he was ſo proud himſelf as to ſay, in one of Miſt's Journals, June 8, "That to expoſe any "Errors in it was impracticable." And in another, April 27, "That whatever care might for the future be

The reſt on Outſide-merit but preſume,
Or ſerve (like other Fools) to fill a room;
Such with their ſhelves as due proportion hold,
Or their fond Parents dreſs'd in red and gold;
Or where the Pictures for the page attone,
And Quarles is ſav'd by Beauties not his own.
Here ſwells the ſhelf with Ogilby the great;
There, ſtamp'd with arms, Newcaſtle ſhines complete:

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" taken by any other Editor, he would ſtill give above
" five hundred Emendations, that *ſhall* eſcape them
" all."

VER. 132. *Wiſh'd he had blotted*] It was a ridiculous praiſe which the Players gave to Shakeſpear, " that " he never blotted a line." Ben. Johnſon honeſtly wiſhed he had blotted a thouſand; and Shakeſpear would certainly have wiſhed the ſame, if he had lived to ſee the alterations which, not the Actors only, but the Critics, of our days have made in his writings.

VER. 135. *The reſt on Out-ſide-merit, &c.*] This Library is divided into three parts; the firſt conſiſts of thoſe authors from whom he ſtole, and whoſe works he mangled; the ſecond, of ſuch as fitted the ſhelves, or were gilded for ſhew, or adorned with pictures; the third claſs our author calls ſolid learning; old bodies of Divinity, old Commentaries, old Engliſh Printers, or old Engliſh Tranſlations; all very voluminous, and fit to erect altars to Dulneſs.

VER. 139. *Ogilby the great*;] " John Ogilby was " one, who, from a late initiation into literature, made " ſuch a progreſs as might well ſtyle him the *Prodigy* of " his time! ſending into the world ſo many *large Vo-*

Here all his ſuff'ring brotherhood retire,
And 'ſcape the martyrdom of jakes and fire;
A Gothic Library! of Greece and Rome
Well purg'd, and worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.

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" *lumes!* His tranſlations of *Homer* and *Virgil, done to*
" *the life*, and *with ſuch excellent ſculptures!* And,
" (what added great grace to his works) he printed
" them all on *ſpecial good paper*, and in a *very good let-*
" *ter.*" WINSTANLY, Lives of Poets.

VER. 140. *There, ſtamp'd with arms, Newcaſtle ſhines complete.*] " The *Ducheſs of Newcaſtle* was one who bu-
" ſied herſelf in the raviſhing delights of Poetry; leav-
" ing to poſterity in print three *ample Volumes* of her
" ſtudious endeavours." WINSTANLY, ibid. Langbaine reckons up *eight* Folios of her Grace's; which were uſually adorned with gilded covers, and had her coat of arms upon them.

VER. 144. *Worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.*] The Poet has mentioned theſe three Authors in particular, as they are parallel to our Hero in his three capacities: 1. Settle was his Brother Laureate; only indeed upon half-pay, for the City, inſtead of the Court; but equally famous for unintelligible Flights in his Poems on public occaſions, ſuch as Shows, Birth-days, *&c.* 2. Banks was his Rival in *Tragedy* (though more ſucceſsful) in the Earl of Eſſex, Anna Boleyn, the Queen of Scots, and Cyrus the Great; all which he dreſt in a ſort of *Beggars Velvet*, or a happy mixture of the *thick Fuſtian* and *thin Proſaic*; exactly imitated in Perolla and Iſidora, Cæſar in Ægypt, and the Heroic Daughter. 3. And Broome was a ſerving-man of Ben. Johnſon, who *once* picked up a *Comedy* from his Betters, or from ſome caſt ſcenes of his Maſter, not entirely contemptible.

But, high above, more ſolid Learning ſhone,
The Claſſics of an Age that heard of none;
There Caxton ſlept, with Wynkin at his ſide,
One claſp'd in wood, and one in ſtrong cow-hide;

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VER. 147. *Caxton*] A Printer in the time of Ed. IV, Rich. III, and Hen. VII; Wynkyn de Word, his ſucceſſor, in that of Hen. VII and VIII. The former tranſlated into proſe Virgil's Æneis, as a hiſtory; of which he ſpeaks, in his Proeme, in a very ſingular manner, as of a book hardly known. "Happened that "to my hande cam a lytyl book in frenche, whiche "late was tranſlated out of latyn by ſome noble clerke "of fraunce, whiche booke is named *Eneydos* (made in "latyn by that noble poete & grete clerk *Vyrgyle*) "whiche booke I ſawe over and redde therein, How "after the generall deſtruccyon of the grete *Troy*, *Eneas* "departed berynge his olde fader *anchiſes* upon his ſholdres, his lytyl ſon *yolas* on his hande, his wyfe with "moche other people followynge, and how he ſhipped "and departed; wyth alle thyſtorye of his aduentures "that he had er he cam to the atchievement of his conqueſt of *ytalye*, as all alonge ſhall be ſhewed in this "preſent booke. In whiche booke I had grete playſyr, by cauſe of the fayr and honeſt termes & wordes "in frenche, whiche I neuer ſawe to fore lyke, ne "none ſo playſaunt ne ſo well ordred; whiche booke "as me ſemed ſholde be moche requyſite to noble men "to ſee, as wel for the eloquence as the hiſtoryes. How "wel that many hondred yerys paſſed was the ſayd "booke of *Eneydos* wyth other workes made and lerned "dayly in ſcolis, eſpecyally in *ytalye* and other places, "which hiſtorye the ſayd *Vyrgyle* made in metre."

There, ſav'd by ſpice, like Mummies, many a year,
Dry Bodies of Divinity appear:
De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
And here the groaning ſhelves Philemon bends.
Of theſe twelve volumes, twelve of ampleſt ſize,
Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pies,
Inſpir'd he ſeizes: Theſe an altar raiſe:
An hecatomb of pure, unſully'd lays
That altar crowns: A folio Common-place
Founds the whole pile, of all his works the baſe:
Quartos, octavos ſhape the leſs'ning pyre,
A twiſted Birth-day Ode completes the ſpire.

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VER. 145. *More ſolid Learning*] Some have objected, that books of this ſort ſuit not ſo well the library of our Bays, which they imagine conſiſted of Novels, Plays, and obſcene books; but they are to conſider, that he furniſhed his ſhelves only for ornament, and read theſe books no more than the *dry bodies of Divinity*, which, no doubt, were purchaſed by his father, when he deſigned him for the Gown. [See the note on ℣ 194.]

VER. 151. *Nich. de Lyra*, or Harpsfield, a very voluminous commentator, whoſe works, in five vaſt folios, were printed in 1472.

VER. 152. *Philemon Holland* Doctor in Phyſic. He tranſlated *ſo many books*, that a man would think he had done *nothing elſe*; inſomuch that he might be called *Tranſlator-general of his age*. The books alone of his turning into Engliſh are ſufficient to make a *Country Gentleman* a *complete Library*. WINSTANL.

Then he: Great tamer of all human art!
First in my care, and ever at my heart;
Dulneſs! whoſe good old cauſe I yet defend,
With whom my Muſe began, with whom ſhall end:
E'er ſince Sir Fopling's Periwig was Praiſe,
To the laſt honours of the Butt and Bays.

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VER. 165. *E'er ſince Sir Fopling's Periwig*] The firſt viſible cauſe of the paſſion of the Town for our Hero, was a fair flaxen full-bottom'd Periwig, which, he tells us, he wore in his firſt play of the *Fool in faſhion*. It attracted, in a particular manner, the Friendſhip of Col. Brett, who wanted to purchaſe it. "Whatever con-"tempt (ſays he) Philoſophers may have for a fine Pe-"riwig, my friend, who was not to deſpiſe the world, "but to live in it, knew very well that ſo material an "article of dreſs upon the head of a man of ſenſe, if it "became him, could never fail of drawing to him a "more partial regard and Benevolence, than could "poſſibly be hoped for in an ill-made one. This, "perhaps, may ſoften the grave cenſure which ſo youth-"ful a purchaſe might otherwiſe have laid upon him. "In a word, he made his attack upon this Periwig, as "your young fellows generally do upon a lady of plea-

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VER. 164. *With whom my Muſe began, with whom ſhall end.*]

A te principium, tibi deſinet — Virg. Ecl. viii.

Ἐκ Διὸς ἀρχώμεσθα, καὶ εἰς Δία λήγετε, Μοῦσαι. Theoc.

Prima dicte mihi, ſumma dicende Camœna. Horat.

O thou! of Buſ'neſs the directing ſoul!
To this our head, like byaſs to the bowl,
Which, as more pond'rous, made its aim more true,
Obliquely wadling to the mark in view.
O! ever gracious to perplex'd mankind,
Still ſpread a healing miſt before the mind;
And leſt we err by Wit's wild dancing light,
Secure us kindly in our native night:
Or, if to Wit a coxcomb make pretence,
Guard the ſure barrier between that and Senſe;
Or quite unravel all the reas'ning thread,
And hang ſome curious cobweb in its ſtead!
As, forc'd from wind-guns, lead itſelf can fly,
And pond'rous ſlugs cut ſwiftly thro' the ſky;
As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
The wheels above urg'd by the load below;

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" ſure, firſt by a few familiar praiſes of her perſon, and " then a civil enquiry into the price of it; and we fi- " niſhed our bargain that night over a bottle." See Life, octavo p. 303. This remarkable Periwig uſually made its entrance upon the ſtage in a ſedan, brought in by two chairmen, with infinite approbation of the audience.

VER. 176, 177. *Guard the ſure barrier — Or quite unravel, &c.*] For *Wit* or *Reaſoning* are never greatly hurtful to Dulneſs, but when the firſt is founded in *Truth*, and the other in *Uſefulneſs*,

Me Emptineſs and Dulneſs could inſpire,
And were my Elaſticity and Fire.
Some Dæmon ſtole my pen (forgive th'offence)
And once betray'd me into Common Senſe:
Elſe all my Proſe and Verſe were much the ſame;
This, Proſe on ſtilts; that, Poetry fal'n lame.
Did on the ſtage my Fops appear confin'd?
My Life gave ampler leſſons to mankind.
Did the dead Letter unſucceſsful prove?
The ſad Example never fail'd to move.
Yet ſure had heav'n decreed to ſave the ſtate,
Heav'n had decreed thoſe works a longer date.
Could Troy be ſav'd by any ſingle hand,
This grey-gooſe weapon muſt have made her ſtand.
What can I now? my Fletcher caſt aſide,
Take up the Bible, once my better guide?

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VER. 197. *My Fletcher*] A familiar manner of ſpeaking, uſed by modern Critics, of a favourite author. Bays

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VER. 193. *Had Heav'n decreed, &c.*]

Me ſi cælicolæ voluiſſent ducere vitam,
Has mihi ſervaſſent ſedes. — Virg. Æn. ii.

VER. 195, 196. *Could Troy be ſav'd — This grey-gooſe weapon*]

——— *Si Pergama dextra*
Defendi poſſent, etiam hac defenſa fuiſſent. Virg. ibid.

Or chair'd at White's amidſt the Doctors ſit,
Teach Oaths to Gameſters, and to Nobles—Wit?
Or bidſt thou rather Party to embrace?
(A friend to Party thou, and all her race;

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might as juſtly ſpeak thus of Fletcher, as a French Wit did of Tully, ſeeing his works in a library, "Ah! mon "cher Ciceron! je le connois bien; c'eſt le même que "Marc Tulle." But he had a better title to call Fletcher *his own*, having made ſo free with him.

VER. 198. *Take up the Bible, once my better guide?*] When, according to his father's intention, he had been a *Clergyman*, or (as he thinks himſelf) a *Biſhop* of the Church of England; whoſe Doctrine at that time being *Paſſive Obedience*, he muſt conſequently have taught. Hear his own words: "At the time that the fate of "King James, the Prince of Orange, and Myſelf were "on the anvil, providence thought fit to poſtpone mine, "'till theirs were determined: But had my father car-"ried me a month ſooner to the Univerſity, who knows "but that purer fountain might have waſhed my Im-"perfections into a capacity of writing, inſtead of Plays "and annual *Odes*, Sermons and *Paſtoral Letters?*" Apology for his Life, chap. iii. But though he did not arrive to preach it in the Church, he profeſſed it in the State during all the reign of queen Anne: and then wrote the meritorious Nonjuror, to ridicule (as he calls it) "the "*conſcientious Cauſe* of the *honeſt deluded* Jacobites."

VER. 199. *At* White's *amidſt the* Doctors] Theſe Doctors had a modeſt and fair Appearance, and, like true Maſters of Arts, were habited in *black* and *white*; they were juſtly ſtyled *Subtiles* and *Graves*, but not always *Irrefragabiles*, being ſometimes examined, laid open, and ſplit.

'Tis the ſame rope at different ends they twiſt;
To Dulneſs, Ridpath is as dear as Miſt.)
Shall I like Curtius, deſp'rate in my zeal,
O'er head and ears plunge for the Commonweal?
Or rob Rome's ancient geeſe of all their glories,
And cackling ſave the Monarchy of Tories?

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VER. 204. *Ridpath — Miſt.*] George Ridpath, author of a Whig paper, called the Flying poſt; Nathanael Miſt, of a famous Tory Journal.

VER. 207. *Or rob Rome's ancient geeſe of all their glories,*] Relates to the well-known ſtory of the geeſe that ſaved the Capitol; of which Virgil, Æn. viii.

Atque hic auratis volitans argenteus anſer
Porticibus, Gallos in limine adeſſe canebat.

A paſſage I have always ſuſpected. Who ſees not the antitheſis of *auratis* and *argenteus* to be unworthy the Virgilian majeſty? And what abſurdity to ſay a gooſe *ſings? canebat.* Virgil gives a contrary character of the voice of this ſilly bird, in Ecl. ix.

——— *argutos* interſtrepere *anſer olores.*

Read it, therefore, *adeſſe ſtrepebat.* And why *auratis porticibus?* does not the very verſe preceding this inform us,

Romuleoque recens horrebat regia culmo.

Is this *thatch* in one line, and *gold* in another, conſiſtent? I ſcruple not *(repugnantibus omnibus manuſcriptis)* to correct it *auritis.* Horace uſes the ſame epithet in the ſame ſenſe,

——— Auritas *fidibus canoris*
Ducere quercus.

Hold—to ſome Miniſter I more incline;
To ſerve his cauſe, O Queen! is ſerving thine;
Now, ſee thy very Gazetteers give o'er,
Ev'n Ralph is loſt, and Henly writes no more!
What then remains? Ourſelf. Still, ſtill remain
Cibberian forehead, and Cibberian brain;
This brazen Brightneſs, to the 'Squire ſo dear;
This poliſh'd Hardneſs, that reflects the Peer;

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And to ſay that *walls have ears* is common even to a proverb. SCRIBL.

VER. 208. *And cackling ſave the Monarchy of Tories?*] Not out of any preference or affection to the Tories. For what Hobbes ſo ingenuouſly confeſſes of himſelf, is true of all Party-writers whatſoever: "That he defends the ſupreme powers, as the *Geeſe* by their *cackling* defended "the Romans, who held the Capitol; for they favoured "them no more than the Gauls their Enemies, but were "as ready to have defended the Gauls if they had been "*poſſeſſed of the Capitol.*" Epiſt. Dedic. to the Leviathan.

VER. 211. *Gazetteers*] A band of miniſterial writers, hired at the price mentioned in the note on book 2. ℣ 316. who, on the very day their Patron quitted his poſt, laid down their paper, and declared they would never more meddle in Politics.

VER. 214. *Cibberian forehead*] So indeed all the MSS. read; but I make no ſcruple to pronounce them all wrong, the Laureate being elſewhere celebrated by our Poet for his great *Modeſty*——*modeſt Cibber* —— Read, therefore,

This arch Abſurd, that wit and fool delights;
This Meſs, toſs'd up of Hockley-hole and White's,
Where Dukes and Butchers join to wreath my crown,
At once the Bear and Fiddle of the town.

O born in ſin, and forth in folly brought!
Works damn'd, or to be damn'd (your father's fault)
Go, purify'd by flame, aſcend the ſky,
My better and more chriſtian progeny!

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at my peril, *Cerberian forehead.* This is perfectly claſſical, and, what is more, *Homerical*; the *Dog* was the ancient, as the *Bitch* is the modern, ſymbol of Impudence: (Κυνὸς ὄμματ' ἔχων, ſays Achilles to Agamemnon) which, when in a ſuperlative degree, may well be denominated from *Cerberus*, the *Dog with three heads.*—But as to the latter part of this verſe, *Cibberian brain*, that is certainly the genuine reading. BENTL.

VER. 221. *O born in ſin, &c.*] This is a tender and paſſionate Apoſtrophe to his own works, which he is going to ſacrifice, agreeable to the nature of man in great affliction; and reflecting like a parent on the many miſerable fates to which they would otherwiſe be ſubject.

VER. 224. *My better and more chriſtian progeny!*] "It may be obſervable, that my Muſe and my Spouſe "were equally prolific; that the one was ſeldom the "mother of a Child, but in the ſame year the other made "me the father of a Play. I think we had a dozen of "each ſort between us; of both which kinds ſome *died* "in their *Infancy*," *&c.* Life of C. C. p. 217. 8vo. edit.

Unſtain'd, unſtitch'd, and yet in maiden ſheets;
While all your ſmutty Siſters walk the ſtreets.
Ye ſhall not beg, like gratis-given B—d,
Sent with a Paſs, and vagrant thro' the land;
Not ſail, with Ward, to Ape-and-monkey climes,
Where vile Mundungus trucks for viler rhymes;
Not ſulphur-tipt emblaze an Ale-houſe fire;
Not wrap up Oranges, to pelt your ſire!

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VER. 227, 228. *Gratis-given B—d,—Sent with a Paſs,*] It was a practice ſo to give the Daily Gazetteer and miniſterial pamphlets (in which this B. was a writer) and to ſend them *Poſt-free* to all the Towns in the kingdom.

VER. 229. *With Ward to Ape-and-monkey climes,*] "Edward Ward, a very voluminous Poet in Hudibraſtic "verſe, but beſt known by the London Spy, in proſe. He "has of late years kept a public houſe in the City, (but in "a genteel way) and with his wit, humour, and good liquor "(ale) afforded his gueſts a pleaſurable entertainment, eſ-"pecially thoſe of the high-church party." JACOB, Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 225. Great numbers of his works were yearly ſold into the Plantations.—Ward, in a book called Apollo's Maggot, declared this account to

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VER. 225. *Unſtain'd, unſtitch'd, &c.*]

——— *Felix Priameïa virgo!*
Juſſa mori: quæ ſortitus non pertulit ullos,
Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile!
Nos, patria incenſa, diverſa per æquora vectæ, &c.

O! paſs more innocent, in infant ſtate,
To the mild Limbo of our Father Tate:
Or peaceably forgot, at once be bleſt
In Shadwell's boſom, with eternal Reſt!
Soon to that maſs of Nonſenſe to return,
Where things deſtroy'd are ſwept to things unborn.
With that a Tear (portentous ſign of grace!)
Stole from the Maſter of the ſevenfold Face:
And thrice he lifted high the Birth-day brand,
And thrice he dropt it from his quiv'ring hand;

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be a great falſity, proteſting that his public houſe was not in the *City*, but in *Moorfields*.

VER. 239. *With that a Tear (portentous ſign of grace!) &c.*] It is to be obſerved that our Poet hath made his Hero, in imitation of Virgil's, obnoxious to the tender Paſſions. He was indeed ſo given to weeping, that he tells us, when Goodman the player ſwore, if he did not *make a good actor, he'd be damn'd*; "the ſurpriſe of being commended by one "who had been himſelf ſo eminent on the ſtage, and in "ſo *poſitive a manner*, was more than he could ſupport. "In a word (ſays he) it almoſt took away my breath, and "(laugh if you pleaſe) fairly drew tears from my eyes." P. 149. of his Life, octavo.

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VER. 241. *And thrice he lifted high the Birth-day brand,* Ovid, of Althæa on a like occaſion, burning her offspring:

Tum conata quater flammis imponere torrem,
Cœpta quater tenuit.

Then lights the ſtructure, with averted eyes:
The rowling ſmokes involve the ſacrifice.
The op'ning clouds diſcloſe each work by turns,
Now flames the Cid, and now Perolla burns;
Great Cæſar roars, and hiſſes in the fires;
King John in ſilence modeſtly expires:
No merit now the dear Nonjuror claims,
Moliere's old ſtubble in a moment flames.

REMARKS.

VER. 246. *Now flames the Cid, &c.*] In the firſt notes on the Dunciad it was ſaid, that this Author was particularly excellent at Tragedy. "This (ſays he) is "as unjuſt as to ſay I could not dance on a Rope." But certain it is that he had attempted to dance on this Rope, and fell moſt ſhamefully, having produced no leſs than four Tragedies (the names of which the Poet preſerves in theſe few lines) the three firſt of them were fairly printed, acted, and damned; the fourth ſuppreſſed, in fear of the like treatment.

VER. 249, 250. *The dear Nonjuror — Moliere's old ſtubble*] A Comedy threſhed out of Moliere's Tartuffe, and ſo much the Tranſlator's favourite, that he aſſures us all our author's diſlike to it could only ariſe from *diſaffection to the Government*;

Qui mepriſe Cotin, n'eſtime point ſon Roi,
Et n'a, ſelon Cotin, ni Dieu, ni foi, ni loi. Boil.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 246. *Now flames the Cid, &c.*]

—— *Jam Deïphobi dedit ampla ruinam*
Vulcano ſuperante domus; jam proximus ardet
Ucalegon. ——

Tears guſh'd again, as from pale Priam's eyes,
When the laſt blaze ſent Ilion to the ſkies.

REMARKS.

He aſſures us, that "when he had the honour to kiſs "his Majeſty's hand upon preſenting his dedication of "it, he was graciouſly pleaſed, out of his Royal bounty, "to order him two hundred pounds for it. And this he "doubts not *grieved* Mr. P." (for it ſeems it was the ſame ſum his Majeſty ſubſcribed to his Homer.)

VER. 252. *When the laſt blaze ſent Ilion to the ſkies.*] See Virgil, Æn. ii. where I would adviſe the reader to peruſe the ſtory of Troy's deſtruction, rather than in Wynkyn. But I caution him alike in both to beware of a moſt grievous error, that of thinking it was brought about by I know not what *Trojan Horſe*; there never having been any ſuch thing. For, firſt, it was not *Trojan*, being made by the *Greeks*; and, ſecondly, it was not a *horſe*, but a *mare*. This is clear from many verſes in Virgil:

——— Uterum*que armato milite complent.* ———
Incluſos utero *Danaos* ———

Can a horſe be ſaid *Utero gerere?* Again,

—— Utero*que recuſſo*,
Inſonuere cavæ ———
— *Atque* utero *ſonitum quater arma dedere.*

Nay, is it not expreſly ſaid

Scandit fatalis machina muros
Fœta *armis* ———

How is it poſſible the word *fœta* can agree with a *horſe?* And indeed can it be conceived that the chaſte and virgin Goddeſs *Pallas* would employ herſelf in forming and faſhioning the Male of that ſpecies? But

Rowz'd by the light, old Dulneſs heav'd the head;
Then ſnatch'd a ſheet of Thulè from her bed,
Sudden ſhe flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre;
Down ſink the flames, and with a hiſs expire.
Her ample preſence fills up all the place;
A veil of fogs dilates her awful face:
Great in her charms! as when on Shrieves and May'rs
She looks, and breathes herſelf into their airs.
She bids him wait her to her ſacred Dome:
Well pleas'd he enter'd, and confeſs'd his home.

REMARKS.

this ſhall be proved to a demonſtration in our Virgil Reſtored. SCRIBL.

VER. 254. *Thulè*] An unfiniſhed poem of that name, of which one ſheet was printed many Years ago, by *Amb. Philips*, a northern author. It is an uſual method of putting out a fire, to caſt wet ſheets upon it. Some critics have been of opinion that this ſheet was of the nature of the Aſbeſtos, which cannot be conſumed by fire: But I rather think it an allegorical alluſion to the coldneſs and heavineſs of the writing.

VER. 261. *Sacred Dome:*] Where he no ſooner en-

IMITATIONS.

VER. 259.

Great in her charms! as when on Shrieves and May'rs
She looks, and breathes herſelf into their airs.]

Alma parens confeſſa Deam; qualiſque videri
Cœlicolis, & quanta ſolet —— Virg. Æn. ii,

Et lætos oculis afflavit honores. Id. Æn. i.

So ſpirits ending their terreſtrial race,
Aſcend and recognize their Native Place.
This the Great Mother dearer held than all
The clubs of Quidnuncs, or her own Guild-hall.
Here ſtood her Opium, here ſhe nurs'd her Owls,
And here ſhe plann'd th' Imperial ſeat of Fools.

Here to her Choſen all her works ſhe ſhows;
Proſe ſwell'd to verſe, Verſe loit'ring into proſe:
How random thoughts now meaning chance to find,
Now leave all memory of ſenſe behind:
How Prologues into Prefaces decay,
And theſe to Notes are fritter'd quite away.

REMARKS.

ters, but he reconnoitres the place of his original; as Plato ſays the ſpirits ſhall do at their entrance into the celeſtial regions.

VER. 265. *Great Mother*] *Magna mater*, here applied to *Dulneſs*. The *Quidnuncs*, a name given to the ancient members of certain political clubs, who were conſtantly enquiring *quid nunc?* what news?

IMITATIONS.

VER. 265. *This the Great Mother, &c.*]

Urbs antiqua fuit ———
Quam Juno fertur terris magis omnibus unam
Poſthabita coluiſſe Samo: hic illius arma,
Hic currus fuit: hic regnum Dea gentibus eſſe
(Si qua fata ſinant) jam tum tenditque fovetque.
Virg. Æn. i.

How Index-learning turns no ſtudent pale,
Yet holds the eel of ſcience by the tail.
How, with leſs reading than makes felons 'ſcape,
Leſs human genius than God gives an ape,
Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
A paſt, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd, new piece,
'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakeſpear, and Corneille,
Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell.

REMARKS.

VER. 282. *Tibbald*,] Lewis Tibbald (as pronounced) or Theobald (as written) was bred an Attorney, and ſon to an Attorney (ſays Mr. Jacob) of Sittenburn in Kent. He was Author of ſome forgotten Plays, Tranſlations, and other pieces. He was concerned in a paper called the Cenſor, and a Tranſlation of Ovid, as we learn from Dennis's Remarks on Pope's Homer, p. 9, 10. "There is a notorious Idiot, one hight "Whachum, who, from an under-ſpur-leather to the "Law, is become an under-ſtrapper to the Play-houſe, "who has lately burleſqued the Metamorphoſes of O-"vid by a vile Tranſlation, *&c.* This fellow is con-"cerned in an impertinent paper called the Cenſor."

Ibid. *Ozell.*] "Mr. John Ozell (if we credit Mr. Jacob) "did go to ſchool in Leiceſterſhire, where *ſome-"body* left him *ſomething* to live on, when he ſhall re-"tire from buſineſs. He was deſigned to be ſent to "Cambridge, in order for prieſthood; but he choſe "rather to be placed in an *office* of *accounts*, in the City, "being qualified for the ſame by his ſkill in *arithmetic*, "and writing the neceſſary *hands*. He has obliged "the world with many tranſlations of French Plays." *Jacob*, Lives of *Dram. Poets*, p. 198.

The Goddeſs then, o'er his anointed head
With myſtic words, the ſacred Opium ſhed.
And lo! her bird, a monſter of a fowl!
Something betwixt a Heideggre and owl,

REMARKS.

Mr. Jacob's character of Mr. Ozell ſeems vaſtly ſhort of his merits, and he ought to have further juſtice done him, having ſince fully confuted all Sarcaſms on his learning and genius, by an advertiſement of Sept. 20, 1729. in a paper called the Weekly Medley, *&c.* "As to my "*learning*, every body knows that the *whole Bench of* "*Biſhops*, not long ago, were pleaſed to give me a *purſe* "*of guineas*, for diſcovering the erroneous tranſlations "of the Common-prayer in Portugueſe, Spaniſh, French, "Italian, *&c.* As for my *genius*, let Mr. Cleland "ſhew better verſes in all Pope's works, than Ozell's "verſion of Boileau's Lutrin, which the late Lord Ha-"lifax was ſo pleaſed with, that he complimented him "with leave to dedicate it to him, *&c. &c.* Let him "ſhew better and truer poetry in the Rape of the "Lock, than in Ozell's Rape of the Bucket *(la Secchia* "*rapita.)* And Mr. Toland and Mr. Gildon publicly "declared Ozell's tranſlation of Homer *to be*, as it was "*prior*, ſo likewiſe *ſuperior* to Pope's.——Surely, ſure-"ly, every man is free to deſerve well of his country!"

JOHN OZELL.

We cannot but ſubſcribe to ſuch reverend teſtimonies, as thoſe of the *Bench of Biſhops*, Mr. *Toland*, and Mr. *Gildon*.

VER. 286. *A Heideggre*] A ſtrange bird from Switzerland, and not (as ſome have ſuppoſed) the name of an eminent perſon who was a man of parts, and, as was ſaid of Petronius, *Arbiter Elegantiarum*.

Perch'd on his crown. All hail! and hail again,
My ſon! the promis'd land expects thy reign.
Know, Euſden thirſts no more for ſack or praiſe,
He ſleeps among the dull of ancient days,
Safe, where no Critics damn, no duns moleſt,
Where wretched Withers, Ward, and Gildon reſt,
And high-born Howard, more majeſtic ſire,
Impatient waits 'till H—y grace the quire.
Yet, yet a while, at Court my H—y ſtay!
See Cibber enters! haſte, and turn the Key.

REMARKS.

VER. 292. *Withers*] "George Withers was a great "Pretender to Poetical Zeal, and abuſed the greateſt "Perſonages in power, which brought upon him fre- "quent correction. The *Marſhalſea* and *Newgate* were "no ſtrangers to him" WINSTANLY, Lives of Poets.

Ibid. *Gildon*] Charles Gildon, a writer of criticiſms and libels of the laſt age, bred at St. Omer's with the Jeſuits; but renouncing popery, he publiſhed Blount's books againſt the divinity of Chriſt, the Oracles of Reaſon, &c. He ſignalized himſelf as a critic, having written ſome very bad plays; abuſed Mr. P. very ſcandalouſly in an anonymous pamphlet of the Life of Mr. Wycherley, printed by Curl; in another, called the New Rehearſal, printed in 1714; in a third, entituled the Complete Art of Engliſh Poetry, in two volumes; and others.

VER. 293. *Howard*,] Hon. Edward Howard, author of the Britiſh Princes, and a great number of wonderful pieces, celebrated by the late Earls of Dorſet and Rochester, Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Waller, &c.

Lift up your Gates, ye Princes, ſee him come!
Sound, ſound ye Viols, be the Cat-call dumb!
Bring, bring the madding Bay, the drunken Vine;
The creeping, dirty, Courtly Ivy join!
And thou! his Aid de camp, lead out my ſons,
Light-arm'd with Points, Antitheſes, and Puns.
Let Bawdry, Billingſgate, two ſiſters dear,
Support his front, and Oaths bring up the rear:
And under his, and under Ar—r's wing,
Gaming and Grub-ſtreet ſkulk behind the King.
O! when ſhall riſe a Monarch, all our own,
And I, a Nurſing-mother, rock the throne;

REMARKS.

VER. 305, 306. *Under Ar—r's wing, — Gaming, &c.*] When the ſtatute againſt Gaming was drawn up, it was repreſented, that the King, by ancient cuſtom, plays at Hazard one night in the year; and therefore a clauſe was inſerted, with an exception as to that particular. Under this pretence, the Groom-porter had a Room appropriated to Gaming all the ſummer the Court was at Kenſington, which his Majeſty accidentally being acquainted of, with a juſt indignation prohibited. It is reported, the ſame practice is yet continued wherever the Court reſides, and the Hazard Table there open to all the profeſſed Gameſters in town.

Greateſt *and* juſteſt SOV'REIGN! *know you this?*
Alas! no more, than Thames' calm head *can know*
Whoſe meads his arms *drown, or whoſe corn o'erflow.*
Donne to Queen Eliz.

'Twixt Prince and People close the Curtain draw,
Shade him from Light, and cover him from Law!
Fatten the Courtier, ſtarve the learned band,
And ſuckle Armies, and dry-nurſe the land:
'Till Senates nod to Lullabies divine,
And all be ſleep, as at an Ode of thine.

She ceas'd. Then ſwells the Chapel-royal throat:
God ſave king Cibber! mounts in ev'ry note.
Familiar White's God ſave king Colley! cries;
God ſave king Colley! Drury-lane replies:
To Needham's quick the voice triumphal rode,
But pious Needham dropt the name of God;

REMARKS.

VER. 307. *O when ſhall riſe a Monarch, &c.*] Boileau, Lutrin. Chant. 2.

Helas! qu'eſt devenu cet tems, cet heureux tems,
Où les Rois s'honoroient du nom de Faineans!
S'endormoient ſur le trone, & me ſervant ſans honte,
Laiſſoient leur ſceptre au mains on d'un mair, ou d'un comte:
Aucun ſoin n'approchoit de leur paiſible cour,
On repoſoit la nuit, on dormoit tout le jour, &c.

VER. 315. *Chapel-royal*] The Voices and Inſtruments uſed in the ſervice of the Chapel-royal, being alſo employed in the performance of the Birth-day and New-year Odes.

Back to the Devil the laſt ecchoes roll,
And Coll! each Butcher roars at Hockley-hole.
So when Jove's block deſcended from on high
(As ſings thy great forefather Ogilby)

REMARKS.

VER. 320. *But pious Needham*] A Matron of great fame, and very religious in her way; whoſe conſtant prayer it was, that ſhe might "get enough by her profeſſion to leave it off in time, and make her peace "with God." But her fate was not ſo happy; for being convicted, and ſet in the pillory, ſhe was (to the laſting ſhame of all her great Friends and Votaries) ſo ill uſed by the populace, that it put an end to her days.

VER. 321. *Back to the Devil*] The Devil Tavern in Fleet-ſtreet, where theſe Odes are uſually rehearſed before they are performed at Court: Upon which a Wit of thoſe times made this epigram:

When Laureates make Odes, do you aſk of what ſort?
Do you aſk if they're good, or are evil?
You may judge — From the Devil they come to the Court,
And go from the Court to the Devil.

VER. 324. *(As ſings thy great forefather Ogilby)*
Loud Thunder to its bottom ſhook the bog,
And the hoarſe nation croak'd, God ſave king Log!]

See Ogilby's Æſop's Fables, where, in the ſtory of the Frogs and their King, this excellent hemyſtic is to be found.

Our Author manifeſts here, and elſewhere, a prodigious

Loud thunder to its bottom ſhook the bog,
And the hoarſe nation croak'd, God ſave King Log!

REMARKS.

tenderneſs for the *bad writers*. We ſee he ſelects the only good paſſage, perhaps, in all that ever Ogilby writ; which ſhews how candid and patient a reader he muſt have been. What can be more kind and affectionate than theſe words in the preface to his Poems, where he labours to call up all our humanity and forgiveneſs toward theſe unlucky men, by the moſt moderate repreſentation of their caſe that has ever been given by any author? "Much may be ſaid to extenuate the fault of "bad poets: What we call a *genius* is hard to be diſtinguiſhed, by a man himſelf, from a prevalent inclination: And if it be never ſo great, he can at firſt diſcover it no other way than by that ſtrong propenſity, "which renders him the more liable to be miſtaken. "He has no other method but to make the experiment, "by writing, and ſo appealing to the judgment of others: And if he happens to write ill (which is certainly no ſin in itſelf) he is immediately made the "object of ridicule! I wiſh we had the humanity to reflect, that even the worſt authors might endeavour to "pleaſe us, and, in that endeavour, deſerve ſomething "at our hands. We have no cauſe to quarrel with them, "but for their obſtincy in perſiſting, and even that may "admit of alleviating circumſtances: For their particular friends may be either ignorant, or unſincere; and "the reſt of the world too well bred to ſhock them with "a truth which generally their bookſellers are the firſt "that inform them of."

But how much all indulgence is loſt upon theſe people may appear from the juſt reflection made on their conſtant conduct, and conſtant fate, in the following Epigram:

Ye little Wits, that gleam'd a while,
When Pope vouchsaf'd a ray,
Alas! depriv'd of his kind ſmile,
How ſoon ye fade away!

To compaſs Phœbus' car about,
Thus empty vapours riſe;
Each lends his cloud, to put Him out,
That rear'd him to the ſkies.

Alas! thoſe ſkies are not your ſphere;
There He ſhall ever burn:
Weep, weep, and fall! for Earth ye were,
And muſt to Earth return.

The End of the FIRST BOOK.

ARGUMENT to BOOK the SECOND.

THE King being proclaimed, the ſolemnity is graced with public Games and ſports of various kinds; not inſtituted by the Hero, as by Æneas in Virgil, but for greater honour by the Goddeſs in perſon (in like manner as the games Pythia, Iſthmia, &c. were anciently ſaid to be ordained by the Gods, and as Thetis herſelf appearing, according to Homer, Odyſſ. 24. propoſed the prizes in honour of her ſon Achilles.) Hither flock the Poets and Critics, attended, as is but juſt, with their Patrons and Bookſellers. The Goddeſs is firſt pleaſed, for her diſport, to propoſe games to the Bookſellers, *and ſetteth up the Phantom of a Poet, which they contend to overtake. The Races deſcribed, with their divers accidents. Next, the game for a Poeteſs. Then follow the Exerciſes for the* Poets, *of* tickling, vociferating, diving: *The firſt holds forth the arts and practices of* Dedicators, *the ſecond of* Diſputants *and* fuſtian Poets, *the third of* profound, dark, *and* dirty Party-writers. *Laſtly, for the* Critics, *the Goddeſs propoſes (with great propriety) an Exerciſe, not of their parts, but their patience, in hearing the works of two voluminous Authors, one in* verſe, *and the other in* proſe, *deliberately read, without ſleeping: The various effects of which, with the ſeveral degrees and manners of their operations, are here ſet forth; 'till the whole number, not of Critics only, but of ſpectators, actors, and all preſent, fall faſt aſleep; which naturally and neceſſarily ends the games.*

THE DUNCIAD.

Book the Second.

HIGH on a gorgeous ſeat, that far out-ſhone
Henley's gilt tub, or Fleckno's Iriſh throne,

Remarks.

Two things there are, upon the ſuppoſition of which the very baſis of all Verbal criticiſm is founded and ſup-

Imitations.

Ver. 1. *High on a gorgeous ſeat*] Parody of Milton, book 2.

High on a throne of royal ſtate, that far
Out-ſhone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous Eaſt with richeſt hand
Show'rs on her Kings Barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted ſate, ———

Or that where on her Curls the Public pours,
All-bounteous, fragrant Grains and Golden ſhow'rs,
Great Cibber ſate: The proud Parnaſſian ſneer,
The conſcious ſimper, and the jealous leer,

REMARKS.

ported: The firſt, that an Author could never fail to uſe the *beſt word*, on every occaſion; the ſecond, that a Critic cannot chuſe but know *which that is*. This being granted; whenever any word doth not fully content us, we take upon us to conclude, firſt, that the author could *never have uſed it*; and, ſecondly, that he muſt have uſed *that very one* which we conjecture in its ſtead.

We cannot, therefore, enough admire the learned Scriblerus for his alteration of the text in the two laſt verſes of the preceeding book, which in all the former editions ſtood thus:

Hoarſe thunder to the bottom ſhook the bog,
And the loud nation croak'd, God ſave king Log!

He has, with great judgment, tranſpoſed theſe two epithets; putting *hoarſe* to the nation, and *loud* to the thunder: And this being evidently the true reading, he vouchſafed not ſo much as to mention the former; for which aſſertion of the juſt right of a Critic, he merits the acknowledgment of all found commentators.

VER. 2. *Henley's gilt Tub*] The pulpit of a Diſſenter is uſually called a Tub; but that of Mr. Orator Henley was covered with velvet, and adorned with gold. He had alſo a fair altar, and over it is this extraordinary inſcription, *The Primitive Euchariſt*. See the hiſtory of this perſon, book 3.

Mix on his look: All eyes direct their rays
On him, and crowds turn Coxcombs as they gaze.
His Peers ſhine round him with reflected grace,
New point their dulneſs, and new bronze their face.
So from the Sun's broad beam, in ſhallow urns,
Heav'n's Starry Sparks draw light, and point their [horns.

REMARKS.

Ibid. *Or Fleckno's Iriſh throne,*] Richard Fleckno was an Iriſh prieſt, but had laid aſide (as himſelf expreſſeth it) the mechanic part of prieſthood. He printed ſome plays, poems, letters, and travels. I doubt not our author took occaſion to mention him in reſpect to the Poem of Mr. Dryden, to which this bears ſome reſemblance, though of a character more different from it than that of the Æneid from the Iliad, or the Lutrin of Boileau from the Defait de Bouts rimées of Sarazin.

It may be juſt worth mentioning, that the Eminence from whence the ancient Sophiſts entertained their auditors, was called by the pompous name of a Throne; — ἐπὶ θρόνου τινὸς ὑψηλοῦ μάλα σοφιστικῶς καὶ σοβαρῶς. Themiſtius, Orat. i.

VER. 3. *Or that where on her Curls the public pours,*] Edmund Curl ſtood in the pillory at Charing-croſs, in March, 1727-8.

Mr. Curl loudly complained of this note, as an untruth; proteſting "that he ſtood in the pillory, not in "March, but in February." And of another on ℣ 152 ſaying "he was not toſſed in a *Blanket*, but a *Rug*." Curliad, duodecimo, 1729, p. 19. 25. Much in the ſame manner Mr. Cibber remonſtrated that the *Statues* at *Bedlam* were not *Brazen*, but *Blocks*; yet our author let it paſs unaltered, as a trifle that no way leſſened the Relationſhip.

To grace her dauntleſs Son, ſhe now proclaims
By herald Hawkers, high heroic Games.
They ſummon all her Race: An endleſs band
Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land.
A motley mixture! of long wigs, of bags,
In ſilks, in crapes, in Garters, and in rags,
From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
On horſe, on foot, in hacks and gilded chariots:
All who true Dunces in her cauſe appear'd,
And all who knew thoſe Dunces to reward.
Not with more glee, by hands Pontific crown'd,
With ſcarlet hats wide-waving circled round,
Rome in her Capitol ſaw Querno ſit,
Thron'd on ſev'n hills, the Antichriſt of wit.

REMARKS.

VER. 25. *Rome in her Capitol ſaw Querno ſit,*] Camillo Querno was of Apulia, who hearing the great Encouragement which Leo X. gave to poets, travelled to Rome with a harp in his hand, and ſung to it twenty thouſand verſes of a poem called Alexias. He was introduced *as a Buffoon* to Leo, and promoted to the honour of the *Laurel*; a jeſt which the court of Rome and the Pope himſelf entered into ſo far, as to cauſe him to ride on an elephant to the Capitol, and to hold a ſolemn feſtival on his coronation; at which it is recorded the Poet himſelf was ſo tranſported as to *weep for joy* *. He was ever after a conſtant frequenter of the Pope's table, drank abundantly, and poured forth verſes without number. PAULUS JOVIUS, Elog. Virg. doct. chap.

* See Life of C. C. chap. vi. p. 149.

Amid that area wide they took their ſtand
Where the tall may-pole once o'er-look'd the Strand,
But now (ſo ANNE and Piety ordain)
A Church collects the ſaints of Drury-lane.
With Authors, Stationers obey'd the call,
(The field of glory is a field for all.)
Glory, and gain, th'induſtrious tribe provoke;
And gentle Dulneſs ever loves a joke.
A poet's form ſhe plac'd before their eyes,
And bad the nimbleſt racer ſeize the prize;

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lxxxii. Some idea of his poetry is given by Fam. Strada, in his Proluſions.

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VER. 35. *A poet's form ſhe plac'd before their eyes,*] This is what Juno does to deceive Turnus, Æn. x.

Tum dea nube cava, tenuem ſine viribus umbram,
In faciem Æneæ (viſu mirabile monſtrum!)
Dardaniis ornat telis, clypeumque jubaſque
Divini aſſimilat capitis ——
—— *Dat* inania verba,
Dat ſine mente ſonum ——

The reader will obſerve how exactly ſome of theſe verſes ſuit with their allegorical application here to a Plagiary: There ſeems to me a great propriety in this Epiſode, where ſuch an one is imaged by a phantom that deludes the graſp of the expecting Bookſeller.

No meagre, muſe-rid mope, aduſt and thin,
In a dun night-gown of his own looſe ſkin;
But ſuch a bulk as no twelve bards could raiſe,
Twelve ſtarv'ling bards of theſe degen'rate days.
All as a patridge plump, full-fed, and fair,
She form'd this image of well-body'd air;
With pert flat eyes ſhe window'd well its head;
A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead;
And empty words ſhe gave, and ſounding ſtrain,
But ſenſeleſs, lifeleſs! idol void and vain!
Never was daſh'd out, at one lucky hit,
A fool, ſo juſt a copy of a wit;

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VER. 44. *A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead*;] i. e.

A trifling head, *and a* contracted heart,

as the poet, book 4. deſcribes the *accompliſhed* Sons of Dulneſs; of whom this is only an Image, or Scarecrow, and ſo ſtuffed out with theſe correſpondent materials. SCRIBL.

VER. 47. *Never was daſh'd out, at one lucky hit,*] Our author here ſeems willing to give ſome account of the poſſibility of *Dulneſs* making a Wit (which could be

IMITATIONS.

VER. 39. *But ſuch a bulk as no twelve bards could raiſe,*]

Vix illud lecti bis ſex ——
Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus.

Virg. Æn. xii.

So like, that critics ſaid, and courtiers ſwore,
A Wit it was, and call'd the phantom More. 50

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done no other way than by *chance.)* The fiction is the more reconciled to probability by the known ſtory of Apelles, who being at a loſs to expreſs the foam of Alexander's horſe, daſhed his pencil in deſpair at the picture, and happened to do it by that fortunate ſtroke.

VER. 50. *And call'd the phantom More.*] CURL, in his Key to the Dunciad, affirmed this to be James-More Smith eſq; and it is probable (conſidering what is ſaid of him in the *Teſtimonies*) that ſome might fancy our author obliged to repreſent this gentleman as a plagiary, or to paſs for one himſelf. His caſe indeed was like that of a man I have heard of, who, as he was ſitting in company, perceived his next neighbour had ſtolen his handkerchief. "Sir (ſaid the thief, finding himſelf detected) "do not expoſe me, I did it for mere want; be "ſo good but to take it privately out of my pocket a-"gain, and ſay nothing." The honeſt man did ſo, but the other cry'd out, "See, gentlemen, what a thief "we have among us! look, he is ſtealing my handker-"chief!"

The plagiariſms of this perſon gave occaſion to the following Epigram:

M—re always ſmiles whenever he recites;
He ſmiles (you think) approving what he writes.
And yet in this no vanity is ſhown;
A modeſt man may like what's not his own.

His only work was a Comedy, called the Rival Modes; the town condemned it in the action, but he printed it in $17\frac{2}{2}\frac{6}{7}$, with this modeſt Motto,

Hic cæſtus, artemque repono.

All gaze with ardour: Some a poet's name,
Others a ſword-knot and lac'd ſuit inflame.
But lofty Lintot in the circle roſe:
" This prize is mine; who tempt it are my foes;
" With me began this genius, and ſhall end." 55
He ſpoke: and who with Lintot ſhall contend?

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The ſmaller pieces which we have heard attributed to this author are, an Epigram on the bridge at Blenheim, by Dr. Evans; Coſmelia, by Mr. Pit, Mr. Jones, *&c.* the Saw-pit, a ſimile, by a Friend; and ſome unowned letters, advertiſements, and epigrams againſt our author in the Daily Journal.

VER. 50. *The phantom More.*] It appears from hence, that this is not the name of a real perſon, but fictitious. *More* from μῶρος, *ſtultus*, μωρία, *ſtultitia*, to repreſent the folly of a plagiary. Thus Eraſmus: *Admonuit me* Mori *cognomen tibi, quod tam ad* Moriæ *vocabulum accedit quam es ipſe a re alienus.* Dedication of Moriæ Encomion to Sir Tho. More; the farewel of which may be our author's to his plagiary, *Vale*, More! *& moriam tuam gnaviter defende.* Adieu, More! and be ſure ſtrongly to defend thy own folly. SCRIBL.

VER. 53. *But lofty Lintot*] We enter here upon the epiſode of the Bookſellers: Perſons, whoſe names being more known and famous in the learned world than thoſe of the Authors in this poem, do therefore need leſs explanation. The action of Mr. Lintot here, imitates that of Dares in Virgil, riſing juſt in this manner to lay hold on a *Bull.* This eminent Bookſeller printed the *Rival Modes* before mentioned.

Fear held them mute. Alone, untaught to fear,
Stood dauntleſs Curl; "Behold that rival here!

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VER. 58. *Stood dauntleſs Curl, &c.*] We come now to a character of much reſpect, that of Mr. Edmund Curl. As a plain repetition of great actions is the beſt praiſe of them, we ſhall only ſay of this eminent man, that he carried the Trade many lengths beyond what it ever before had arrived at; and that he was the envy and admiration of all his profeſſion. He poſſeſſed himſelf of a command over all authors whatever; he cauſed them to write what he pleaſed; they could not call their very *Names* their own. He was not only famous among theſe; he was taken notice of by the *State*, the *Church*, and the *Law*, and received particular marks of diſtinction from each.

It will be owned that he is here introduced with all poſſible dignity: He ſpeaks like the intrepid Diomed; he runs like the ſwift-footed Achilles; if he falls, 'tis like the beloved Niſus; and (what Homer makes to be the chief all praiſes) he is *favoured of the Gods*; he ſays but three words, and his prayer is heard; a Goddeſs conveys it to the ſeat of Jupiter: Though he loſes the

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VER. 58, *&c.* Something like this is in Homer, Il. x. ℣ 220. of Diomed. Two different manners of the ſame author in his ſimilies are alſo imitated in the two following; the firſt, of the Bailiff, is ſhort, unadorned, and (as the Critics well know) from *familiar life*; the ſecond, of the Water-fowl, more extended, pictureſque, and from *rural life*. The 59th verſe is likewiſe a literal tranſlation of one in Homer.

" The race by vigour, not by vaunts, is won; 59
" So take the hindmoſt, Hell."—He ſaid, and run.

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prize, he gains the victory; the great Mother herſelf comforts him, ſhe inſpires him with expedients, ſhe honours him with an immortal preſent (ſuch as Achilles receives from Thetis, and Æneas from Venus) at once inſtructive and prophetical: After this he is unrivaled and triumphant.

The tribute our author here pays him, is a grateful return for ſeveral unmerited obligations: Many weighty animadverſions on the public affairs, and many excellent and diverting pieces on private perſons, has he given to his name. If ever he owed two verſes to any other, he owed Mr. Curl ſome thouſands. He was every day extending his fame, and enlarging his writings: Witneſs innumerable inſtances; but it ſhall ſuffice only to mention the *Court-Poems*, which he meant to publiſh as the work of the true writer, a Lady of quality; but being firſt threatned, and afterwards puniſhed for it by Mr. Pope, he generouſly transferred it from *her* to *him*, and ever ſince printed it in his name. The ſingle time that ever he ſpoke to C. was on that affair, and to that happy incident he owes all the favours ſince received from him: So true is the ſaying of Dr. Sydenham, " that " any one ſhall be, at ſome time or other, the better " or the worſe, for having but *ſeen* or *ſpoken* to a good or " a bad man."

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VER. 60. *So take the hindmoſt, Hell.*]

Occupet extremum ſcabies; mihi turpe relinqui eſt.
Horat. de Art.

Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind,
He left huge Lintot, and out-ſtrip'd the wind.
As when a dab-chick waddles thro' the copſe
On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops;
So lab'ring on, with ſhoulders, hands, and head,
Wide as a wind-mill all his figure ſpread,
With arms expanded Bernard rows his ſtate,
And left-legg'd Jacob ſeems to emulate.
Full in the middle way there ſtood a lake,
Which Curl's Corinna chanc'd that morn to make:

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VER. 70. *Curl's Corinna*] This name, it ſeems, was taken by one Mrs. T——, who procured ſome private letters of Mr. Pope's, while almoſt a boy, to Mr. Crom-

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VER. 64, 65.

On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops;
So lab'ring on, with ſhoulders, hands, and head,]

—— *So eagerly the fiend*
O'er bog, o'er ſteep, thro' ſtreight, rough, denſe, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, purſues his way,
And ſwims, or ſinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.
Milton, Book 2.

VER. 67, 68.

With arms expanded, Bernard rows his ſtate,
And left-legg'd Jacob ſeems to emulate.]

Milton of the motion of the Swan,

——— *rows*
His ſtate with oary feet.

And Dryden, of another's, — *with two left legs.*

(Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
Her evening cates before his neighbour's ſhop,)
Here fortun'd Curl to ſlide; loud ſhout the band,
And Bernard! Bernard! rings thro' all the Strand.
Obſcene with filth the miſcreant lies bewray'd,
Fal'n in the plaſh his wickedneſs had laid:

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well, and ſold them, without the conſent of either of theſe Gentlemen to Curl, who printed them in 12mo, 1727. He has diſcovered her to be the publiſher, in his Key, p. 11. We only take this opportunity of mentioning the manner in which thoſe letters got abroad, which the author was aſhamed of, as very trivial things, full, not only of levities, but of wrong judgments of men and books, and only excuſable from the youth and inexperience of the writer.

VER. 75. *Obſcene with filth, &c.*] Though this incident may ſeem too low and baſe for the dignity of an Epic poem, the learned very well know it to be but a copy of Homer and Virgil; the very words ὄνθος and *fimus* are uſed by them, though our poet (in compliance

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VER. 63. *Here fortun'd Curl to ſlide;*]

Labitur infelix, cæſis ut forte juvencis
Fuſus humum viride ſque ſuper madefecerat herbas —
Concidit, immundoque fimo, ſacroque cruore.

Virg. Æn. v. of Niſus.

VER. 70. *And Bernard! Bernard!*]

—Ut littus, Hyla, Hyla, omne ſonaret. Virg. Ecl. vi.

Then firſt (if Poets aught of truth declare)
The caitiff Vaticide conceiv'd a pray'r.
Hear Jove! whoſe name my bards and I adore,
As much at leaſt as any God's, or more;
And him and his, if more devotion warms,
Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.

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to modern nicety) has remarkably enriched and coloured his language, as well as raiſed the verſification, in this Epiſode, and in the following one of Eliza. Mr. Dryden in *Mack-Fleckno*, has not ſcrupled to mention the *Morning Toaſt* at which the fiſhes bite in the Thames, *Piſſing Alley*, *Reliques of the Bum*, *&c.* but our author is more grave, and (as a fine writer ſays of Virgil in his Georgics) *toſſes about his* Dung *with an air of Majeſty*. If we conſider that the exerciſes of his *Authors* could with juſtice be no higher than *tickling*, *chattering*, *braying*, or *diving*, it was no eaſy matter to invent ſuch games as were proportioned to the meaner degree of *Bookſellers*. In Homer and Virgil, Ajax and Niſus the perſons drawn in this plight are *Heroes*; whereas here they are ſuch with whom it had been great impropriety to have joined any but vile ideas; beſides the natural connection there is between Libellers and common Nuſances. Nevertheleſs I have often heard our author own, that this part of his Poem was (as it frequently happens) what coſt him moſt trouble and pleaſed him leaſt; but that he hoped it was excuſable, ſince levelled at ſuch as underſtand no delicate ſatyr: Thus the politeſt men are ſometimes obliged to *ſwear*, when they happen to have to do with porters and oyſter-wenches.

A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and ſeas,
Where, from Ambroſia, Jove retires for eaſe.
There in his ſeat two ſpacious vents appear,
On this he ſits, to that he leans his ear,
And hears the various vows of fond mankind;
Some beg an eaſtern, ſome a weſtern wind:
All vain petitions, mounting to the ſky,
With reams abundant this abode ſupply;
Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills,
Sign'd with that Ichor which from Gods diſtils.
In office here fair Cloacina ſtands,
And miniſters to Jove with pureſt hands;

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VER. 82. *Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.*] The Bible, Curl's ſign; the Croſs-keys, Lintot's.

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VER. 82. See Lucian's Icaro-Menippus; where this fiction is more extended.

Ibid. *A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and ſeas,*]

Orbe locus medio eſt, inter terraſque, fretumque,
Cœleſteſque plagas ——— Ovid, Met. xii.

VER. 92. Alludes to Homer, Iliad v.

——— ῥέε δ' ἄμβροτον αἷμα Θέοιο,
Ἰχὼρ, οἷός πέρ τε ῥέει μακάρεσσι Θεοῖσιν.

A ſtream of nect'rous humour iſſuing flow'd,
Sanguine, ſuch as celeſtial ſp'rits may bleed. Milton.

VER. 93. *Cloacina*] The Roman Goddeſs of the common-ſhores.

Forth from the heap ſhe pick'd her Vot'ry's pray'r,
And plac'd it next him, a diſtinction rare!
Oft had the Goddeſs heard her ſervant's call,
From her black grottos near the Temple-wall,
Liſt'ning delighted to the jeſt unclean
Of link-boys vile, and watermen obſcene:
Where, as he fiſh'd her nether realms for Wit,
She oft had favour'd him, and favours yet.
Renew'd by ordure's ſympathetic force,
As oil'd with magic juices for the courſe,
Vig'rous he riſes, from th'effluvia ſtrong
Imbibes new-life, and ſcours and ſtinks along;
Re-paſſes Lintot, vindicates the race,
Nor heeds the brown diſhonours of his face.

And now the victor ſtretch'd his eager hand
Where the tall Nothing ſtood, or ſeem'd to ſtand;
A ſhapeleſs ſhade, it melted from his ſight,
Like forms in clouds, or viſions of the night!

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VER. 101. *Where as he fiſh'd, &c.*] See the preface to Swift and Pope's Miſcellanies.

VER. 104. *As oil'd with magic juices*] Alluding to the opinion that there are ointments uſed by witches to enable them to fly in the air, *&c.*

VER. 108. *Nor heeds the brown diſhonours of his face.*

——— faciem oſtentabat, & udo
Turpia membra fimo ———

Virg. Æn. v.

To ſeize his papers, Curl, was next thy care;
His papers light, fly diverſe, toſt in air;
Songs, ſonnets, epigrams the winds uplift,
And whiſk 'em back to Evans, Young, and Swift.
Th'embroider'd ſuit, at leaſt, he deem'd his prey;
That ſuit an unpaid taylor ſnatch'd away!

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VER. 118. *An unpaid taylor*] This line has been loudly complained of in Miſt, June 8, Dedic. to Sawney, and others, as a moſt inhuman ſatyr on the *poverty* of *Poets:* But it is thought our author would be acquitted by a jury of *Taylors*. To me this inſtance ſeems unluckily choſen; if it be a ſatyr on any body, it muſt be on a bad *paymaſter*, ſince the perſon to whom they have here applied it, was a man of fortune. Not but poets may well be jealous of ſo great a prerogative as *non-payment*; which Mr. Dennis ſo far aſſerts, as boldly to pronounce that "if Homer himſelf was not in debt,

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VER. 111. *A ſhapeleſs ſhade, &c.*]

— *Effugit imago*
Par levibus ventis, volucrique ſimillima ſomno.
Virg. Æn. vi.

VER. 114. *His papers light, fly diverſe, toſt in air;*] Virgil, Æn. vi. of the Sibyl's leaves,

Carmina ——
Turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis.

The perſons mentioned in the next line are ſome of thoſe whoſe writings, epigrams, or jeſts he had owned. See note on ℣ 50.

No rag, no ſcrap, of all the beau, or wit,
That once ſo flutter'd, and that once ſo writ.
Heav'n rings with laughter: Of the laughter vain,
Dulneſs, good Queen, repeats the jeſt again.
Three wicked imps, of her own Grubſtreet choir,
She deck'd like Congreve, Addiſon, and Prior;
Mears, Warner, Wilkins run: deluſive thought!
Breval, Bond, Beſaleel, the varlets caught.

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" it was becauſe nobody would truſt him." Pref. to Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, p. 15.

VER. 124. *Like Congreve, Addiſon, and Prior*;] Theſe authors being ſuch whoſe names will reach poſterity, we ſhall not give any account of them, but proceed to thoſe of whom it is neceſſary. — Beſaleel Morris was author of ſome ſatyrs on the tranſlators of Homer, with many other things printed in news-papers. — " Bond writ a " ſatyr againſt Mr. P—. Capt. Breval was author of " The Confederates, an ingenious dramatic performance " to expoſe Mr. P. Mr. Gay, Dr. Arb. and ſome ladies " of quality," ſays CURL, Key, p. 11.

VER. 125. *Mears, Warner, Wilkins*] Bookſellers, and Printers of much anonymous ſtuff.

VER. 126. *Breval, Bond, Beſaleel,*] I foreſee it will be objected from this line, that we were in an error in our aſſertion on ℣ 50. of this book, that More was a fictitious name, ſince theſe perſons are equally repreſented by the poet as phantoms. So at firſt ſight it may ſeem; but be not deceived, reader; theſe alſo are not real perſons. 'Tis true, Curl declares Breval, a captain, author of a piece called The Confederates; but the ſame Curl

Curl ſtretches after Gay, but Gay is gone,
He graſps an empty Joſeph for a John:
So Proteus, hunted in a nobler ſhape,
Became, when ſeiz'd, a puppy, or an ape.
To him the Goddeſs: Son! thy grief lay down,
And turn this whole illuſion on the town:
As the ſage dame, experienc'd in her trade,
By names of Toaſts retails each batter'd jade;
(Whence hapleſs Monſieur much complains at Paris
Of wrongs from Ducheſſes and Lady Maries;)
Be thine, my ſtationer! this magic gift;
Cook ſhall be Prior, and Concanen, Swift:

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firſt ſaid it was written by Joſeph Gay: Is his ſecond aſſertion to be credited any more than his firſt? He likewiſe affirms Bond to be one who writ a ſatyr on our poet: But where is ſuch a ſatyr to be found? where was ſuch a writer ever heard of? As for Beſaleel, it carries forgery in the very name; nor is it, as the others are, a ſurname. Thou may'ſt depend upon it, no ſuch authors ever lived: all phantoms! SCRIBL.

VER. 128. *Joſeph Gay*, a fictitious name put by Curl before ſeveral pamphlets, which made them paſs with many for Mr. Gay's.

VER. 132. *And turn this whole illuſion on the town:*] It was a common practice of this bookſeller to publiſh vile pieces of obſcure hands under the names of eminent authors.

VER. 138. *Cook ſhall be Prior,*] The man here ſpecified was the ſon of a Muggletonian, who kept a pub-

So ſhall each hoſtile name become our own,
And we too boaſt our Garth and Addiſon. 140

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lic houſe at Braintree in Eſſex. He writ a thing called the Battle of Poets, of which Philips and Welſted were the heroes, and wherein our author was attacked in his moral character, in relation to his Homer and Shakeſpear: He writ moreover a Farce of Penelope, in the preface of which alſo he was ſquinted at; and ſome malevolent things in the Britiſh, London, and Daily Journals. At the ſame time the honeſt gentleman wrote letters to Mr. Pope in the ſtrongeſt terms proteſting his innocence. His chief work was a tranſlation of Heſiod, to which Theobald writ notes and half-notes, which he carefully owned.

VER. 138. *And Concanen, Swift:*] In the firſt edition of this poem there were only aſteriſks in this place, but the names were ſince inſerted, merely to fill up the verſe, and give eaſe to the ear of the reader.

VER 140. *And we too boaſt our Garth and Addiſon.*] Nothing is more remarkable than our author's love of praiſing good writers. He has celebrated Sir Iſaac Newton, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Atterbury, Mr. Dryden, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Wycherley, Dr. Garth, Mr. Walſh, Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Addiſon, Lord Lanſdown; in a word, almoſt every man of his time that deſerved it; even Cibber himſelf, preſuming him to be author of the Careleſs Huſband. It was very difficult to have that pleaſure in a poem on this ſubject, yet he has found means to inſert their panegyric, and has made even Dulneſs out of her own mouth pronounce it. It muſt have been particularly agreeable to him to celebrate Dr. Garth; both as his conſtant friend, and as he was his predeceſſor in this kind of ſatyr. The Diſpenſary attack-

With that ſhe gave him (piteous of his caſe,
Yet ſmiling at his rueful length of face)

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ed the whole body of Apothecaries, a much more uſeful one undoubtedly than that of the bad Poets; if in truth this can be a body, of which no two members ever agreed. It alſo did what Mr. Theobald ſays is unpardonable, drew in *parts* of *private character*, and introduced *perſons independant of his ſubject*. Much more would Boileau have incurred his cenſure, who left all ſubjects whatever, on all occaſions, to fall upon the bad poets (which it is to be feared, would have been been more immediately his concern.) But certainly next to commending good writers, the greateſt ſervice to learning is to expoſe the bad, who can only that one way be made of any uſe to it. This truth is very well ſet forth in theſe lines, addreſſed to our author:

The Raven Rook, and pert Jackdaw,
(Tho' neither birds of moral kind)
Yet ſerve, if hang'd, or ſtuff'd with ſtraw,
To ſhew us which way blows the wind.

Thus dirty knaves, or chatt'ring fools,
Strung up by dozens in thy lay,
Teach more by half than Dennis' rules,
And point inſtruction every way.

With Ægypt's art thy pen may ſtrive,
One potent drop let this but ſhed,
And ev'ry Rogue that ſtunk alive,
Becomes a precious Mummy dead.

VER. 142. *Rueful length of face)*] "The decrepid "perſon or figure of a man are no reflections upon his "*Genius:* An honeſt mind will love and eſteem a *man* "*of worth*, though he be deformed or poor. Yet the

A ſhaggy tap'ſtry, worthy to be ſpread
On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed;

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" author of the Dunciad hath libelled a perſon for his " *rueful length of face!*" Miſt's Journal, June 8. This *Genius* and *man of worth*, whom an honeſt mind ſhould *love*, is Mr. Curl. True it is, he ſtood in the Pillory, an incident which will lengthen the face of any man tho' it were ever ſo comely, therefore is no reflection on the natural beauty of Mr. Curl. But as to reflections on any man's face, or figure, Mr. Dennis ſaith excellently; " Natural deformity comes not by our fault; " 'tis often occaſioned by calamities and diſeaſes, which " a man can no more help than a monſter can his de- " formity. There is no one misfortune, and no one " diſeaſe, but what all the reſt of mankind are ſubject " to. — But the deformity of this *Author* is viſible, pre- " ſent, laſting, unalterable, and peculiar to himſelf. " 'Tis the mark of God and Nature upon him, to give " us warning that we ſhould hold no ſociety with him, " as a creature not of our original, nor of our ſpecies: " and they who have refuſed to take this warning which " God and nature have given them, and have in ſpite " of it by a ſenſeleſs preſumption ventured to be fami- " liar with him, have ſeverely ſuffered, &c. 'Tis cer-

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VER. 141. 142. ——— *piteous of his caſe,*
Yet ſmiling at his rueful length of face.)]

——— *Riſit pater optimus illi.* ———
Me liceat caſum miſerere inſontis amici ———
Sic fatus, tergum Gætuli immane leonis, &c.
Virg. Æn. v.

Inſtructive work! whoſe wry-mouth'd portraiture
Diſplay'd the fates her confeſſors endure. 246

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" tain his original is not from Adam, but from the " Devil," &c. Dennis, Charact. of Mr. P. octavo, 1716.

Admirably it is obſerved by Mr. Dennis againſt Mr. Law, p. 33, " That the language of Billingſgate can " never be the Language of Charity, nor conſequently of " Chriſtianity." I ſhould elſe be tempted to uſe the language of a Critic; for what is more provoking to a commentator, than to behold his author thus portrayed? Yet I conſider it really hurts not *him*; whereas maliciouſly to call ſome others dull might do them prejudice with a world too apt to believe it. Therefore, though Mr. D. may call another a *little aſs* or a *young toad*, far be it from us to call him a *toothleſs lion* or an *old ſerpent*. Indeed, had I written theſe notes (as was once my intent) in the learned language, I might have given him the appellations of *Balatro*, *calceatum caput*, *ſcurra in triviis*, being phraſes in good eſteem and frequent uſage among the beſt learned: But in our mother-tongue, were I to tax any gentleman of the Dunciad, ſurely it ſhould be in words not to the vulgar intelligible; whereby chriſtian charity, decency, and good accord among authors, might be preſerved. SCRIBL.

The good Scriblerus here, as on all occaſions, eminently ſhews his humanity. But it was far otherwiſe with the gentlemen of the Dunciad, whoſe ſcurrilities were always perſonal, and of that nature which provoked every honeſt man but Mr. Pope, yet never to be lamented, ſince they occaſioned the following amiable Verſes:

Earleſs on high, ſtood unabaſh'd De Foe,
And Tutchin flagrant from the ſcourge below:

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While Malice, Pope, denies thy page
Its own celeſtial fire,
While Critics, and while Bards in rage
Admiring won't admire:

While wayward pens thy worth aſſail,
And envious tongues decry;
Theſe times tho' many a Friend bewail,
Theſe times bewail not I.

But when the World's loud praiſe is thine,
And ſpleen no more ſhall blame,
When with thy Homer thou ſhalt ſhine
In one eſtabliſh'd fame;

When none ſhall rail, and ev'ry lay
Devote a wreath to thee;
That day (for come it will) that day
Shall I lament to ſee.

VER. 143. *A ſhaggy tap'ſtry,*] A ſorry kind of Tapeſtry frequent in old Inns, made of worſted or ſome coarſer ſtuff; like that which is ſpoken of by Donne — *Faces as frightful as theirs who whip Chriſt in old hangings.* The imagery woven in it alludes to the mantle of Cloanthus, in Æn. v.

VER. 144. *On Codrus' old, and Dunton's modern bed;*] Of Codrus the poet's bed, ſee Juvenal, deſcribing his *poverty* very copiouſly, Sat. iii. ℣ 103, &c.

Lectus erat Codro, &c.

Codrus had but one bed, ſo ſhort to boot,
That his ſhort Wife's ſhort legs hung dangling out.

There Ridpath, Roper, cudgell'd might ye view,
The very worſted ſtill look'd black and blue: 150

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His cupboard's head ſix earthen pitchers grac'd,
Beneath them was his truſty tankard plac'd;
And to ſupport this noble plate, there lay
A bending Chiron, caſt from honeſt clay.
His few Greek books a rotten cheſt contain'd,
Whoſe covers much of mouldineſs complain'd,
Where mice and rats devour'd poetic bread,
And on heroic verſe luxuriouſly were fed.
'Tis true poor Codrus nothing had to boaſt,
And yet poor Codrus all that nothing loſt.

Dryden.

But Concanen, in his dedication of the letters, advertiſements, &c. to the author of the Dunciad, aſſures us that "Juvenal never ſatyrized the Poverty of Codrus."

John Dunton was a broken bookſeller and abuſive Scribler; he writ Neck or Nothing, a violent ſatyr on ſome miniſters of ſtate, The danger of a Death-bed Repentance, a libel on the Duke of Devonſhire and the Right Reverend Biſhop of Peterborough, &c.

VER. 149. *And Tutchin flagrant from the ſcourge,*] John Tutchin, author of ſome vile verſes, and of a weekly paper called the Obſervator: He was ſentenced to be whipped through ſeveral towns in the weſt of England, upon which he petitioned King James II. to be hanged. When that prince died in exile, he wrote an invective againſt his memory, occaſioned by ſome humane elegies on his death. He lived to the time of Queen Anne.

VER. 149. *There Ridpath, Roper,*] Authors of the Flying-poſt and Poſt-boy, two ſcandalous papers on different ſides, for which they equally and alternately deſerved to be cudgelled, and were ſo.

Himſelf among the ſtory'd chiefs he ſpies,
As from the blanket high in air he flies,
And oh! (he cry'd) what ſtreet, what lane but knows
Our purgings, pumpings, blankettings, and blows?
In ev'ry loom our labours ſhall be ſeen,
And the freſh vomit run for ever green!
See in the circle next, Eliza plac'd,
Two babes of love cloſe clinging to her waiſt;

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VER. 151. *Himſelf among the ſtory'd chiefs he ſpies*,] The hiſtory of Curl's being toſſed in a blanket, and whipped by the ſcholars of Weſtminſter, is ingeniouſly and pathetically related in a poem entituled Neck or Nothing. Of his purging and vomiting, ſee A full and true Account of a horrid Revenge on the body of Edm. Curl, *&c.* in Swift and Pope's Miſcell.

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VER. 151. *Himſelf among the ſtory'd chiefs he ſpies*]

Se quoque principibus permixtum agnovit Achivis —
Conſtitit, & lacrymans: Quis jam locus, inquit, Achate!
Quæ regio in terris noſtri non plena laboris?
Virg. Æn. i.

VER. 156. *And the freſh vomit run for ever green!*] A parody on theſe of a late noble author:

His bleeding arm had furniſh'd all their rooms,
And run for ever purple in the looms.

VER. 156. *Two babes of love cloſe clinging to her waiſt*;]

Creſſa genus, Pholoë, geminique ſub ubere nati.
Virg. Æn. v.

Fair as before her works ſhe ſtands confeſs'd,
In flow'rs and pearls by bounteous Kirkall dreſs'd.

REMARKS.

VER. 157. *See in the circle next, Eliza plac'd,*] In this game is expoſed, in the moſt contemptuous manner, the profligate licentiouſneſs of thoſe ſhameleſs ſcriblers (for the moſt part of that Sex, which ought leaſt to be capable of ſuch malice or impudence) who in libellous Memoirs and Novels, reveal the faults or misfortunes of both ſexes, to the ruin of public fame, or diſturbance of private happineſs. Our good poet (by the whole caſt of his work being obliged not to take off the Irony) where he could not ſhew his indignation, hath ſhewn his contempt, as much as poſſible; having here drawn as vile a picture as could be repreſented in the colours of Epic poeſy. SCRIBL.

Ibid. *Eliza Haywood*; this woman was authoreſs of thoſe moſt ſcandalous books called the Court of Carimania, and the New Utopia. For the *two babes of love*, ſee CURL, Key, p. 22. But whatever reflection he is pleaſed to throw upon this Lady, ſurely it was what from him ſhe little deſerved, who had celebrated Curl's undertakings for *Reformation of manners*, and declared herſelf "to be ſo perfectly acquainted with the *ſweet-*
"*neſs of his diſpoſition*, and that *tenderneſs with which*
"*he conſidered the errors of his fellow-creatures*; that,
"though ſhe ſhould find the *little inadvertencies* of her
"*own life* recorded in his papers, ſhe was certain it
"would be done in ſuch a manner as ſhe could not but
"approve." Mrs. HAYWOOD, Hiſt. of Clar. printed in the Female Dunciad, p. 18.

VER. 160. *Kirkall*, the name of an Engraver. Some of this Lady's works were printed in four volumes in 12mo. with her picture thus dreſſed up, before them.

The Goddeſs then: "Who beſt can ſend on high
"The ſalient ſpout, far-ſtreaming to the ſky;
"His be yon Juno of majeſtic ſize,
"With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.
"This China Jordan, let the chief o'ercome
"Repleniſh, not inglorioufly, at home."
Oſborne and Curl accept the glorious ſtrife,
(Tho' this his Son diſſuades, and that his Wife.)

REMARKS.

VER. 167. *Oſborne*] A Bookſeller in Grays-Inn, very well qualified by his Impudence to act this part; and therefore placed here inſtead of a leſs deſerving Predeceſſor. This man publiſhed advertiſements for a year together, pretending to ſell Mr. Pope's Subſcription books of Homer's Iliad at half the price: Of which books he had none, but cut to the ſize of them (which was Quarto) the common books, in a ſmall folio, without Copper-

IMITATIONS.

VER. 163. —— *yon Juno* ——
With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.]
In alluſion to Homer's Βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη.

VER. 165. *This China Jordan,*]

Tertius Argolica hac galea contentus abito.
Virg. Æn. vi.

In the games of Homer, Il. xxiii. there are ſet together, as prizes, a Lady and a Kettle, as in this place Mrs. Haywood and a Jordan. But there the preference in value is given to the Kettle, at which Mad. Dacier is juſtly diſpleaſed. Mrs. H. is here treated with diſtinction, and acknowledged to be the more valuable of the two.

One on his manly confidence relies,
One on his vigour and ſuperiour ſize.
Firſt Oſborne lean'd againſt his letter'd poſt;
It roſe, and labour'd to a curve at moſt.
So Jove's bright bow diſplays its wat'ry round,
(Sure ſign, that no ſpectator ſhall be drown'd)

REMARKS.

plates, on a worſe paper, and never above half the value.

Upon this Advertiſement the Gazetteer harangued thus, July 6, 1739. "How melancholy muſt it be to a "Writer to be ſo unhappy as to ſee his works hawked "for ſale in a manner ſo fatal to his fame! How, with "Honour to yourſelf, and juſtice to your Subſcribers, "can this be done? What an Ingratitude to be charged "on the *Only honeſt Poet* that lived in 1738! and than "whom *Virtue* has not had a *ſhriller Trumpeter* for

IMITATIONS.

VER. 169, 170. *One on his manly confidence relies, One on his vigour*]

Ille — melior motu, fretuſque juventa;
Hic membris & mole valens. Virg. Æn. v.

VER. 173, 174. *So Jove's bright bow* ———
(Sure ſign ———

The words of Homer, of the Rain-bow, in Iliad xi.

——— ἄς τε Κρονίων
Ἐν νέφεϊ σήιξε, τέρας μερόπεσσιν ἀνθρώποισιν.

Que le fils de Saturn a fondez dans les nües, pour être dans tous les âges une ſigne à tous les mortels. Dacier.

A ſecond effort brought but new diſgrace,
The wild Meander waſh'd the Artiſt's face:
Thus the ſmall jett, which haſty hands unlock,
Spirts in the gard'ner's eyes who turns the cock.
Not ſo from ſhameleſs Curl; impetuous ſpread
The ſtream, and ſmoking flouriſh'd o'er his head.
So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns)
Eridanus his humble fountain ſcorns;

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" many ages! That you were once *generally admired* " *and eſteemed* can be denied by none; but that you " and your works are now deſpiſed, is verified by *this* " *fact:*" which being utterly falſe, did not indeed much humble the Author, but drew this juſt chaſtiſement on the lying Bookſeller.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 181, 182.

So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns)
Eridanus]

Virgil mentions theſe two qualifications of Eridanus, Georg. iv.

Et gemina auratus taurino cornua *vultu,*
Eridanus, quo non alius per pinguia culta
In mare purpureum violentior *effluit amnis.*

The Poets fabled of this river Eridanus, that it flowed through the ſkies. Denham, Cooper's Hill:

Heav'n her Eridanus no more ſhall boaſt,
Whoſe fame in thine, like leſſer currents loſt;
Thy nobler ſtream ſhall viſit Jove's abodes,
To ſhine among the ſtars, and bathe the Gods.

Thro' half the heav'ns he pours th'exalted urn;
His rapid waters in their paſſage burn.

REMARKS.

VER. 183. *Thro' half the heav'ns he pours th'exalted urn*;] In a manuſcript Dunciad (where are ſome marginal corrections of ſome gentlemen ſome time deceaſed) I have found another reading of theſe lines, thus,

And lifts his urn, thro' half the heav'ns to flow;
His rapid waters in their paſſage glow.

This I cannot but think the right: For firſt, though the difference between *burn* and *glow* may ſeem not very material to others, to me I confeſs the latter has an elegance, a *je ne ſçay quoy*, which is much eaſier to be conceived than explained. Secondly, every reader of our Poet muſt have obſerved how frequently he uſes this word *glow* in other parts of his works: To inſtance only in his Homer;

(1.) Iliad ix. ℣ 726. — *With one reſentment glows.*
(2.) Iliad xi. ℣ 626. — *There the battle glows.*
(3.) Ibid. ℣ 985. — *The cloſing fleſh that inſtant ceas'd to glow.*
(4.) Iliad. xii. ℣ 45. — *Encompaſs'd Hector glows.*
(5.) Ibid. ℣ 475. — *His beating breaſt with gen'rous ardour glows.*
(6.) Iliad xviii. ℣ 591. *Another part glow'd with refulgent arms.*
(7.) Ibid. ℣ 654. — *And curl'd on ſilver props in order glow.*

I am afraid of growing too luxuriant in examples, or I could ſtretch this catalogue to a great extent, but theſe are enough to prove his fondneſs for this *beautiful word*, which, therefore, let *all future editions* replace here.

Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes; 185
Still happy Impudence obtains the prize.
Thou triumph'ſt, Victor of the high-wrought day,
And the pleas'd dame, ſoft-ſmiling, lead'ſt away.

REMARKS.

I am aware, after all, that *burn* is the proper word to convey an idea of what was ſaid to be Mr. Curl's condition at this time: But from that very reaſon I infer the direct contrary. For ſurely every *lover of our author* will conclude he had more *humanity* than to inſult a man on ſuch a misfortune or calamity, which could never befal him purely by his *own fault*, but from an unhappy communication with another. This Note is half Mr. THEOBALD, half SCRIBL.

VER. 187. *The high wrought-day,*] Some affirm, this was originally, *well-p—ſt day*; but the Poet's decency would not ſuffer it.

Here the learned Scriblerus manifeſts great anger; he exclaims againſt all ſuch *Conjectural Emendations* in this manner: "Let it ſuffice, O Pallas! that every noble Ancient, *Greek* or *Roman*, hath ſuffered the impertinent correction of every *Dutch*, *German*, and *Switz* Schoolmaſter! Let our Engliſh at leaſt eſcape, whoſe intrinſic is ſcarce of marble ſo ſolid, as not be impaired or ſoiled by ſuch rude and dirty hands. Suffer them to call their works their own, and after death at leaſt to find reſt and ſanctuary from Critics! When theſe men have ceaſed to *rail*, let them not begin to do worſe, to *comment!* Let them not conjecture into nonſenſe, correct out of all correctneſs, and reſtore into obſcurity and confuſion. Miſerable fate! which can befal only the ſprightlieſt wits that have written, and will befal them only from ſuch dull ones as could never write! SCRIBL.

Oſborne, thro' perfect modeſty o'ercome,
Crown'd with the Jordan, walks contented home.
But now for Authors nobler palms remain;
Room for my Lord! three jockeys in his train;
Six huntſmen with a ſhout precede his chair:
He grins, and looks broad nonſenſe with a ſtare.
His honour's meaning Dulneſs thus expreſt,
"He wins this Patron, who can tickle beſt."
He chinks his purſe, and takes his ſeat of ſtate:
With ready quills the Dedicators wait;
Now at his head the dext'rous taſk commence,
And, inſtant, fancy feels th'imputed ſenſe;
Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
He ſtruts Adonis, and affects grimace:
Rolli the feather to his ear conveys,
Then his nice taſte directs our Operas:
Bentley his mouth with claſſic flatt'ry opes,
And the puff'd orator burſts out in tropes.

REMARKS.

VER. 203. *Paolo Antonio Rolli*, an Italian Poet, and writer of many Operas in that language, which, partly by the help of his genius, prevailed in England near twenty years. He taught Italian to ſome fine Gentlemen who affected to direct the Operas.

VER. 205. *Bentley his mouth, &c.*] Not ſpoken of the famous Dr. Richard Bentley, but of one Thom. Bentley, a ſmall critic, who aped his uncle in a *little Horace*.

But Welſted moſt the Poet's healing balm
Strives to extract from his ſoft, giving palm;

REMARKS.

The great one was intended to be dedicated to the Lord Hallifax, but (on a change of the Miniſtry) was given to the Earl of Oxford; for which reaſon the little one was dedicated to his ſon the Lord Harley. A taſte of his *Claſſic Elocution* may be ſeen in this following Panegyric on the Peace of Utrecht. *Cupimus Patrem tuum, fulgentiſſimum illud Orbis Anglicani jubar,* adorare. *O ingens* Reipublicæ *noſtræ columen! O fortunatam tanto* Heroë *Britanniam! Illi tali tantoque viro,* DEUM *per* Omnia *adfuiſſe, manumque ejus & mentem direxiſſe,* CERTISSIMUM EST. Hujus *enim* Unius *fermè opera,* æquiſſimis & perhonorificis conditionibus, *diuturno, heu nimium! bello, finem impoſitum videmus. O Diem æterna memoria digniſſimam! qua terrores Patriæ omnes excidit,* Pacemque *diu exoptatam toti fere Europæ reſtituit, ille Populi Anglicani Amor, Harleius.*

Thus critically (that is verbally) tranſlated:

"Thy Father, that moſt refulgent ſtar of the Anglican "Orb, we much deſire to *adore!* Oh mighty Column "of our *Republic!* Oh Britain, fortunate in ſuch an "*Hero!* That to ſuch and ſo great a Man GOD was "ever preſent, in *every thing*, and all along directed "both his hand and his heart, is a *Moſt Abſolute Certainty!* For it is in a manner by the operation of this "*Man alone*, that we behold a *War* (alas! how much "too long an one!) brought at length to an end, *on* "*the moſt juſt and moſt honourable Conditions.* Oh Day "eternally to be memorated! wherein All the Terrors "of his Country were ended, and a PEACE (long wiſh'd "for by *almoſt all Europe*) was reſtored by HARLEY, "the Love and Delight of the People of England."

Unlucky Welſted! thy unfeeling maſter,
The more thou tickleſt, gripes his fiſt the faſter. 210

REMARKS.

But that this Gentleman can write in a different ſtyle, may be ſeen in a Letter he printed to Mr. Pope, wherein ſeveral Noble Lords are treated in a moſt extraordinary language, particularly the Lord Bolingbroke abuſed for that very PEACE which he here makes the *ſingle work* of the Earl of Oxford, directed by *God Almighty*.

VER. 207. *Welſted*] Leonard Welſted, author of The Triumvirate, or a Letter in verſe from Palæmon to Celia at Bath, which was meant for a ſatyr on Mr. P. and ſome of his friends, about the year 1718. He writ other things which we cannot remember. Smedley, in his Metamorphoſis of Scriblerus, mentions one, the Hymn of a *Gentleman* to his *Creator*: And there was another in praiſe either of a Cellar, or a Garret. L. W. characterized in the treatiſe περὶ Βάθους, or the Art of Sinking, as a Didapper, and after as an Eel, is ſaid to be this perſon, by Dennis, Daily Journal of May 11, 1728. He was alſo characteriſed under another animal, a Mole, by the author of the enſuing Simile, which was handed about at the ſame time:

Dear Welſted, mark, in dirty hole,
That painful animal, a Mole:
Above ground never born to grow;
What mighty ſtir it keeps below?
To make a Mole-hill all this ſtrife!
It digs, pokes, undermines for life.
How proud a little dirt to ſpread;
Conſcious of nothing o'er its head!
'Till, lab'ring on for want of eyes,
It blunders into Light — and dies.

You have him again in book 3. ℣ 170.

While thus each hand promotes the pleaſing pain,
And quick ſenſations ſkip from vein to vein;
A youth unknown to Phœbus, in deſpair,
Puts his laſt refuge all in heav'n and pray'r.
What force have pious vows! The Queen of Love
His Siſter ſends, her vot'reſs, from above.
As taught by Venus, Paris learnt the art
To touch Achilles' only tender part;
Secure, thro' her, the noble prize to carry,
He marches off, his Grace's Secretary.
Now turn to diff'rent ſports (the Goddeſs cries)
And learn, my ſons, the wond'rous pow'r of Noiſe.
To move, to raiſe, to raviſh ev'ry heart,
With Shakeſpear's nature, or with Johnſon's art,

REMARKS.

VER. 213. *A youth unknown to Phœbus, &c.*] The ſatyr of this Epiſode being levelled at the baſe flatteries of authors to worthleſs wealth or greatneſs, concludes here with an excellent leſſon to ſuch men: That altho' their pens and praiſes were as exquiſite as they conceit of themſelves, yet (even in their own mercenary views) a creature unlettered, who ſerveth the paſſions, or pimpeth to the pleaſures, of ſuch vain, braggart, puft Nobility, ſhall with thoſe patrons be much more inward, and of them much higher rewarded. SCRIBL.

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VER. 223, 225. *To move, to raiſe, &c.*
Let others aim: 'Tis yours to ſhake, &c.]
Excudent alii ſpirantia mollius æra,

Let others aim: 'Tis yours to ſhake the ſoul
With Thunder rumbling from the muſtard bowl,
With horns and trumpets now to madneſs ſwell,
Now ſink in ſorrows with a tolling bell;
Such happy arts attention can command,
When fancy flags, and ſenſe is at a ſtand:
Improve we theſe. Three Cat-calls be the bribe
Of him, whoſe chatt'ring ſhames the Monkey tribe.
And his this Drum, whoſe hoarſe heroic baſe
Drowns the loud clarion of the braying Aſs.

REMARKS.

VER. 226. *With thunder rumbling from the muſtard bowl,*] The old way of making Thunder and Muſtard were the ſame; but ſince, it is more advantageouſly performed by troughs of wood with ſtops in them. Whether Mr. Dennis was the inventor of that improvement, I know not; but it is certain, that being once at a Tragedy of a new author, he fell into a great paſſion at hearing ſome, and cried, "S'death! that is *my* Thunder."

VER. 228. *With a tolling bell*;] A mechanical help to the Pathetic, not unuſeful to the modern writers of Tragedy.

VER. 231. *Three Cat-calls*] Certain muſical inſtruments uſed by one ſort of Critics to confound the Poets of the Theatre.

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Credo equidem, vivos ducent de marmore vultus, &c.

Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,
Hæ tibi erunt artes ———

Now thouſand tongues are heard in one loud din:
The Monkey-mimics ruſh diſcordant in;
'Twas chatt'ring, grinning, mouthing, jabb'ring all,
And Noiſe and Norton, Brangling and Breval,
Dennis and Diſſonance, and captious art,
And ſnip-ſnap ſhort, and interruption ſmart,
And Demonſtration thin, and Theſes thick,
And Major, Minor, and Concluſion quick.
Hold (cry'd the Queen) a Cat-call each ſhall win;
Equal your merits! equal is your din!
But that this well-diſputed game may end,
Sound forth my Brayers, and the welkin rend.
As when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait
At ſome ſick miſer's triple-bolted gate,
For their defrauded, abſent foals they make
A moan ſo loud, that all the Guild awake;

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VER. 238. *Norton*] See ℣ 417. —— *J. Durant Breval*, Author of a very extraordinary Book of Travels, and ſome Poems. See before, note on ℣ 126.

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VER. 243, *A Cat-call each ſhall win, &c.*]

Non noſtrum inter vos tantas componere lites,
Et vitula tu dignus, & hic —— Virg. Ecl. iii.

VER. 247. A Simile with a long tail, in the manner of Homer.

Sore ſighs ſir Gilbert, ſtarting at the bray,
From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay!
So ſwells each wind-pipe; Aſs intones to Aſs,
Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and braſs;
Such as from lab'ring lungs th'Enthuſiaſt blows,
High Notes, attemp'red to the vocal noſe:
Or ſuch as bellow from the deep Divine; [thine.
There Webſter! peal'd thy voice, and Whitfield!
But far o'er all, ſonorous Blackmore's ſtrain;
Walls, ſteeples, ſkies, bray back to him again.

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VER. 258. *Webſter — and Whitfield*] The one the writer of a News-paper, called the Weekly Miſcellany, the other a Field-preacher. *This* thought the only means of advancing Chriſtianity was by the New-birth of religious madneſs; *That*, by the old death of fire and fag-

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VER. 260. *Bray back to him again.*] A figure of ſpeech taken from Virgil:

Et vox aſſenſu nemorum ingeminata remugit.
Georg. iii.

He hears his numerous herds low o'er the plain,
While neighb'ring hills low *back to them again.*
Cowley.

The poet here celebrated, ſir R. B. delighted much in the word *bray*, which he endeavoured to ennoble by applying it to the ſound of *Armour*, *War*, &c. In imitation of him, and ſtrengthened by his authority, our author has here admitted it into Heroic poetry.

In Tot'nam fields the brethren, with amaze,
Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze;
Long Chanc'ry-lane retentive rolls the ſound,
And courts to courts return it round and round;
Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall,
And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl.

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got: And therefore they agreed in this, though in no other earthly thing, to abuſe all the ſober Clergy. From the ſmall ſucceſs of theſe two extraordinary perſons we may learn how little hurtful *Bigotry* and *Enthuſiaſm* are, while the Civil Magiſtrate prudently forbears to lend his power to the one, in order to the employing it againſt the other.

VER. 263. *Long Chanc'ry-lane*] The place where the offices of Chancery are kept. The long detention of Clients in that Court, and the difficulty of getting out, is humouroufly allegorized in theſe lines.

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VER. 262. *Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze*;]

Immemor herbarum quos eſt mirata juvenca.
Virg. Ecl. viii.

The progreſs of the ſound from place to place, and the ſcenary here of the bordering regions, Totenham-fields, Chancery-lane, the Thames, Weſtminſter-hall, and Hungerford-ſtairs, are imitated from Virgil, Æn. vii. on the ſounding the horn of Alecto:

Audiit & Triviæ longe lacus, audiit amnis
Sulphurea Nar albus aqua, fonteſque Velini, &c.

All hail him victor in both gifts of ſong,
Who ſings ſo loudly, and who ſings ſo long.

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VER. 268. *Who ſings ſo loudly, and who ſings ſo long.*] A juſt character of ſir Richard Blackmore knight, who (as Mr. Dryden expreſſeth it)

Writ to the rumbling of his coach's wheels,

and whoſe indefatigable Muſe produced no leſs than ſix Epic poems: Prince and King Arthur, twenty books; Eliza, ten; Alfred, twelve; the Redeemer, ſix; beſides Job, in folio; the whole Book of Pſalms; the Creation, ſeven books; Nature of Man, three books; and many more. 'Tis in this ſenſe he is ſtyled afterwards the *everlaſting Blackmore*. Notwithſtanding all which, Mr. Gildon ſeems aſſured, that "this admirable author did not think himſelf upon the *ſame foot* with *Homer*." Comp. Art of Poetry, vol. i. p. 108.

But how different is the judgment of the author of Characters of the times? p. 25. who ſays "Sir Richard "is unfortunate in happening to miſtake his proper talents; and that he has not for many years been *ſo much* "*as named*, or even *thought of* among writers." Even Mr. Dennis differs greatly from his friend Mr. Gildon: "Blackmore's *Action* (ſaith he) has neither unity, nor "integrity, nor morality, nor univerſality; and conſequently he can have no *Fable*, and no *Heroic Poem*: "His Narration is neither probable, delightful, nor wonderful; his Characters have none of the neceſſary qualifications; the things contained in his Narration are "neither in their own nature delightful, nor numerous "enough, nor rightly diſpoſed, nor ſurpriſing, nor

This labour paſt, by Bridewell all deſcend,
(As morning-pray'r, and flagellation end) 270

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" pathetic."—Nay he proceeds ſo far as to ſay ſir Richard has *no Genius*; firſt laying down, that " Genius " is cauſed by a *furious joy* and *pride of ſoul*, on the " conception of an *extraordinry Hint*. Many Men (ſays he) " have their *Hints*, without theſe motions of *fury* " and *pride of ſoul*, becauſe they want fire enough to a- " gitate their ſpirits; and theſe we call cold writers. " Others who have a great deal of fire, but have not " excellent organs, feel the forementioned *motions*, with- " out the *extraordinary hints*; and theſe we call fuſtian " writers. But he declares that ſir Richard had neither " the *Hints*, nor the *Motions*." Remarks on Pr. Arth. octavo, 1696. Preface.

This gentleman in his firſt works abuſed the character of Mr. Dryden; and in his laſt, of Mr. Pope, accuſing him in very high and ſober terms of prophaneneſs and immorality (Eſſay on Polite Writing, vol. ii. p. 270.) on a mere report from Edm. Curl, that he was author of a Traveſtie on the firſt Pſalm. Mr. Dennis took up the ſame report, but with the addition of what ſir Richard had neglected, an *Argument to prove it*; which being very curious, we ſhall here tranſcribe. " It *was* he " who burleſqued the Pſalm of David. It is *apparent* " to me that Pſalm was burleſqued by a *Popiſh rhymeſter*. " Let rhyming perſons who have been brought up *Pro-* " *teſtants*, be otherwiſe what they will, let them be " rakes, let them be ſcoundrels, let them be *Atheiſts*, " yet education has made an invincible impreſſion on " them in behalf of the ſacred writings. But a *Popiſh* " *rhymeſter* has been brought up with a contempt for " thoſe ſacred writings; now ſhow me another *Popiſh*

To where Fleet-ditch with diſemboguing ſtreams
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,

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" *rhymeſter* but he." This manner of argumentation is uſual with Mr. Dennis; he has employed the ſame againſt ſir Richard himſelf, in a like charge of *Impiety* and *Irreligion*. " All Mr. Blackmore's celeſtial Ma-
" chines, as they cannot be defended ſo much as by com-
" mon received opinion, ſo are they directly contrary to
" the doctrine of the Church of England; for the viſible
" deſcent of an Angel muſt be a miracle. Now it is the
" doctrine of the Church of England that miracles had
" ceaſed a long time before Prince Arthur came into
" the world. Now if the doctrine of the church of
" England be true, as we are obliged to believe, then
" are all the celeſtial machines in Prince Arthur un-
" ſufferable, as wanting, not only human, but divine
" probability. But if the machines are ſufferable, that
" is if they have ſo much as divine probability, then it
" follows of neceſſity that the doctrine of the Church is
" falſe. So I leave it to every impartial Clergyman to
" conſider," &c. Preface to the Remarks on Prince Arthur.

VER. 270. *As morning pray'r and flagellation end.*] It is between eleven and twelve in the morning, after church ſervice, that the criminals are whipt in Bridewell. —This is to mark punctually the *time* of the day: Homer does it by the circumſtance of the Judges riſing from court, or of the Labourer's dinner; our author by one very proper both to the *Perſons* and the *Scene* of his poem, which we may remember commenced in the evening of the Lord-mayor's day: The firſt book paſſed in hat *night*; the next *morning* the games begin in the

The King of dykes! than whom no ſluice of mud
With deeper ſable blots the ſilver flood.
" Here ſtrip, my children! here at once leap in,
" Here prove who beſt can daſh thro thick and thin,
" And who the moſt in love of dirt excel,
" Or dark dexterity of groping well.
" Who flings moſt filth, and wide pollutes around
" The ſtream, be his the Weekly Journals bound,

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Strand, thence along Fleet-ſtreet (places inhabited by Bookſellers) then they proceed by Bridewell toward Fleet-ditch, and laſtly thro' Ludgate to the City and the Temple of the Goddeſs.

VER. 276, 277, 278. *Daſh thro' thick and thin,* — *Love of dirt* — *dark dexterity*] The three chief qualifications of Party-writers; to ſtick at nothing, to delight in flinging dirt, and to ſlander in the dark by gueſs.

VER. 280. *The Weekly Journals*] Papers of news and ſcandal intermixed, on different ſides and parties, and frequently ſhifting from one ſide to the other, called the London Journal, Britiſh Journal, Daily Journal, &c. the concealed writers of which for ſome time were Oldmixon, Roome, Arnall, Concanen, and others; perſons never ſeen by our author.

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VER. 273. *The King of dykes!* &c.]

Fluviorum rex Eridanus,
——— *quo non alius, per pinguia culta,*
In mare purpureum violentior influit amnis. Virg.

" A pig of lead to him who dives the beſt;
" A peck of coals a-piece ſhall glad the reſt."
In naked majeſty Oldmixon ſtands,
And Milo-like ſurveys his arms and hands;

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VER. 282. *A peck of coals a-piece*] Our indulgent Poet, whenever he has ſpoken of any dirty or low work, conſtantly puts us in mind of the *Poverty* of the offenders, as the only extenuation of ſuch practices. Let any one but remark, when a Thief, a Pick-pocket, an Highwayman, or a Knight of the poſt are ſpoken of, how much our hate to thoſe characters is leſſened, if they add a *needy* Thief, a *poor* Pick-pocket, an *hungry* Highwayman, a *ſtarving* Knight of the poſt, *&c.* With this View the author opened his poem with the Cauſe of Poetry and Poverty, thereby expreſsly imputing all ſcandalous rhymes, ſcurrilous weekly papers, lying news, baſe flatteries, wretched elegies, ſongs, and verſes (even from thoſe ſung at Court, to ballads in the ſtreet) not ſo much to malice or ſervility, as to dulneſs; and not ſo much to dulneſs, as to neceſſity. And thus, at the very commencement of his ſatyr, made an apology for all that were to be ſatyrized.

VER. 283. *In naked Majeſty Oldmixon ſtands,*] Mr. JOHN OLDMIXON, next to Mr. Dennis, the moſt ancient Critic of our Nation; an unjuſt cenſurer of Mr. Addiſon in his proſe Eſſay on Criticiſm, whom alſo in his imitation of Bouhours (called the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric) he miſrepreſents in plain matter of fact; for in p. 45. he cites the Spectator as abuſing Dr. Swift by name, where there is not the leaſt hint of it; and in p. 304. is ſo injurious as to ſuggeſt, that Mr. Addiſon

Then ſighing, thus, " And am I now threeſcore?
" Ah why, ye Gods! ſhould two and two make four?

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himſelf writ that Tatler, N. 43. which ſays of his own Simile, that " 'Tis as great as ever entered into the " mind of man." " In Poetry he was not ſo happy " as laborious, and therefore characteriſed by the Tatler, " N. 62. by the name of *Omicron* the *Unborn Poet*." Curl, Key, p. 13. " He writ Dramatic works, and a " volume of Poetry, conſiſting of heroic Epiſtles, *&c.* " ſome whereof are very well done," ſaith that great Judge Mr. Jacob, in his Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 303.

In his Eſſay on Criticiſm, and the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, he frequently reflects on our Author. But the top of his character was a Perverter of Hiſtory, in that ſcandalous one of the Stuarts, in folio, and his Critical Hiſtory of England, two volumes, octavo. Being employed by biſhop Kennet, in publiſhing the Hiſtorians in his Collection, he falſified Daniel's Chronicle in numberleſs places. Yet this very man, in the preface to the firſt of theſe books, advanced a *particular Fact* to charge three eminent perſons of falſifying the lord Clarendon's Hiſtory; which fact has been diſproved by Dr. Atterbury late biſhop of Rocheſter, then the only ſurvivor of them; and the particular part he pretended to be falſified, produced ſince, after almoſt ninety years, in that noble author's *own hand*. He was all his life a virulent Party-writer for hire, and received his reward in a ſmall place, which he enjoyed to his death.

He is here likened to Milo, in alluſion to that verſe of Ovid,

—Fletque Milon ſenior, cum ſpectat inanes
Herculeis ſimiles, fluidos pendere lacertos;

He ſaid, and climb'd a ſtranded lighter's height,
Shot to the black abyſs, and plung'd down-right.
The Senior's judgment all the crowd admire,
Who but to ſink the deeper, roſe the higher.
Next Smedley div'd; ſlow circles dimpled o'er
The quaking mud, that clos'd, and op'd no more.
All look, all ſigh, and call on Smedley loſt;
Smedley in vain reſounds thro' all the coaſt.

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either with regard to his Age, or becauſe he was undone by trying to pull to pieces an Oak that was too ſtrong for him.

——— *Remember Milo's end,*
Wedg'd in that timber which he ſtrove to rend.
Lord Roſc.

VER. 286. "*Ah why, ye Gods! ſhould two and two make four?*"] Very reaſonably doth this ancient critic complain: Without doubt it was a fault in the conſtitution of things. For the Gods, as a Greek writer ſaith, *having given the world to man for a ſubject of diſputation*, they ſeemed to mock him with a penurious gift when they made any thing certain: Hence thoſe ſuperior maſters of wiſdom, the *Sceptics* and *Academics*, reaſonably

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VER. 293. *And call on Smedley loſt; &c.*]
Alcides wept in vain for Hylas loſt,
Hylas, in vain, reſounds thro' all the coaſt.
Lord Roſcom. Tranſlat. of Virgil's 6th Ecl.

Then * eſſay'd; ſcarce vaniſh'd out of ſight,
He buoys up inſtant, and returns to light:
He bears no token of the ſabler ſtreams,
And mounts far off among the Swans of Thames.
True to the bottom, ſee Concanen creep,
A cold, long-winded, native of the deep:

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conclude that *two and two do not make four.* SCRIBL.

But we need not go ſo far, to remark what the Poet principally intended, the abſurdity of complaining of *old age*, which muſt neceſſarily happen, as long as we are indulged in our deſires of adding one year to another.

VER. 291. *Next Smedley div'd*;] The perſon here mentioned, an Iriſhman, was author and publiſher of many ſcurrilous pieces, a weekly Whitehall Journal, in the year 1722. in the name of ſir James Baker; and particularly whole volumes of Billingſgate againſt Dr. Swift and Mr, Pope, called Gulliveriana and Alexandriana, printed in octavo, 1728.

VER. 195. *Then * eſſay'd*;] A Gentleman of genius and ſpirit, who was ſecretly dipt in ſome papers of this kind, on whom our Poet beſtows a panegyric inſtead of a ſatyr, as deſerving to be better employed than in Party-quarrels and perſonal invectives.

VER. 299. *Concanen*] MATTHEW CONCANEN, an Iriſhman, bred to the law. He abuſed Dr. Swift, to whom he had obligations, to which Smedley (one of his brethren in enmity to Swift) alludes in his Metamorphoſis of Scriblerus, p. 7. accuſing him of "having "boaſted of what he had not written, but others had "reviſed and done for him." He was author of ſeveral dull and dead ſcurrilities in the Britiſh and London Journals, and in a paper called the Speculatiſt. In a pam-

If perſeverance gain the Diver's prize,
Not everlaſting Blackmore this denies:
No noiſe, no ſtir, no motion can'ſt thou make,
Th'unconſcious ſtream ſleeps o'er thee like a lake.
Next plung'd a feeble, but a deſp'rate pack,
With each a ſickly brother at his back:
Sons of a Day! juſt buoyant on the flood,
Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
Aſk ye their names? I ſooner could diſcloſe
The names of theſe blind puppies than of thoſe.

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phlet, called a Supplement to the Profund, he dealt very unfairly with our Poet, not only frequently imputing to him Mr Broome's verſes (for which he might indeed ſeem in ſome degree accountable, having corrected what that gentleman did) but thoſe of the duke of Buckingham, and others: To this rare piece ſomebody humorouſly cauſed him to take for his motto, *De profundis clamavi*. He was ſince a hired ſcribler in the Daily Courant, where he poured forth much Billingſgate againſt the lord Bolingbroke, and others; after which this man was ſurpriſingly promoted to adminiſter Juſtice and Law in Jamaica.

VER. 306, 307. *With each a ſickly brother at his back: Sons of a day, &c.*] Theſe were daily Papers, a number

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VER. 302. *Not everlaſting Blackmore*]

Nec bonus Eurytion præſtato invidit honori, &c.
Virg. Æn.

Faſt by, like Niobe (her children gone)
Sits Mother Oſborne, ſtupify'd to ſtone!
And Monumental Braſs this record bears,
"These are,—ah no! there were the Gazetteers!"

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of which, to leſſen the expence, were printed one on the back of another.

VER. 311. *Like Niobe*] See the ſtory in Ovid, Met. vii. where the miſerable Petrefaction of this old Lady is pathetically deſcribed.

VER. 312. *Oſborne*] A name aſſumed by the eldeſt and graveſt of theſe writers, who at laſt being aſhamed of his Pupils, gave his paper over, and in his age remained ſilent.

VER. 314. *Gazetteers*] We ought not to ſuppreſs that a modern Critic here taxeth the Poet with an Anachroniſm, affirming theſe Gazetteers not to have lived within the time of his poem, and challenging us to produce any ſuch paper of that date. But we may with equal aſſurance aſſert, theſe Gazetteers not to have lived ſince, and challenge all the learned world to produce one ſuch paper at this day. Surely, therefore, where the point is ſo obſcure, our author ought not to be cenſured too raſhly. SCRIBL.

Notwithſtanding this affected ignorance of the good Scriblerus, the *Daily Gazetteer* was a title given very properly to certain papers, each of which laſted but a day. Into this, as a common ſink, was received all the traſh, which had been before diſperſed in ſeveral, and circulated at the publick expence of the nation. The authors were the ſame obſcure men, though ſometimes relieved by occaſional eſſays from Stateſmen, Courtiers,

Not ſo bold Arnall; with a weight of ſkull,
Furious he dives, precipitately dull.

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Biſhops, Deans, and Doctors. The meaner ſort were rewarded with Money; others with Places or Benefices, from an hundred to a thouſand a year. It appears from the *Report* of the *Secret Committee* for enquiring into the Conduct of R. Earl of O. "That no leſs than *fifty thou-* "*ſand, ſeventy-ſeven pounds, eighteen ſhillings*, were paid "to Authors and Printers of News-papers, ſuch as Free- "Britons, Daily Courants, Corn-Cutter's Journals, Ga- "zetteers, and other political papers, between Feb. 10, "1731. and Feb. 10, 1741." Which ſhews the Benevolence of One great Miniſter to have expended, for the current dulneſs of ten years, double the ſum which gained Louis XIV. ſo much honour, during a reign of ſeventy, in annual Penſions to Learned men all over Europe. In which, and in a much longer time, not a Penſion at Court, nor Preferment in the Church or Univerſities of any Conſideration, was beſtowed on any man diſtinguiſhed for his Learning, conſidered ſeparately from Party-merit, or Pamphlet-writing.

It is worth a reflection, that of all the Panegyrics ſo worthily beſtowed by theſe writers on this great Miniſter, not one is at this day extant, or remembred: Not even ſo much credit done to his Perſonal character in private life by them all, as by one ſhort occaſional compliment, which our Author's Candour drew from him:

Seen him I have; *but in his* happier hour
Of ſocial pleaſure, *ill exchang'd for* Pow'r!

Whirlpools and ſtorms his circling arm inveſt,
With all the might of gravitation bleſt.
No crab more active in the dirty dance,
Downward to climb, and backward to advance.
He brings up half the bottom on his head,
And loudly claims the Journals and the Lead.

The plunging Prelate, and his pond'rous Grace,
With holy envy gave one Layman place.
When lo! a burſt of thunder ſhook the flood.
Slow roſe a form, in majeſty of Mud;
Shaking the horrors of his ſable brows,
And each ferocious feature grim with ooze.

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Seen him, uncumber'd by the Venal Tribe,
Smile *without* Art, *and* win *without a* Bribe.

VER. 315. *Arnall*; WILLIAM ARNALL, bred an Attorney, was a perfect Genius in this ſort of work. He began under twenty with furious Party-papers; then ſucceeded Concanen in the Britiſh Journal. At the firſt publication of the Dunciad, he prevailed on the Author not to give him his due place in it, by a letter profeſſing his deteſtation of ſuch practices as his predeceſſors. But ſince, by the moſt unexampled inſolence, and perſonal abuſe of ſeveral great men, the Poet's particular friends, he moſt amply deſerved a niche in the Temple of Infamy: Witneſs a paper, called the Free Briton, a Dedication intituled To the Genuine Blunderer, 1732, and many others. He writ for hire, and valued himſelf upon it; not indeed without cauſe, it appearing by the aforeſaid REPORT, that he received " for Free Britons, and

Greater he looks, and more than mortal ſtares:
Then thus the wonders of the deep declares.

Firſt he relates, how ſinking to the chin,
Smit with his mein, the Mud-nymphs ſuck'd him in:
How young Lutetia, ſofter than the down,
Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown,
Vy'd for his love in jetty bow'rs below,
As Hylas fair was raviſh'd long ago.
Then ſung, how ſhown him by the Nut-brown maids
A branch of Styx here riſes from the Shades,

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" other writings, in the ſpace of *four years*, no leſs
" than *ten thouſand nine hundred and ninety-ſeven pounds,*
" *ſix ſhillings, and eight pence*, out of the Treaſury."

VER. 338. *As Hylas fair*] Who was raviſhed by the water-nymphs and drawn into the river. The ſtory is told at large by Valerius Flaccus, lib. 3. Argon. See Virgil, Ecl. vi.

VER. 340. *A branch of Styx, &c.*]

Οἵ τ' ἀμφ' ἰμερτὸν Τιλαφήσιον ἔργ' ἐνέμοντο,
Ὅς ῥ' ἐς Πηνειὸν προΐει καλλίῤῥοον ὕδωρ,
Οὐδ' ὅγε Πηνειῷ συμμίσγεται ἀργυροδίνῃ,
Ἀλλά τέ μιν καθύπερθεν ἐπιῤῥέει ἠΰτ' ἔλαιον

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VER. *Greater he looks, and more than mortal ſtares;*] Virg. Æn. vi. of the Sibyl:

——— *majorque videri,*
Nec mortale ſonans ———

That tinctur'd as it runs with Lethe's ſtreams,
And wafting Vapours from the Land of dreams,
(As under ſeas Alphæus' ſecret ſluice
Bears Piſa's off'rings to his Arethuſe)
Pours into Thames: and hence the mingled wave
Intoxicates the Pert, and lulls the Grave:
Here briſker vapours o'er the Temple creep,
There all from Paul's to Aldgate drink and ſleep.
Thence to the banks where Bards departed doze
They led him ſoft; each rev'rend bard aroſe;

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Ὄρκῳ γὰρ δεινῷ Στυγὸς ὕδατός ἐστιν ἀπορρώξ.
Homer, Il. ii. Catal.

Of the land of Dreams in the ſame region, he makes mention, Odyſſ. xxiv. See alſo Lucian's True Hiſtory. *Lethe* and the *Land of Dreams* allegorically repreſent the *Stupefaction* and *viſionary Madneſs* of Poets, equally dull and extravagant. Of Alphæus's waters gliding ſecretly under the ſea of Piſa, to mix with thoſe of Arethuſe in Sicily, ſee Moſchus, Idyl. viii. Virg. Ecl. x.

Sic tibi, cum fluctus ſubter labere Sicanos,
Doris amara ſuam non intermiſceat undam.

And again, Æn. 3.

—— *Alphæum, fama eſt, ut Elidis amnem*
Occultas egiſſe vias, ſubter mare, qui nunc
Ore, Arethuſa, tuo, Siculis confunditur undis.

VER. 351. *And Milbourn*] Luke Milbourn a Clergyman, the faireſt of Critics; who when he wrote againſt Mr. Dryden's Virgil, did him juſtice in printing at the

And Milbourn chief, deputed by the reſt,
Gave him the caſſock, ſurcingle, and veſt.
"Receive (he ſaid) theſe robes which once were mine,
"Dulneſs is ſacred in a ſound divine."
He ceas'd, and ſpread the robe; the crowd confeſs
The rev'rend Flamen in his lengthen'd dreſs.
Around him wide a ſable Army ſtand,
A low-born, cell-bred, ſelfiſh, ſervile band,
Prompt or to guard or ſtab, to ſaint or damn,
Heav'n's Swiſs, who fight for any God, or man.
Thro' Lud's fam'd gates, along the well-known
Rolls the black troop, and overſhades the ſtreet, [Fleet

REMARKS.

ſame time his own tranſlations of him, which were intolerable. His manner of writing has a great reſemblance with that of the Gentlemen of the Dunciad againſt our author, as will be ſeen in the Parallel of Mr. Dryden and him. Append.

VER. 361. *Lud's fam'd Gates,*] "King Lud repairing "the City, called it, after his own name, Lud's Town;

IMITATIONS.

VER. 349. *Thence to the banks, &c.*

Tum canit errantem Permeſſi ad flumina Gallum,
Utque viro Phœbi chorus aſſurrexerit omnis;
Ut Linus hæc illi divino carmine paſtor,
Floribus atque apio crines ornatus amaro,
Dixerit, Hos tibi dant calamos, en accipe, Muſæ,
Aſcræo quos ante ſeni —— *&c.*

'Till ſhow'rs of Sermons, Characters, Eſſays,
In circling fleeces whiten all the ways:
So clouds repleniſh'd from ſome bog below,
Mount in dark volumes, and deſcend in ſnow.
Here ſtopt the Goddeſs; and in pomp proclaims
A gentler exerciſe to cloſe the games.
" Ye Critics! in whoſe heads, as equal ſcales,
" I weigh what author's heavineſs prevails;
" Which moſt conduce to ſooth the ſoul in ſlumbers,
" My H-ley's periods, or my Blackmore's numbers;
" Attend the trial we propoſe to make:
" If there be man, who o'er ſuch works can wake,
" Sleep's all-ſubduing charms who dares defy,
" And boaſts Ulyſſes' ear with Argus' eye;
" To him we grant our ampleſt pow'rs to ſit
" Judge of all preſent, paſt, and future wit;

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" the ſtrong gate which he built in the weſt part he
" likewiſe, for his own honour, named Ludgate. In
" the year 1260. this gate was beautified with images
" of Lud and other Kings. Thoſe images in the reign
" of Edward VI. had their heads ſmitten off, and were
" otherwiſe defaced by unadviſed folks. Queen Mary
" did ſet new heads upon their old bodies again. The
" 28th of Queen Elizabeth the ſame gate was clean
" taken down, and newly and beautifully builded, with
" images of Lud and others, as afore." *Stow*'s Survey of London.

VER. 376. See Hom. Odyſſ. xii. Ovid, Met. i.

" To cavil, cenſure, dictate, right or wrong,
" Full and eternal privilege of tongue."
Three College Sophs, and three pert Templars came,
The ſame their talents, and their taſtes the ſame;
Each prompt to query, anſwer, and debate,
And ſmit with love of Poeſy and Prate.
The pond'rous books two gentle readers bring;
The heroes ſit, the vulgar form a ring;
The clam'rous crowd is huſh'd with mugs of Mum,
'Till all tun'd equal, ſend a gen'ral hum.
Then mount the Clerks, and in one lazy tone
Thro' the long, heavy, painful page drawl on;

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VER. 390. *Thro' the long, heavy, painful page, &c.*] " All theſe lines very well imitate the ſlow drowzineſs with " which they proceed. It is impoſſible for any one,

IMITATIONS.

VER. 382, 383. *The ſame their talents,—Each prompt, &c.*

Amba florentes ætatibus, Arcades ambo,
Et certare pares, & reſpondere parati.
Virg. Ecl. vi.

VER. 284. *And ſmit with love of Poetry and Prate,*]

Smit with the love of ſacred ſong — Milton.

VER. 386. *The heroes ſit, the vulgar form a ring;*]

Conſedere duces, & vulgi ſtante corona.
Ovid, Met. xiii.

Soft creeping, words on words, the ſenſe compoſe,
At ev'ry line they ſtretch, they yawn, they doze.
As to ſoft gales top-heavy pines bow low
Their heads, and lift them as they ceaſe to blow;
Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
As breathe, or pauſe, by fits, the airs divine:
And now to this ſide, now to that they nod,
As verſe, or proſe, infuſe the drowzy God.
Thrice Budgel aim'd to ſpeak, but thrice ſuppreſt
By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breaſt.
Toland and Tindal, prompt at prieſts to jeer,
Yet ſilent bow'd to Chriſt's No kingdom here.

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" who has a poetical ear, to read them without perceiv-
" ing the heavineſs that lags in the verſe, to imitate the
" action it deſcribes. The ſimile of the Pines is very
" juſt and well adapted to the ſubject;" ſays an Enemy, in his Eſſay on the Dunciad, p. 21.

VER. 399. *Thrice Budgel aim'd to ſpeak,*] Famous for his ſpeeches on many occaſions about the South Sea ſcheme, *&c.* " He is a very ingenious gentleman, and
" hath written ſome excellent epilogues to plays, and
" *one ſmall* piece on love, which is very pretty." Jacob, Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 289. But this gentleman ſince made himſelf much more eminent, and perſonally well-known to the greateſt Stateſmen of all parties, as well as to all the Courts of Law in this nation.

VER. 401. *Toland and Tindal*] Two perſons, not ſo happy as to be obſcure, who writ againſt the Religion of their Country.

Who ſate the neareſt, by the words o'ercome,
Slept firſt; the diſtant nodded to the hum. [lies
Then down are roll'd the books; ſtretch'd o'er 'em
Each gentle clerk, and mutt'ring ſeals his eyes.
As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes,
One circle firſt, and then a ſecond makes;
What Dulneſs dropt among her ſons impreſt
Like motion, from one circle to the reſt;

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VRE. 402. *Chriſt's No kingdom, &c.*] This is ſaid by Curl, Key to Dunc. to allude to a ſermon of a reverend Biſhop.

VER. 407. *As what a Dutchman, &c.*] It is a common and fooliſh miſtake, that a ludicrous parody of a grave and celebrated paſſage is a ridicule of that paſſage. The reader therefore, if he will, may call this a parody of the author's own Similitude in the Eſſay on Man, Ep. iv. ℣ 354.

As the ſmall pebble, &c.

but will any body therefore ſuſpect the one to be a ridicule of the other? A ridicule indeed there is in every parody; but when the image is transferred from one ſubject to another, and the ſubject is not a *poem burleſqued*, (which Scriblerus hopes the reader will diſtinguiſh from a *burleſque poem*) there the ridicule falls not on the thing *imitated*, but *imitating*. Thus, for inſtance, when

Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breaſt,

it is, without doubt, an object ridiculous enough. But I think it falls neither on old king Edward, nor his armour, but on his *armour-bearer* only. Let this be ſaid to explain our Author's Parodies (a figure that has always a good effect in a mock epic poem) either from prophane or ſacred writers.

So from the mid-moſt the nutation ſpreads
Round and more round, o'er all the ſea of heads.
At laſt Centlivre felt her voice to fail,
Motteux himſelf unfiniſh'd left his tale,
Boyer the State, and Law the Stage gave o'er,
Morgan and Mandevil could prate no more;

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VER. 413. *Centlivre*] Mrs. Suſanna Centlivre, wife to Mr. Centlivre, Yeoman of the Mouth to his Majeſty. She writ many Plays, and a Song (ſays Mr. Jacob, vol. i. p. 32.) before ſhe was ſeven years old. She alſo writ a Ballad againſt Mr. Pope's Homer, before he begun it.

VER. 415. *Boyer the State, and Law the Stage gave o'er,*] A. Boyer, a voluminous compiler of Annals, Political Collections, *&c.* — William Law A. M. wrote with great zeal againſt the Stage; Mr. Dennis anſwered with as great: Their books were printed in 1726. Mr. Law affirmed, that "The Playhouſe is the temple "of the Devil; the peculiar pleaſure of the Devil; "where all they who go, yield to the Devil; where all "the laughter is a laughter among Devils; and that all "who are there, are hearing Muſic in the very Porch "of Hell." To which Mr. Dennis replied, that "There is every jot as much difference between a true "Play, and one made by a Poetaſter, as between *two*

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VER. 412. *O'er all the ſea of heads.*]

A waving ſea of heads was round me ſpread,
And ſtill freſh ſtreams the gazing deluge fed.

Blackm. ob.

Norton from Daniel and Oſtrœa ſprung,
Bleſs'd with his father's front, and mother's tongue,

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" *religious books*, the *Bible* and the *Alcoran*." Then he demonſtrates, that " All thoſe who had written againſt " the Stage were *Jacobites* and *Non-jurors*; and did it " always at a time when ſomething was to be done for " the *Pretender*. Mr. Collier publiſhed his Short View " when France declared for the Chevalier; and his Diſ- " ſuaſive, juſt at the *great ſtorm*, when the devaſtation " which that hurricane wrought, had amazed and a- " ſtoniſhed the minds of men, and made them obnoxi- " ous to melancholy and deſponding thoughts. Mr. " Law took the opportunity to attack the Stage upon " the great preparations he heard were making abroad, " and which the *Jacobites* flattered themſelves were de- " ſigned in their favour. And as for Mr. Bedford's " Serious remonſtrance, though I know nothing of the " time of publiſhing it, yet I dare to lay odds it was " either upon the duke d'Aumont's being at Somerſet- " houſe, or upon the *late Rebellion*." DENNIS, Stage defended againſt Mr. Law, p. ult.

VER. 416. *Morgan*] A writer againſt Religion, diſtinguiſhed no otherwiſe from the rabble of his tribe than by the pompouſneſs of his Title; for having ſtolen his Morality from Tindal, and his Philoſophy from Spinoza, he calls himſelf by the Courteſy of England a *Moral Philoſopher*.

Ibid. *Mandevil*] This writer, who prided himſelf as much in the reputation of an *Immoral philoſopher*, was author of a famous book called the Fable of the Bees; which may ſeem written to prove, that Moral Virtue is the invention of knaves, and Chriſtian Virtue the impoſition of fools; and that Vice is neceſſary, and alone ſufficient to render Society flouriſhing and happy.

Hung ſilent down his never-bluſhing head;
And all was huſh'd, as Folly's ſelf lay dead.
Thus the ſoft gifts of Sleep conclude the day,
And ſtretch'd on bulks, as uſual, Poets lay.
Why ſhould I ſing what bards the nightly Muſe
Did ſlumb'ring viſit, and convey to ſtews;
Who prouder march'd, with magiſtrates in ſtate,
To ſome fam'd round-houſe, ever open gate;
How Henley lay inſpir'd beſide a ſink,
And to mere mortals ſeem'd a Prieſt in drink;

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VER. 417. *Norton*] Norton De Foe, offspring of the famous Daniel. *Fortes creantur fortibus.* One of the authors of the Flying Poſt, in which well-bred work Mr. P. had ſometime the honour to be abuſed with his betters; and of many hired ſcurrilities and daily papers, to which he never ſet his name.

VER. 428. *And to mere mortals ſeem'd a Prieſt in drink;*] This line preſents us with an excellent moral, that we are never to paſs judgment merely by *appearances*; a leſſon to all men who may happen to ſee a reverend Perſon in the like ſituation, not to determine too raſhly: ſince not only the Poets frequently deſcribe a Bard inſpired in this poſture,

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VER. 420. *And all was huſh'd, as Folly's ſelf lay dead.*] Alludes to Dryden's verſe in the Indian Emperor;

All things are huſh'd, as Nature's ſelf lay dead.

While others, timely, to the neighb'ring Fleet
(Haunt of the Muſes) made their ſafe retreat. 430

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(On Cam's fair bank, where Chaucer lay inſpir'd,

and the like) but an eminent Caſuiſt tells us, that "if "a Prieſt be ſeen in any indecent action, we ought to "account it a deception of ſight, or illuſion of the De- "vil, who ſometimes takes upon him the ſhape of holy "men on purpoſe to cauſe ſcandal." SCRIBL.

VER. 429. *Fleet*] A priſon for inſolvent Debtors on the bank of the Ditch.

The End of the SECOND BOOK.

ARGUMENT to BOOK the THIRD.

AFTER the other perſons are diſpoſed in their proper places of reſt, the Goddeſs tranſports the King to her Temple, and there lays him to ſlumber with his head on her lap; a poſition of marvellous virtue, which cauſes all the viſions of wild enthuſiaſts, projectors, politicians, inamoratos, caſtle-builders, chemiſts, and poets. He is immediately carried on the wings of Fancy, and led by a mad Poetical Sibyl, to the Elyſian ſhade; *where, on the banks of* Lethe, *the ſouls of the dull are dipped by* Bavius, *before their entrance into this world. There he is met by the ghoſt of* Settle, *and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with thoſe which he himſelf is deſtined to perform. He takes him to a* Mount of Viſion, *from whence he ſhews him the paſt triumphs of the Empire of Dulneſs, then the preſent, and laſtly the future: how ſmall a part of the world was ever conquered by Science, how ſoon thoſe conqueſts were ſtopped, and thoſe very nations again reduced to her dominion. Then diſtinguiſhing the Iſland of* Great-Britain, *ſhews by what aids, by what perſons, and by what degrees it ſhall be brought to her Empire. Some of the perſons he cauſes to paſs in review before his eyes, deſcribing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications. On a ſudden the*

Scene ſhifts, and a vaſt number of Miracles and prodigies appear, utterly ſurpriſing and unknown to the King himſelf, 'till they are explained to be the wonders of his own reign now commencing. On this ſubject Settle *breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmixed with concern, that his own times were but the types of theſe. He propheſies how firſt the nation ſhall be over-run with* Farces, Operas, *and* Shows, *and the throne of Dulneſs advanced over the* Theatres; *then how her Sons ſhall preſide in the ſeats of* Arts *and* Sciences; *giving a glimpſe, or Piſgah-ſight of the future Fulneſs of her Glory, the accompliſhment whereof is the ſubject of the fourth and laſt book.*

THE DUNCIAD.

Book the Third.

BUT in her Temple's laſt receſs inclos'd,
On Dulneſs' lap th'Anointed head repos'd.
Him cloſe ſhe curtain'd round with Vapours blue,
And ſoft beſprinkled with Cimmerian dew.
Then raptures high the ſeat of ſenſe o'erflow,
Which only heads refin'd from reaſon know.

Remarks.

Ver. 5, 6, &c. Hereby is intimated that the following Viſion is no more than the chimera of the dreamer's brain, and not a real or intended ſatyr on the preſent Age, doubtleſs more learned, more enlightened, and more abounding with great Genius's in Divinity, Politics, and whatever arts and ſciences, than all the preceding. For fear of any ſuch miſtake of our Poet's honeſt

Hence, from the ſtraw where Bedlam's Prophet nods,
He hears loud Oracles, and talks with Gods:
Hence the Fool's Paradiſe, the Stateſman's Scheme,
The air-built Caſtle, and the golden Dream,
The Maid's romantic wiſh, the Chemiſt's flame,
And Poet's viſion of eternal Fame.

And now on Fancy's eaſy wing convey'd,
The King deſcending, views th'Elyſian Shade.
A ſlip-ſhod Sibyl led his ſteps along,
In lofty madneſs meditating ſong;

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meaning, he hath again at the end of the Viſion repeated this monition, ſaying that it all paſt through the *Ivory gate*, which (according to the Ancients) denoteth Falſity.

VER. 15. *A ſlip-ſhod Sibyl*] This allegory is extremely juſt, no conformation of the mind ſo much ſubjecting it to real *Madneſs*, as that which produces real *Dulneſs*. Hence we find the religious (as well as the poetical) Enthuſiaſts of all ages were ever, in their natural ſtate, moſt heavy and lumpiſh; but on the leaſt application of *heat* they run like lead, which of all metals falls quickeſt into fuſion. Whereas *fire* in a Genius is truly Prome-

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VER. 7, 8.

Hence from the ſtraw where Bedlam's Prophet nods,
He hears loud Oracles, and talks with Gods:]

Et varias audit voces, fruiturque deorum
Colloquio ——— Virg. Æn. vii.

Her treſſes ſtaring from Poetic dreams,
And never waſh'd but in Caſtalia's ſtreams.
Taylor, their better Charon, lends an Oar,
(Once ſwan of Thames, tho' now he ſings no more.)
Benlowes, propitious ſtill to blockheads, bows;
And Shadwell nods the Poppy on his brows.

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thean, it hurts not its conſtituent parts, but only fits it, as it does well tempered ſteel, for the neceſſary impreſſions of art. But the common people have been taught, (I do not know on what foundation) to regard Lunacy as a mark of *Wit*, juſt as the Turks and our modern Methodiſts do of *Holineſs*. But if the cauſe of Madneſs aſſigned by a great Philoſopher be true, it will unavoidably fall upon the dunces. He ſuppoſes it to be the *dwelling over long on one object, or idea:* Now as this attention is occaſioned either by Grief or Study, it will be fixed by Dulneſs; which hath not quickneſs enough to comprehend what it ſeeks, nor force and vigour enough to divert the imagination from the object it laments.

VER. 19. *Taylor*] John Taylor the Water-poet, an honeſt man, who owns he learned not ſo much as the Accidence: A rare example of modeſty in a Poet!

I muſt confeſs I do want eloquence,
And never ſcarce did learn my Accidence;
For having got from poſſum *to* poſſet,
I there was gravel'd, could no farther get.

He wrote fourſcore books in the reign of James I. and Charles I. and afterwards (like Edward Ward) kept an Alehouſe, in Long-Acre. He died in 1654.

VER. 21. *Benlowes,*] A country gentleman, famous for his own bad Poetry, and for patronizing bad Poets,

Here, in a duſky vale where Lethe rolls,
Old Bavius ſits, to dip poetic ſouls,

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as may be ſeen from many Dedications of Quarles and others to him. Some of theſe anagram'd his name, *Benlowes* into *Benevolus*, to verify which he ſpent his whole eſtate upon them.

VER. 22. *And Shadwell nods the Poppy, &c.*] Shadwell took Opium for many years, and died of too large a doſe, in the year 1692.

VER. 24. *Old Bavius ſits,*] Bavius was an ancient Poet, celebrated by Virgil for the like cauſe as Bays by our author, though not in ſo chriſtian-like a manner: For heatheniſhly it is declared by Virgil of Bavius, that he ought to be *hated* and *deteſted* for his evil works; *Qui Bavium non* odit; whereas we have often had occaſion to obſerve our Poet's great *Good nature* and *Mercifulneſs* thro' the whole courſe of this Poem.

Mr. Dennis warmly contends, that Bavius was no in-

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VER. 23. *Here in a duſky vale, &c.*]

—— *Videt Æneas in valle reducta*
Secluſum nemus ——
Lethæumque domos placidas qui prænatat amnem, &c.
Hunc circum innumeræ gentes, &c. Virg. Æn. vi.

VER. 24. *Old Bavius ſits, to dip poetic ſouls.*] Alluding to the ſtory of Thetis dipping Achilles to render him impenetrable:

At pater Anchiſes penitus convalle virenti
Incluſas animas, ſuperumque ad lumen ituras,
Luſtrabat —— Virg. Æn. vi.

And blunt the ſenſe, and fit it for a ſkull
Of ſolid proof, impenetrably dull:
Inſtant when dipt, away they wing their flight,
Where Brown and Mears unbar the gates of Light,
Demand new bodies, and in Calf's array,
Ruſh to the world, impatient for the day.
Millions and millions on theſe banks he views,
Thick as the ſtars of night, or morning dews,

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conſiderable author; nay, that "He and Mævius had "(even in Auguſtus's days) a very formidable party at "Rome, who thought them much ſuperior to Virgil "and Horace: For (ſaith he) I cannot believe they "would have fixed that eternal brand upon them, if "they had not been coxcombs in more than ordinary "credit." Rem. on Pr. Arthur, part ii. c. 1. An argument which, if this poem ſhould laſt, will conduce to the honour of the gentlemen of the Dunciad.

VER. 28. *Brown and Mears*] Bookſellers, Printers for any body. — The allegory of the ſouls of the dull coming forth in the form of books, dreſſed in calf's lea-

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VER. 28. *Unbar the gates of Light,*] Milton.

VER, 31, 32. *Millions and millions — Thick as the ſtars, &c.*]

Quam multa in ſylvis autumni frigore primo
Lapſa cadunt folia, aut ad terram gurgite ab alto
Quam multæ glomerantur aves, &c.

Virg. Æn. vi.

As thick as bees o'er vernal bloſſoms fly,
As thick as eggs at Ward in Pillory. 34
Wond'ring he gaz'd: When lo! a Sage appears,
By his broad ſhoulders known, and length of ears,

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ther, and being let abroad in vaſt numbers by Bookſellers, is ſufficiently intelligible.

VER. 34. *Ward in Pillory.*] John Ward of Hackney Eſq; Member of Parliament, being convicted of forgery, was firſt expelled the Houſe, and then ſentenced to the Pillory on the 17th of February 1727. Mr. Curl (having likewiſe ſtood there) looks upon the mention of ſuch a Gentleman in a ſatyr, as a *great act of barbarity*. Key to the Dunc. 3d edit. p. 16. And another author reaſons thus upon it, Durgen. 8vo. p. 11, 12. "How "unworthy is it of *Chriſtian Charity* to animate the "*rabble* to abuſe a *worthy man* in ſuch a ſituation? "what could move the Poet thus to mention a *brave* "*ſufferer*, a *gallant priſoner*, expoſed to the view of all "mankind! It was laying aſide his *Senſes*, it was com- "mitting a *Crime*, for which the *Law is deficient* not to "puniſh him! nay, a Crime which *Man can ſcarce for-* "*give*, or *Time efface!* Nothing ſurely could have in- "duced him to it but being bribed by a great Lady," (to whom this brave, honeſt, worthy Gentleman was guilty of no offence but forgery, proved in open Court.) But it is evident this verſe could not be meant of him; it being notorious, that no *Eggs* were thrown at that Gentleman: Perhaps therefore it might be intended of Mr. Edward Ward the Poet.

VER. 36. *And length of ears,*] This is a *ſophiſticated* reading. I think I may venture to affirm all the Copyiſts are miſtaken here: I believe I may ſay the ſame of

Known by the band and ſuit which Settle wore
(His only ſuit) for twice three years before:

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the Critics; Dennis, Oldmixon, Welſted have paſſed it in ſilence: I have alſo ſtumbled at it, and wondered how an error ſo manifeſt could eſcape ſuch accurate perſons. I dare aſſert it proceeded originally from the inadvertency of ſome Tranſcriber, whoſe head run on the *Pillory*, mentioned two lines before; it is therefore amazing that Mr. Curl himſelf ſhould over-look it! Yet that *Scholiaſt* takes not the leaſt notice hereof. That the learned Miſt alſo read it thus, is plain from his ranging this paſſage among thoſe in which our author was blamed for *perſonal Satyr* on a *Man's face* (whereof doubtleſs he might take the *ear* to be a part;) ſo likewiſe Concanen, Ralph, the Flying Poſt, and all the herd of Commentators. — *Tota armenta ſequuntur.*

A very little ſagacity (which all theſe Gentlemen therefore wanted) will reſtore to us the true ſenſe of the Poet, thus,

By his broad ſhoulders known, and length of years.

See how eaſy a change; of one ſingle letter! That Mr. Settle was old, is moſt certain; but he was (happily) a ſtranger to the *Pillory*. This note partly Mr. THEOBALD, partly SCRIBL.

VER. 37. *Settle*] Elkanah Settle was once a Writer in vogue, as well as Cibber, both for Dramatic Poetry and Politics. Mr. Dennis tells us that "he was a formidable rival to Mr. Dryden, and that in the Univerſity of Cambridge there were thoſe who gave him "the *preference*." Mr. Welſted goes yet farther in his "behalf: "Poor Settle was formerly the *Mighty rival* "of Dryden; nay, for *many years*, bore his reputation

All as the veſt, appear'd the wearer's frame,
Old in new ſtate, another yet the ſame.
Bland and familiar, as in life, begun
Thus the great Father to the greater Son.
Oh born to ſee what none can ſee awake!
Behold the wonders of th'oblivious Lake.
Thou, yet unborn, haſt touch'd this ſacred ſhore;
The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er and o'er.
But blind to former, as to future fate,
What mortal knows his pre-exiſtent ſtate?
Who knows how long thy tranſmigrating ſoul
Might from Bœotian to Bœotian roll?

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" *above* him." Pref. to his Poems, 8vo. p. 31. And Mr Milbourn cried out " How little was Dryden able, " even when his blood run high, to defend himſelf a- " gainſt Mr. Settle!" Notes on Dryd. Virg. p. 175. Theſe are comfortable opinions! and no wonder ſome authors indulge them.

He was author or publiſher of many noted pamphlets in the time of king Charles II. He anſwered all Dryden's political poems; and being cried up on *one ſide*, ſucceeded not a little in his Tragedy of the Empreſs of Morocco (the firſt that was ever printed with Cuts.) " Upon this he grew inſolent, the Wits writ againſt his " Play, he replied, and the Town judged he had the " better. In ſhort, Settle was then thought a very for- " midable rival to Mr. Dryden; and not only the Town " but the Univerſity of Cambridge was divided which " to prefer; and in both places the younger ſort inclin- " ed to Elkanah." DENNIS Pref. to Rem. on Hom.

How many Dutchmen ſhe vouchſaf'd to thrid?
How many ſtages thro' old Monks ſhe rid?
And all who ſince, in mild benighted days,
Mix the Owl's ivy with the Poet's bays.
As man's Mæanders to the vital ſpring
Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring;
Or whirligigs, twirl'd round by ſkilful ſwain,
Suck the thread in, then yield it out again:
All nonſenſe thus, of old or modern date,
Shall in thee centre, from thee circulate.
For this, our Queen unfolds to viſion true
Thy mental eye, for thou haſt much to view:

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VER. 50. *Might from Bœotian, &c.*] Bœotia lay under the ridicule of the Wits formerly, as Ireland does now:

Bœotum craſſo jurares aere natum. Horat.

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VER. *Mix'd the Owl's ivy with the Poet's bays,*]

—— *ſine tempora circum*
Inter victrices hederam tibi ſerpere lauros.
Virg. Ecl. viii.

VER. 61, 62.

For this, our Queen unfolds to viſion true
Thy mental eye, for thou haſt much to view:]

This has a reſemblance to that paſſage in Milton, book xi. where the Angel

To nobler ſights from Adam's eye remov'd

Old ſcenes of glory, times long caſt behind
Shall, firſt recall'd, ruſh forward to thy mind:
Then ſtretch thy ſight o'er all her riſing reign,
And let the paſt and future fire thy brain.

Aſcend this hill, whoſe cloudy point commands
Her boundleſs empire over ſeas and lands.
See round the Poles where keener ſpangles ſhine,
Where ſpices ſmoke beneath the burning Line,
(Earth's wide extremes) her ſable flag diſplay'd,
And all the nations cover'd in her ſhade!

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VER. 67. *Aſcend this hill, &c.*] The ſcenes of this viſion are remarkable for the order of their appearance: Firſt from ℣ 67. to 73. thoſe places of the globe are ſhewn where Science *never* roſe; then, from ℣ 73. to 83. thoſe where ſhe was deſtroyed by *Tyranny*; from ℣ 85. to 95. by inundations of *Barbarians*; from ℣ 96. to 106. by *Superſtition*. Then Rome, the Miſtreſs of Arts, deſcribed in her degeneracy; and laſtly Britain, the ſcene of the action of the poem; which furniſhes the occaſion of drawing out the Progeny of Dulneſs in review.

VER. 69. *See round the Poles, &c.*] Almoſt the whole Southern and Northern Continent wrapt in ignorance.

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The film; then purg'd with Euphraſie and Rue
The viſual nerve — For he had much to ſee.

There is a general alluſion in what follows to that whole Epiſode.

Far eaſtward caſt thine eye, from whence the Sun
And orient Science firſt their courſe begun:
One god-like monarch all that pride confounds,
He, whoſe long wall the wand'ring Tartar bounds;
Heav'ns! what a pile! whole ages periſh there,
And one bright blaze turns Learning into air.

Thence to the ſouth extend thy gladden'd eyes;
There rival flames with equal glory riſe,
From ſhelves to ſhelves ſee greedy Vulcan roll,
And lick up all their Phyſic of the Soul.

How little, mark! that portion of the ball,
Where, faint at beſt, the beams of Science fall:
Soon as they dawn, from Hyperborean ſkies
Embody'd dark, what clouds of Vandals riſe!
Lo! where Mæotis ſleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanais thro' a waſte of ſnows,
The North by myriads pours her mighty ſons,
Great nurſe of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns!

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VER. 73. Our author favours the opinion that all Sciences came from the Eaſtern nations.

VER. 75. Chi Ho-am-ti Emperor of China, the ſame who built the great wall between China and Tartary, deſtroyed all the books and learned men of that empire.

VER. 81, 82. The Caliph, Omar I. having conquered Ægypt, cauſed his General to burn the Ptolemæan library, on the gates of which was this inſcription, *Medicina Animæ*, the Phyſic of the Soul.

See Alaric's ſtern port! the martial frame
Of Genſeric! and Attila's dread name!
See the bold Oſtrogoths on Latium fall;
See the fierce Viſigoths on Spain and Gaul!
See, where the morning gilds the palmy ſhore
(The ſoil that arts and infant letters bore)
His conqu'ring tribes th'Arabian prophet draws,
And ſaving ignorance enthrones by Laws.
See Chriſtians, Jews, one heavy ſabbath keep,
And all the weſtern world believe and ſleep.

Lo! Rome herſelf, proud miſtreſs now no more
Of arts, but thund'ring againſt heathen lore;

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VER. 96. *(The Soil that arts and infant letters bore)*] Phœnicia, Syria, *&c.* where Letters are ſaid to have been invented. In theſe countries Mahomet began his conqueſts.

VER. 102. *Thund'ring againſt heathen lore* ;] A ſtrong inſtance of this pious rage is placed to Pope Gregory's account. John of Saliſbury gives a very odd encomium to this Pope, at the ſame time that he mentions one of the ſtrangeſt effects of this exceſs of zeal in him: *Doctor ſanctiſſimus ille Gregorius, qui melleo prædicationis imbre totam rigavit & inebriavit eccleſiam, non modo Matheſin juſſit ab aula; ſed, ut traditur a majoribus, incendio dedit probatæ lectionis ſcripta, Palatinus quæcunque tenebat Apollo.* And in another place: *Fertur beatus Gregorius bibliothecam combuſſiſſe gentilem; quo divinæ paginæ gratior eſſet locus, & major authoritas, & diligentia ſtudio-*

Her grey-hair'd Synods damning books unread,
And Bacon trembling for his brazen head.
Padua, with ſighs, beholds her Livy burn,
And ev'n th'Antipodes Vigilius mourn.
See, the Cirque falls, th'unpillar'd Temple nods,
Streets pav'd with heroes, Tyber choak'd with Gods:
'Till Peter's keys ſome chriſtned Jove adorn,
And Pan to Moſes lends his pagan horn;

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ſior. Deſiderius archbiſhop of Vienna was ſharply reproved by him for teaching Grammar and Literature, and explaining the Poets; becauſe (ſays this Pope) *In uno ſe ore cum Jovis laudibus Chriſti laudes non capiunt: Et quam grave nefandumque ſit Epiſcopis canere quod nec Laico religioſo conveniat, ipſe conſidera.* He is ſaid, among the reſt, to have burned Livy; *Quia in ſuperſtitionibus & ſacris Romanorum perpetuo verſatur.* The ſame Pope is accuſed by Voſſius, and others, of having cauſed the noble monuments of the old Roman magnificence to be deſtroyed, leſt thoſe who came to Rome ſhould give more attention to Triumphal Arches, &c. than to holy things. Bayle, Dict.

VER. 109. *'Till Peter's keys ſome chriſtned Jove adorn,*] After the Government of Rome devolved to the Popes, their zeal was for ſome time exerted in demoliſhing the heathen Temples and Statues, ſo that the Goths ſcarce deſtroyed more monuments of Antiquity out of rage, than theſe out of devotion. At length they ſpared ſome of the Temples, by converting them to Churches; and ſome of the Statues, by modifying them into images of Saints. In much later times, it was thought neceſſary to change the ſtatues of Apollo and Pallas, on the tomb

See graceleſs Venus to a Virgin turn'd,
Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd.
Behold yon' Iſle, by Palmers, Pilgrims trod,
Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, ſhod, unſhod,
Peel'd, patch'd, and pyebald, linſey-woolſeybrothers,
GraveMummers! ſleeveleſs ſome, and ſhirtleſs others.
That once was Britain — Happy! had ſhe ſeen
No fiercer ſons, had Eaſter never been.
In peace, great Goddeſs, ever be ador'd;
How keen the war, if Dulneſs draw the ſword!
Thus viſit not thy own! on this bleſt age
Oh ſpread thy Influence, but reſtrain thy Rage.
And ſee, my ſon! the hour is on its way,
That lifts our Goddeſs to imperial ſway;
This fav'rite Iſle, long ſever'd from her reign,
Dove-like, ſhe gathers to her wings again.

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of Sannazarius, into David and Judith; the Lyre eaſily became a Harp, and the Gorgon's head turned to that of Holofernes.

VER. 117, 118. *Happy! — had Eaſter never been!*] Wars in England anciently, about the right time of celebrating Eaſter.

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VER. 117, 118. *Happy! — had Eaſter never been!*]

Et fortunatam, ſi nunquam armenta fuiſſent.
Virg. Ecl. vi.

Now look thro' Fate! behold the ſcene ſhe draws!
What aids, what armies to aſſert her cauſe!
See all her progeny, illuſtrious ſight!
Behold, and count them, as they riſe to light.
As Berecynthia, while her offspring vye
In homage to the Mother of the ſky,

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VER. 126. *Dove-like, ſhe gathers*] This is fulfilled in the fourth book.

VER. 128. *What aids, what armies, to aſſert her cauſe!*] i. e. Of Poets, Antiquaries, Critics, Divines, Free-thinkers. But as this Revolution is only here ſet on foot by the firſt of theſe Claſſes, the Poets, they only are here particularly celebrated, and they only properly fall under the Care and Review of this Collegue of Dulneſs, the Laureate. The others who finiſh the great work, are reſerved for the fourth book, when the Goddeſs herſelf appears in full Glory.

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VER. 127, 129. *Now look thro' Fate! — See all her Progeny, &c.*]

Nunc age, Dardaniam prolem quæ deinde ſequatur
Gloria, qui maneant Itala de gente nepotes,
Illuſtres animas, noſtrumque in nomen ituras,
Expediam. Virg. Æn. vi.

VER. 131. *As Berecynthia, &c.*]

Felix prole virûm, qualis Berecynthia mater
Invehitur curru Phrygias turrita per urbes,
Læta deûm partu, centum complexa nepotes,
Omnes cœlicolas, omnes ſupera alta tenentes.
Virg. Æn. vi

Surveys around her, in the bleſt abode,
An hundred ſons, and ev'ry ſon a God:
Not with leſs glory mighty Dulneſs crown'd,
Shall take thro' Grub-ſtreet her triumphant round;
And her Parnaſſus glancing o'er at once
Behold an hundred ſons, and each a Dunce.
Mark firſt that Youth who takes the foremoſt place,
And thruſts his perſon full into your face.
With all thy Father's virtues bleſt, be born!
And a new Cibber ſhall the ſtage adorn.
A ſecond ſee, by meeker manners known,
And modeſt as the maid that ſips alone;
From the ſtrong fate of drams if thou get free,
Another Durfey, Ward! ſhall ſing in thee.

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VER. 139. *Mark firſt that Youth, &c.*]
Ille vides, pura juvenis qui nititur haſta,
Proxima ſorte tenet lucis loca —— Virg. Æn. vi.

VER. 141. *With all thy father's virtues bleſt, be born!*]
A manner of expreſſion uſed by Virgil, Ecl. viii.

Naſcere! præque diem veniens, age, Lucifer —

As alſo that of *patriis virtutibus*, Ecl. iv.

It was very natural to ſhew to the Hero, before all others, his own Son, who had already begun to emulate him in his theatrical, poetical, and even political capacities. By the attitude in which he here preſents himſelf, the reader may be cautioned againſt aſcribing whol-

Thee ſhall each alehouſe, thee each gill-houſe mourn,
And anſw'ring gin-ſhops ſowrer ſighs return.
Jacob, the ſcourge of Grammar, mark with awe,
Nor leſs revere him, blunderbuſs of Law.

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VER. 149. *Jacob, the ſcourge of Grammar, mark with awe,*] "This *Gentleman* is ſon of a *conſiderable Maltſter* "of Romſey in Southamptonſhire, and bred to the Law "under a *very eminent Attorney:* Who, between his "*more laborious* ſtudies, has *diverted* himſelf with Poetry. "He is a great admirer of Poets and their works, "which has occaſion'd him to try his genius that way. "— He has writ in proſe the *Lives* of the *Poets*, *Eſ-* "*ſays*, and a great many Law-Books, *The Accompliſh'd* "*Conveyancer*, *Modern Juſtice*, &c. GILES JACOB of himſelf, *Lives* of *Poets*, Vol. 1. He very groſsly, and unprovok'd, abuſed in that book the Author's Friend, Mr. *Gay*.

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ly to the Father the merit of the epithet *Cibberian*, which is equally to be underſtood with an eye to the ſon.

VER. 145. *From the ſtrong fate of drams if thou get free,*]

——*ſi qua fata aſpera rumpas,*
Tu Marcellus eris! —— Virg. Æn. vi.

VER. 147. *Thee ſhall each Ale-houſe, &c.*]

Te nemus Angitiæ, vitrea te Fucinus unda,
Te liquidi flevere lacus. Virg. Æn. vii.

Virgil again, Ecl. x.

Illum etiam lauri, illum flevere myricæ, &c.

Lo P—le's brow, tremendous to the town,
Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's funereal Frown.

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V. 149. Jacob, *the ſcourge of Grammar, mark with awe;*
Nor leſs revere him Blunderbuſs of Law.]
There may ſeem ſome Error in theſe verſes, Mr. *Jacob* having proved our Author to have a *Reſpect* for him, by this undeniable Argument. "He had once a *Regard* "for my *Judgment*; otherwiſe he would never have "ſubſcribed *Two Guineas* to me, for one ſmall Book in "octavo." Jacob's Letter to Dennis, printed in Dennis's Remarks on the Dunciad, pag. 49. Therefore I ſhould think the Appellation of *Blunderbuſs* to Mr. *Jacob*, like that of *Thunderbolt* to *Scipio*, was meant in his honour.

Mr. *Dennis* argues the ſame way. "My writings "having made great impreſſion on the minds of all "ſenſible men, Mr. *P. repented*, and to *give proof of* "*his Repentance*, ſubſcribed to my two volumes of ſe-"lect Works, and afterward to my two Volumes of "Letters." Ibid. pag. 80. We ſhould hence believe, the Name of Mr. Dennis hath alſo crept into this poem by ſome miſtake. But from hence, gentle reader! thou may'ſt beware, when thou giveſt thy money to ſuch Authors, not to flatter thyſelf that thy motives are Good-nature, or charity.

V. 152. *Horneck and Roome.*] Theſe two were virulent Party-writers; worthily coupled together, and one would think prophetically, ſince, after the publiſhing of this piece,

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V. 150.] Virg. Æn. 6.
——— *duo fulmina belli*
Scipiadas, cladem Libyæ!

Lo ſneering Goode, half malice and half whim,
A Fiend in glee, ridiculouſly grim.
Each Cygnet ſweet, of Bath and Tunbridge race,
Whoſe tuneful whiſtling makes the waters paſs:
Ænigma bard, and ev'ry nameleſs name,
All crowd, who foremoſt ſhall be damn'd to fame.
Some ſtrain in rhyme; the Muſes, on their racks,
Scream like the winding of ten thouſand jacks:
Some free from rhyme or reaſon, rule or check,
Break Priſcian's head, and Pegaſus's neck;
Down, down they larum, with impetuous whirl,
The Pindars, and the Miltons of a Curl.

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the former dying, the latter ſucceeded him in *Honour* and *Employment*. The firſt was Philip Horneck, Author of a Billingſgate paper call'd The High German Doctor, in the 2d vol. of which, No. 14. you may ſee the regard he had for our Author. Edward Roome, ſon of an Undertaker for Funerals in Fleet-ſtreet, writ ſome of the papers call'd Paſquin, where by malicious Innuendos it was endeavour'd to repreſent our Author guilty of malevolent practices with a great man then under proſecution of Parliament. P—le was the author of ſome vile Plays and Pamphlets. He wrote abuſively of our author in a Paper called the Prompter.

VER. 153. *Goode.*] An ill-natur'd Critic, who writ a Satyr on our Author, call'd *The mock Æſop*, and many anonymous Libels in News papers for hire.

VER. 156. *Whoſe tuneful whiſtling makes the waters paſs.*] There were ſeveral ſucceſſions of theſe ſort of minor

Silence, ye Wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
And makes Night hideous—Anſwer him, ye Owls!
Senſe, ſpeech, and meaſure, living tongues and dead,
Let all give way—and Morris may be read.
Flow Welſted, flow! like thine inſpirer, Beer,
Tho' ſtale, not ripe; tho' thin, yet never clear;

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poets, at Tunbridge, Bath, &c. ſinging the praiſe of the Annuals flouriſhing for that ſeaſon; whoſe names indeed would be nameleſs, and therefore the Poet ſlurs over with others in general.

VER. 165. *Ralph*] James Ralph, a name inſerted after the firſt editions, not known to our author till he writ a ſwearing-piece call'd *Sawney*, very abuſive of Dr. Swift, Mr. Gay, and himſelf. Theſe lines allude to a thing of his, intitled, *Night*, a Poem. *Shakeſpear, Hamlet.*

——— *Viſit thus the glimpſes of the Moon,*
Making Night hideous ———

This low writer conſtantly attended his own works with panegyricks in the Journals, and once in particular praiſed himſelf highly above Mr. Addiſon, in wretched remarks upon that Author's Account of *Engliſh* Poets, printed in a London Journal, Sept. 1728. He ended at laſt in the common Sink of all ſuch writers, a political

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VER. 169. *Flow Welſted, flow!* &c.] Parody on *Denham, Cooper's Hill.*

O could I flow like thee, and make thy ſtream
My great example, as it is my theme.
Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing, full.

So ſweetly mawkiſh, and ſo ſmoothly dull;
Heady, not ſtrong; o'erflowing, tho' not full.

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News-paper, to which he was recommended by his friend Arnall, and received a ſmall pittance for pay..

VER. 168. *Morris*] *Beſaleel*, ſee Book 2.

VER. 169. *Flow* Welſted, &c.] Of this Author ſee the Remark on Book 2. v. 209. But (to be impartial) add to it the following different character of him:

Mr. *Welſted* had, in his youth, rais'd ſo great expectations of his future genius, that there was a *kind of ſtruggle* between the moſt eminent in the two Univerſities, which ſhould have the *honour* of his education. To *compound* this, he (*civilly*) became a member of both, and after having paſs'd ſome time at the one, he removed to the other. From thence he return'd to town, where he became the *darling Expectation* of *all the* polite Writers, whoſe encouragement he acknowledg'd in his occaſional poems, in a manner that *will make no ſmall part of the Fame* of his protectors. It alſo appears from his Works, that he was happy in the patronage of the moſt illuſtrious characters of the preſent age — Incourag'd by ſuch a *Combination* in his favour, he — publiſh'd a book of poems, ſome in the *Ovidian*, ſome in the *Horatian* manner, in both which the moſt exquiſite Judges pronounce he even *rival'd his maſters*—His Love verſes have reſcued that way of writing from contempt— In his Tranſlations, he has given us the very ſoul and ſpirit of his author. His Ode — his Epiſtle — his Verſes — his Love tale — all, are the *moſt perfect things in all poetry*, &c. WELSTED of *Himſelf*. *Char. of the Times*, 8vo 1728. *pag.* 23, 24. It ſhould not be forgot to his honour, that he received at one time the ſum of 500 pounds for ſecret ſervice, among the other excellent

Ah Dennis! Gildon ah! what ill-ſtarr'd rage
Divides a friendſhip long confirm'd by age?
Blockheads with reaſon wicked wits abhor,
But fool with fool is barb'rous civil war.
Embrace, embrace my ſons! be foes no more!
Nor glad vile Poets with true Critics gore.
Behold yon Pair, in ſtrict embraces join'd;
How like in manners, and how like in mind!

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authors hired to write anonymouſly for the Miniſtry. See Report of the Secret Committee &c. in 1742.

VER. 173. *Ah Dennis*, &c.] The reader, who has ſeen, thro' the courſe of theſe notes, what a conſtant attendance Mr. *Dennis* paid to our Author and all his works, may perhaps wonder he ſhould be mention'd but twice, and ſo ſlightly touch'd, in this poem. But in truth he look'd upon him with ſome eſteem, for having (more generouſly than all the reſt) *ſet his Name* to ſuch writings. He was alſo a very old man at this time. By his own account of himſelf in Mr. *Jacob's Lives*, he muſt have been above threeſcore, and happily lived many years after. So that he was ſenior to Mr. *Durfey*, who hitherto of all our Poets enjoy'd the longeſt Bodily life.

VER. 179. *Behold yon Pair*, &c.] One of theſe was Author of a weekly paper call'd *The Grumbler*, as the

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VER. 177. *Embrace, embrace my Sons! be foes no more.*] Virg. Æn. 6.

——— *Ne tanta animis aſſueſcite bella,*
Neu patriæ validas in viſcera vertite vires:
Tuque prior, tu parce ——— *ſanguis meus!* ———

Equal in wit, and equally polite,
Shall this a Paſquin, that a Grumbler write;

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other was concerned in another call'd *Paſquin*, in which Mr. *Pope* was abuſed with the Duke of *Buckingham* and Biſhop of *Rocheſter*. They alſo joined in a piece againſt his firſt undertaking to tranſlate the *Iliad*, intitled *Homerides*, by Sir *Iliad Doggrel*, printed 1715.

Of the other works of theſe Gentlemen, the world has heard no more than it would of Mr. *Pope*'s, had their united laudable endeavours diſcourag'd him from his undertaking. How few good works had ever appear'd (ſince men of true merit are always the leaſt preſuming) had there been always ſuch champions to ſtifle them in their conception? And were it not better for the publick, that a million of monſters ſhould come into the world, which are ſure to die as ſoon as born, than that the Serpents ſhould ſtrangle one *Hercules* in his Cradle?

After many Editions of this poem, the Author thought fit to omit the names of theſe two perſons, whoſe injury to him was of ſo old a date. In the verſes he omitted, it was ſaid that one of them had a *pious paſſion* for the

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VER. 179. *Behold yon pair, in ſtrict embraces join'd.*] Virg. Æn. 6.

Illæ autem paribus quas fulgere cernis in armis,
Concordes animæ ——

And in the fifth,

Euryalus, forma inſignis viridique juventa,
Niſus amore pio pueri.

Like are their merits, like rewards they ſhare,
That ſhines a Conſul, this Commiſſioner.

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other. It was a literal tranſlation of *Virgil, Niſus amore pio pueri* — and there, as in the original, applied to Friendſhip: That between *Niſus* and *Euryalus* is allowed to make one of the moſt amiable Epiſodes in the world, and ſurely was never interpreted in a perverſe ſenſe. But it will aſtoniſh the reader to hear, that on no other occaſion than this line, a Dedication was written to that Gentleman to induce him to think ſomething further. "Sir, you are known to have all that "affection for the beautiful part of the creation which "God and Nature deſign'd. — Sir, you have a very "fine Lady—and, Sir, you have eight very fine Chil-"dren,"—*&c.* [*Dedic. to* Dennis *Rem. on the Rape of the Lock.*] The truth is, the poor Dedicator's brain was turn'd upon this article: He had taken into his head that ever ſince ſome books were written againſt the *Stage*, and ſince the *Italian Opera* had prevail'd, the nation was infected with a vice not fit to be nam'd: He went ſo far as to print upon the ſubject, and concludes his argument with this remark, "that he can-"not help thinking the Obſcenity of Plays excuſable "at this juncture; ſince, when that execrable ſin is "ſpread ſo wide, it may be of uſe to the reducing "mens minds to the natural deſire of women." DENNIS, *Stage defended* againſt Mr. *Law*, p. 20. Our author ſolemnly declared, he never heard any creature but the Dedicator mention that Vice and this Gentleman together.

VER. 184. *That ſhines a* Conſul, *this* Commiſſioner.] Such places were given at this time to ſuch ſort of Writers.

" But who is he, in cloſet cloſe y-pent,
" Of ſober face, with learned duſt beſprent?
Right well mine eyes arede the myſter wight,
On parchments ſcraps y-fed, and Wormius hight.

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VER. 188. Wormius *hight.*] Let not this name, purely fictitious, be conceited to mean the learned *Olaus Wormius*; much leſs (as it was unwarrantably foiſted into the ſurreptitious editions) our own Antiquary Mr. *Thomas Hearne*, who had no way aggrieved our Poet, but on the contrary publiſhed many curious tracts which he hath to his great contentment peruſed.

Moſt rightly are *ancient Words* here employed, in ſpeaking of ſuch who ſo greatly delight in the ſame. We may ſay not only rightly, but *wiſely*, yea *excellently*, inaſmuch as for the like practice the like praiſe is given to Hopkins and Sternhold by Mr. Hearne himſelf. Gloſſar. to Rob. of Gloceſter, Artic. BEHETT; " Others ſay BEHIGHT, *promiſed*, and ſo it is uſed *ex-*
" *cellently well* by Thomas Norton, in his tranſlation
" into metre of the 116th Pſalm, ℣ 14.

I to the Lord will pay my vows,
That I to him BEHIGHT.

" Where the modern innovators, not underſtanding the
" propriety of the word (which is truly Engliſh, from

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VER. 185. *But who is he,* &c.] Virg. Æn. 6. queſtions and anſwers in this manner, of *Numa:*

Quis procul ille autem ramis inſignis olivæ,
Sacra ferens? — noſco crines, incanaque menta, &c.

To future ages may thy dulneſs laſt,
As thou preſerv'ſt the dulneſs of the paſt! 190

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" the Saxon) have moſt *unwarrantably* altered it thus,

I to the Lord will pay my vows
With joy and great delight.

VER. 188. *Hight.*] " In Cumberland they ſay to " *hight*, for to *promiſe*, or *vow*; but HIGHT, uſually " ſignifies *was called*; and ſo it does in the North even " to this day, notwithſtanding what is done in Cum- " berland." Hearne, ibid.

VER. 187. *Arede*] *Read*, or *peruſe*; though ſometimes uſed for *counſel*. " READE THY READ, *take thy Coun-* " *ſaile*. Thomas Sternhold, in his tranſlation of the " firſt Pſalm into Engliſh metre, hath *wiſely* made uſe " of this word,

The man is bleſt that hath not bent
To wicked READ *his eär.*

" But in the laſt ſpurious editions of the ſinging Pſalms " the word READ is changed into *men*. I ſay ſpurious " editions, becauſe not only here, but quite throughout " the whole book of Pſalms, are ſtrange alterations, all " for the worſe; and yet the Title-page ſtands as it " uſed to do; and all (which is abominable in any " book, much more in a ſacred work) is aſcribed to " Thomas Sternhold, John Hopkins, and others! I " am confident, were Sternhold and Hopkins now living " they would proceed againſt the innovators as cheats. " — A liberty, which, to ſay no more of their intole- " able alterations, ought by no means to be permitted or " approved of by ſuch as are for *uniformity*, and have " any regard for the old Engliſh Saxon tongue." HEARNE, Gloſſ. on Rob. of Gloc. artic. REDE.

There, dim in clouds, the poring Scholiaſts mark,
Wits, who, like owls, ſee only in the dark,
A Lumberhouſe of books in ev'ry head,
For ever reading, never to be read!
But, where each Science lifts its modern type,
Hiſt'ry her Pot, Divinity her Pipe,
While proud Philoſophy repines to ſhow,
Diſhoneſt ſight! his breeches rent below;
Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo! Henley ſtands,
Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands,

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I do herein agree with Mr. Hearne: Little is it of avail to object, that ſuch words are become *unintelligible*; ſince they are truly Engliſh, men ought to underſtand them; and ſuch as are for *uniformity* ſhould think all alterations in a language *ſtrange*, *abominable*, and *unwarrantable*. Rightly therefore, I ſay again, hath our Poet uſed ancient words, and poured them forth as a precious ointment upon good old Wormius in this place, SCRIBL.

Ibid. *Myſter wight*] Uncouth mortal.

VER. 192. *Wits, who like owls, &c.*] Theſe few lines exactly deſcribe the right verbal critic: He is to his author as a quack to his patients, the more they ſuffer and complain, the better he is pleaſed; like the famous Doctor of that ſort, who put up in his bills, *he delighted in matters of difficulty*. Some body ſaid well of theſe men, that their heads were *Libraries out of order*.

VER. 199. *Lo! Henley ſtands, &c.*] J. Henley the Orator; he preached on the Sundays upon Theological matters, and on the Wedneſdays upon all other ſciences.

How fluent nonſenſe trickles from his tongue!
How ſweet the periods, neither ſaid, nor ſung!

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Each auditor paid one ſhilling. He declaimed ſome years unpuniſhed againſt the greateſt perſons, and occaſionally did our Author that honour. WELSTED, in Oratory Tranſactions, N°. 1. publiſhed by Henley himſelf, gives the following account of him. "He was born at Melton-"Mowbray in Leiceſterſhire. From his own Pariſh "ſchool he went to St. John's College in Cambridge. "He began there to be uneaſy; for it *ſhock'd* him to "find he was *commanded to believe* againſt his judgment "in points of Religion, Philoſophy, &c. for his genius "leading him freely to *diſpute all propoſitions*, and *call* "*all points to account*, he was impatient under thoſe "fetters of the free-born mind. —— Being admitted to "Prieſt's orders, he found the examination very ſhort "and ſuperficial, and that it was not *neceſſary to conform* "*to the Chriſtian religion*, in order either to *Deaconſhip*, "or *Prieſthood*." He came to town, and after having for ſome years been a writer for Bookſellers, he had an ambition to be ſo for Miniſters of ſtate. The only reaſon he did not riſe in the Church, we are told, "was "the envy of others, and a diſreliſh entertained of him "becauſe *he was not qualified to be a complete Spaniel*." However he offered the ſervice of his pen, in one morning, to two great men of opinions and intereſts directly oppoſite; by both of whom being rejected, he ſet up a new Project, and ſtyled himſelf the *Reſtorer of ancient eloquence*. He thought "it as lawful to take a licence "from the King and Parliament at one place, as ano-"ther; at Hickes's-hall, as at Doctors-commons; ſo "ſet up his Oratory in Newport market, Butcher-row.

Still break the benches, Henley! with thy ſtrain,
While Kennet, Hare, and Gibſon preach in vain.
Oh great Reſtorer of the good old Stage,
Preacher at once, and Zany of thy age!
Oh worthy thou of Ægypt's wiſe abodes,
A decent prieſt, where monkeys were the gods!
But fate with butchers plac'd thy prieſtly ſtall,
Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and mawl;

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" There (ſays his friend) he had the *aſſurance* to form " a Plan, which no mortal ever thought of; he had " ſucceſs againſt all oppoſition; challenged his adverſa- " ries to fair diſputations, and *none would diſpute* with " him; writ, read, and ſtudied twelve hours a day; " compoſed three diſſertations a week on all ſubjects; " undertook to teach in *one year* what ſchools and U- " niverſities teach in *five*; was not terrified by me- " naces, inſults, or ſatyrs, but ſtill proceeded, matured " his bold ſcheme, and put the *Church*, and *all that*, in " *danger*." WELSTED, Narrative in Orat. Tranſact. No. 1.

After having ſtood ſome Proſecutions, he turned his rhetoric to buffoonry upon all public and private occurrences. All this paſſed in the ſame room; where ſometimes he broke jeſts, and ſometimes that bread which he called the *Primitive Euchariſt*.—This wonderful perſon ſtruck Medals, which he diſperſed as Tickets to his ſubſcribers: The device, a Star riſing to the meridian, with this motto, AD SVMMA; and below, INVENIAM VIAM AVT FACIAM. This man had an hundred pounds a year given him for a weekly paper of unintelligible nonſenſe, called the Hyp Doctor.

And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praiſe,
In Toland's, Tindal's, and in Woolſton's days.
Yet oh, my ſons! a father's words attend:
(So may the fates preſerve the ears you lend)
'Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame,
A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame:
But oh! with One, immortal One diſpenſe,
The ſource of Newton's Light, of Bacon's Senſe!
Content, each Emanation of his fires
That beams on earth, each Virtue he inſpires,
Each Art he prompts, each Charm he can create,
Whate'er he gives, are giv'n for you to hate.
Perſiſt, by all divine in Man unaw'd,
But, "Learn, ye DUNCES! not to ſcorn your [GOD."

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VER. 212. Of *Toland* and *Tindal* ſee book 2. *Tho. Woolſton* was an impious madman, who wrote in a moſt inſolent ſtyle againſt the Miracles of the Goſpel, in the years 1726, *&c.*

VER. 213. *Yet oh my Sons, &c.*] The caution againſt Blaſphemy here given by a departed Son of Dulneſs to his yet exiſting brethren, is, as the Poet rightly intimates, not out of tenderneſs to the ears of others, but their own. And ſo we ſee that when that danger is removed, on the open eſtabliſhment of the Goddeſs, in the fourth book ſhe encourages her Sons, and they beg aſſiſtance, to pollute the ſource of Light itſelf, with the ſame virulence they had before done the pureſt emanations from it.

VER. 224. *But, "Learn, ye Dunces! not to ſcorn*

Thus he, for then a ray of Reaſon ſtole
Half thro' the ſolid darkneſs of his ſoul;
But ſoon the cloud return'd — and thus the Sire:
See now, what Dulneſs and her ſons admire!
See what the charms, that ſmite the ſimple heart
Not touch'd by nature, and not reach'd by Art.
His never-bluſhing head he turn'd aſide,
(Not half ſo pleas'd when Goodman propheſy'd)
And look'd, and ſaw a ſable Sorc'rer riſe,
Swift to whoſe hand a winged volume flies.

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your God."] Virg. Æn. vi. puts this precept into the mouth of a wicked man, as here of a ſtupid one,

Diſcite juſtitiam moniti, & non temnere divos!

Ibid. *not to ſcorn your God!*] See this ſubject purſued in Book 4.

VER. 232. *(Not half ſo proud when Goodman propheſy'd)*] Mr. Cibber tells us, in his Life, p. 149. that Goodman being at the rehearſal of a play, in which he had a part, clapped him on the ſhoulder, and cried, "If he does not make a good actor, I'll be d——d. "This (ſays Mr. Cibber) was more than I could ſup-"port. In a word, it almoſt took away my breath, and "fairly drew tears from my eyes! And I will make "it a queſtion, whether Alexander himſelf, or Charles "the twelfth of Sweden, when at the head of their firſt "victorious armies, could feel a greater tranſport in their "boſoms than I did in mine."

VER. 233. *A ſable Sorc'rer*] Dr. Fauſtus, the ſubject of a ſett of Farces, which laſted in vogue two or three

All ſudden, Gorgons hiſs, and dragons glare,
And ten-horn'd fiends and Giants ruſh to war.
Hell riſes, Heav'n deſcends, and dance on Earth:
Gods, imps, and monſters, muſic, rage, and mirth,
A fire, a jigg, a battle, and a ball,
'Till one wide conflagration ſwallows all.

Thence a New world to Nature's laws unknown,
Breaks out refulgent, with a heav'n its own:
Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
And other planets circle other ſuns.
The foreſts dance, the rivers upward riſe,
Whales ſport in woods, and dolphins in the ſkies;

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ſeaſons, in which both Playhouſes ſtrove to outdo each other for ſome years. All the extravagancies in the ſixteen lines following were introduced on the Stage, and frequented by perſons of the firſt quality in England, to the twentieth and thirtieth time.

VER. 237. *Hell riſes, Heav'n deſcends, and dance on Earth.*] This monſtrous abſurdity was actually repreſented in Tibbald's Rape of Proſerpine.

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VER. 244. *And other planets*]

——— *ſolemque ſuum, ſua ſidera norunt* ———
Virg. Æn. vi.

VER. 246. *Whales ſport in woods, and dolphins in the ſkies;*]

Delphinum ſylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum. Hor.

And laſt, to give the whole creation grace,
Lo one vaſt Egg produces human race.
Joy fills his ſoul, joy innocent of thought; [wrought?
What pow'r, he cries, what pow'r theſe wonders
Son! what thou ſeek'ſt is in thee: Look, and find
Each Monſter meets his likeneſs in thy mind.
Yet would'ſt thou more? In yonder cloud behold,
Whoſe ſarſenet ſkirts are edg'd with flamy gold,
A matchleſs Youth! his nod theſe worlds controuls,
Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls.
Angel of Dulneſs, ſent to ſcatter round
Her magic charms o'er all unclaſſic ground:

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VER. 248. *Lo! one vaſt Egg*] In another of theſe Farces Harlequin is hatched upon the ſtage, out of a large Egg.

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VER. 251. *Son! what thou ſeek'ſt is in thee:*]

Quod petis in te eſt ——
—— *Ne te quæſiveris extra.* Perſ.

VER. 256. *Wings the red lightning, &c.*] Like Salmoneus in Æn. vi.

Dum flammas Jovis, & ſonitus imitatur olympi.
—— *nimbos, & non imitabile fulmen,*
Ære & cornipedum curſu ſimularat equorum.

VER. 258. *O'er all unclaſſic ground:*] Alludes to Mr. Addiſon's verſe, in the praiſes of Italy;

Yon ſtars, yon ſuns, he rears at pleaſure higher,
Illumes their light, and ſets their flames on fire.
Immortal Rich! how calm he ſits at eaſe
Mid ſnows of paper, and fierce hail of peaſe;
And proud his Miſtreſs' orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the ſtorm.
But lo! to dark encounter in mid air
New wizards riſe; I ſee my Cibber there!
Booth in his cloudy tabernacle ſhrin'd,
On grinning dragons thou ſhalt mount the wind.

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VER. 261. *Immortal Rich!*] Mr. John Rich, Maſter of the Theatre Royal in Covent-garden, was the firſt that excelled this way.

VER. 266. *I ſee my Cibber there!*] The hiſtory of the foregoing abſurdities is verified by Mr. Cibber himſelf, in theſe words (Life, chap. xv.) "Then ſprung forth "that ſucceſſion of monſtrous medleys that have ſo long "infeſted the ſtage, which aroſe upon one another al- "ternately at both houſes, out-vying each other in ex- "pence." He then proceeds to excuſe his own part in them, as follows: "If I am aſked why I aſſented?

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Poetic fields encompaſs me around,
And ſtill I ſeem to tread on claſſic ground.

As ỳ 263. is a parody on a noble one of the ſame author in The Campaign; and ỳ 259, 260. on two ſublime verſes of Dr. Y.

Dire is the conflict, diſmal is the din,
Here ſhouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's-inn;
Contending Theatres our empire raiſe,
Alike their labours, and alike their praiſe.

And are theſe wonders, Son, to thee unknown?
Unknown to thee? Theſe wonders are thy own.
Theſe Fate reſerv'd to grace thy reign divine,
Foreſeen by me, but ah! witheld from mine.

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" I have no better excuſe for my error than to confeſs " I did it againſt my conſcience, and had not virtue e- " nough to ſtarve. Had Henry IV. of France a bet- " ter for changing his Religion? I was ſtill in my " heart, as much as he could be, on the ſide of Truth " and Senſe; but with this difference, that I had their " leave to quit them when they could not ſupport me.— " But let the queſtion go which way it will, Harry IVth " has always been allowed a great man. Life of C. C. c. xv. This muſt be confeſt a full anſwer, only the queſtion ſtill ſeems to be, 1. How the doing a thing againſt one's conſcience is an excuſe for it? and, 2dly If he got the leave of Truth and Senſe to quit their ſervice, what Certificate can he produce for his diſmiſſion? or why does he continue both to live and write in open rebellion to them?

VER. 266, 267. *Booth* and *Cibber*, two managers of the Theatre in Drury-lane.

VER. 268. *On grinning dragons thou ſhalt mount the wind:*] In his Letter to Mr. P. he declares this not to be *literally true*, but allegorically only.

In Lud's old walls tho' long I rul'd, renown'd,
Far as loud Bow's ſtupendous bells reſound!
Tho' my own Aldermen confer'd the bays,
To me committing their eternal praiſe,
Their full-fed Heroes, their pacific May'rs,
Their annual trophies and their monthly wars:
Tho' long my Party built on me their hopes,
For writing Pamplets, and for roaſting Popes;
Yet lo! in me what authors have to brag on!
Reduc'd at laſt to hiſs in my own dragon.
Avert it heav'n! that thou, my Cibber, e'er
Shouldſt wag a ſerpent-tail in Smithfield fair!
Like the vile ſtraw that's blown about the ſtreets,
The needy Poet ſticks to all he meets,

REMARKS.

VER. 282. *Annual trophies*, on the Lord-mayor's day; and *monthly wars* in the Artillery-ground.

VER. 283. *Tho' long my party*] Settle, like moſt Party-writers, was very uncertain in his political principles. He was employed to hold the pen in the *character* of a *popiſh ſucceſſor*, but afterwards printed his *Narrative* on the other ſide. He had managed the ceremony of a famous Pope-burning on Nov. 17, 1680. then became a trooper in King James's army, at Hounſlow-heath. After the Revoution he kept a booth at Bartholomew-fair, where, in the droll called St. George for England, he acted in his old age in a Dragon of green leather of his own invention; he was at laſt taken into the Charter-houſe, and there died, aged ſixty years.

Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now looſe, now faſt,
And carry'd off in ſome Dog's tail at laſt.
Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling ſtone,
Thy giddy dulneſs ſtill ſhall lumber on,
Safe in its heavineſs can never ſtray,
And licks up ev'ry blockhead in the way.
Thee ſhall the Patriot, thee the Courtier taſte,
And ev'ry year be duller than the laſt.
'Till rais'd from booths, to Theatre, to Court,
Her ſeat imperial Dulneſs ſhall tranſport.
Already Opera prepares the way,
The ſure forerunner of her gentle ſway:
Let her thy heart, next Drabs and Dice, engage,
The third mad paſſion of thy doting age.
Teach thou the warbling Polypheme to roar,
And ſcream thyſelf as none e'er ſcream'd before!
To aid our cauſe if Heav'n thou can'ſt not bend,
Hell thou ſhalt move! for Fauſtus is our friend:

REMARKS.

VER. 297. *Thee ſhall the Patriot, thee the Courtier taſte,*] It ſtood in the firſt edition with blanks, ***and***. Concanen was ſure "they muſt needs mean no body but "*King GEORGE* and *Queen CAROLINE*; and ſaid "he would inſiſt it was ſo, 'till the poet cleared him-"ſelf by filling up the blanks otherwiſe, agreeably "to the context, and conſiſtent with his *allegiance*." Pref. to a Collection of verſes, eſſays, letters, *&c.* againſt Mr. P. printed for A. Moor, p. 6,

Pluto with Cato thou for this ſhalt join,
And link the Mourning Bride to Proſerpine.
Grubſtreet! thy fall ſhould men and Gods conſpire,
Thy ſtage ſhall ſtand, enſure it but from Fire.
Another Æſchylus appears! prepare
For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair!
In flames, like Semele's, be brought to bed,
While opening Hell ſpouts wild-fire at your head.
Now Bavius take the poppy from thy brow,
And place it here! here all ye Heroes bow!

REMARKS.

VER. 308, 309. *Fauſtus is thy Friend,—Pluto with Cato, &c.*] Names of miſerable farces which it was the cuſtom to act at the end of the beſt tragedies, to ſpoil the digeſtion of the audience.

VER. 312. *Enſure it but from fire.*] In the farce of Proſerpine a corn-field was ſet on fire: whereupon the other play-houſe had a barn burnt down for the recreation of the ſpectators. They alſo rival'd each other in ſhowing the burnings of hell-fire, in Dr. Fauſtus.

VER. 313. *Another Æſchylus appears! &c.*] It is reported of Æſchylus, that when his tragedy of the Furies was acted, the audience were ſo terrified that the children fell into fits, and the big-bellied women miſcarried.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 315. *Like Semele's,*] See Ovid, Met. iii.

This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes:
Th' Auguſtus born to bring Saturnian times!
Signs following ſigns, lead on the mighty year!
See the dull ſtars roll round and re-appear!
See, ſee, our own true Phœbus wears the bays!
Our Midas ſits Lord Chancellor of plays!
On Poets Tombs ſee Benſon's titles writ;
Lo! Ambroſe Philips is prefer'd for Wit.

REMARKS.

VER. 325. *On poets tombs ſee Benſon's titles writ;*] W——m Benſon (late ſurveyor of the building to his Majeſty King George I.) gave in a report to the Lords, that their houſe and the Painted-chamber adjoining were in immediate danger of falling. Whereupon the Lords met in a committee to appoint ſome other place to ſit in, while the houſe ſhould be taken down. But it being propoſed to cauſe ſome other builders firſt to inſpect it, they found it in very good condition. The Lords, upon this, were going upon an addreſs to the King againſt Benſon, for ſuch a miſrepreſentation; but the Earl of Sunderland, then ſecretary, gave them an aſſurance that his Majeſty would remove him, which was done accordingly. In favour of this man, the famous Sir Chriſtopher Wren, who had been architect to the crown for above fifty years, who built moſt of the Churches in London, laid the firſt ſtone of St. Paul's, and lived to finiſh it, had been diſplac'd from his employment at the age of near ninety years. See more of him in Book 4.

VER. 326. *Ambroſe Philips.*] He was (ſaith Mr. JACOB) "one of the wits at Button's, and a juſtice of the

See under Ripley riſe a new White-hall,
While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall:

REMARKS.

" peace." But he hath ſince met with higher preferment in Ireland: and a much greater character we have of him in Mr. Gildon's complete Art of poetry, vol. 1. p. 157. " Indeed he confeſſes, he dares not ſet him *quite* " *on the ſame foot* with Virgil, leſt it ſhould *ſeem* flattery; " but he is much miſtaken if poſterity does not afford " him a *greater eſteem* than he *at preſent enjoys.*" He endeavour'd to create ſome mis-underſtanding between our author and Mr. Addiſon, whom alſo ſoon after he abuſed as much. His conſtant cry was, that Mr. P. was an *Enemy to the government*; and in particular he was the avowed author of a report very induſtriouſly ſpread, that he had a hand in a party-paper call'd the *Examiner*: A falſhood well known to thoſe yet living, who had the direction and publication of it.

V. 328. *While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall.*] At the time when this poem was written, the banquet-

IMITATIONS.

V. 319, 320. *This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes, Th' Auguſtus, &c.*]

Hic vir, hic eſt! tibi quem promitti ſæpius audis,
Auguſtus Cæſar, divum genus; aurea condet
Secula qui rurſus Latio, regnata per arva
Saturno quondam —— Virg. Æn. vi.

Saturnian here relates to the age of *Lead*, mentioned book 1. ℣ 26.

While Wren with ſorrow to the grave deſcends,
Gay dies unpenſion'd with a hundred friends, 330

REMARKS.

ting-houſe of White-hall, the church and piazza of Covent-garden, and the palace and chapel of Somerſet-houſe, the works of the famous Inigo Jones, had been for many years ſo neglected as to be in danger of ruin. The portico of Covent-garden church had been juſt then reſtor'd and beautified at the expence of the Earl of Burlington; who, at the ſame time, by his publication of the deſigns of that great Maſter and Palladio, as well as by many noble buildings of his own, revived the true taſte of Architecture in this Kingdom.

VER. 330. *Gay dies unpenſion'd, &c.*] See Mr. Gay's fable of the Hare and Many Friends. This gentleman was early in the friendſhip of our author, which continued to his death. He wrote ſeveral works of humour with great ſucceſs, the Shepherd's Week, Trivia, the What-d'ye-call-it, Fables, and laſtly, the celebrated Beggars Opera; a piece of ſatyr which hit all taſtes and degrees of men, from thoſe of the higheſt quality to the very rabble: That verſe of Horace

Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim,

could never be ſo juſtly applied as to this. The vaſt ſucceſs of it was unprecedented, and almoſt incredible: What is related of the wonderful effects of the ancient muſic or tragedy hardly came up to it: Sophocles and Euripides were leſs follow'd and famous. It was acted in London ſixty-three days, uninterrupted; and renew'd the next ſeaſon with equal applauſes. It ſpread into all the great towns of England, was play'd in many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time, at Bath and Briſtol

Hibernian Politics, O Swift! thy fate;
And Pope's, ten years to comment and tranſlate.

REMARKS.

fifty, &c. It made its progreſs into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where it was performed twenty four days together: It was laſtly acted in Minorca. The fame of it was not confined to the author only; the ladies carried about with them the favourite ſongs of it in fans; and houſes were furniſhed with it in ſcreens. The perſon who acted Polly, till then obſcure, became all at once the favourite of the town; her pictures were engraved, and ſold in great numbers; her life written, books of letters and verſes to her, publiſhed; and pamphlets made even of her ſayings and jeſts.

Furthermore, it drove out of England, for that ſeaſon, the Italian Opera, which had carried all before it for ten years. That idol of the Nobility and the people, which the great Critic Mr. Dennis by the labours and outcries of a whole life could not overthrow, was demoliſhed by a ſingle ſtroke of this gentleman's pen. This happened in the Year 1728. Yet ſo great was his modeſty, that he conſtantly prefixed to all the editions of it this motto, *Nos hæc novimus eſſe nihil.*

VER. 331. *Hibernian politics, O Swift! thy fate!*] See book i. ℣ 26.

VER. 332. *And Pope's, ten years to comment and tranſlate!*] The author here plainly laments that he was ſo long employed in tranſlating and commenting. He began the Iliad in 1713, and finiſhed it in 1719. The Edition of Shakeſpear (which he undertook merely becauſe no body elſe would) took up near two years more in the drudgery of comparing impreſſions, rectifying the

Proceed, great days! 'till Learning fly the ſhore,
'Till Birch ſhall bluſh with noble blood no more,
'Till Thames ſee Eaton's ſons for ever play,
'Till Weſtminſter's whole year be holiday,
'Till Iſis' Elders reel, their pupils ſport,
And Alma mater lie diſſolv'd in Port!

REMARKS.

Scenery, *&c.* and the Tranſlation of half the Odyſſey employed him from that time to 1725.

VER. 321. *Proceed, great days! &c.*] It may perhaps ſeem incredible, that ſo great a Revolution in Learning as is here propheſied, ſhould be brought about by ſuch *weak Inſtruments* as have been [hitherto] deſcribed in our poem. But do not thou, gentle reader, reſt too ſecure in thy contempt of theſe Inſtruments. Remember what the Dutch ſtories ſomewhere relate, that a great part of their Provinces was once overflowed by a ſmall opening made in one of their dykes by a ſingle *Water Rat*.

However, that ſuch is not ſeriouſly the judgment of our Poet, but that he conceiveth better hopes from the Diligence of our Schools, from the Regularity of our Univerſities, the Diſcernment of our Great men, the Accompliſhments of our Nobility, the Encouragement of our Patrons, and the Genius of our Writers in all kinds, (notwithſtanding ſome few exceptions in each) may plainly be ſeen from his concluſion; where cauſing all this viſion to paſs through the Ivory Gate, he expreſsly, in the language of Poeſy, declares all ſuch imaginations to be wild, ungrounded, and fictitious. SCRIBL.

Enough! enough! the raptur'd Monarch cries;
And thro' the Iv'ry Gate the Viſion flies. 340

IMITATIONS.

VER. 340. *And thro' the Iv'ry Gate, &c.*]

Sunt geminæ Somni portæ; quarum altera fertur
Cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus umbris;
Altera, candenti perfecta nitens elephanto,
Sed falſa ad cælum mittunt inſomnia manes.
Virg. Æn. vi.

The End of the THIRD BOOK.

ARGUMENT to BOOK the FOURTH.

THE Poet being, in this Book, to declare the Completion *of the* Prophecies *mention'd at the end of the former, makes a new* Invocation; *as the greater Poets are wont, when ſome high and worthy matter is to be ſung. He ſhews the Goddeſs coming in her Majeſty to deſtroy* Order *and* Science, *and to ſubſtitute the* Kingdom of the Dull *upon earth: How ſhe leads captive the* Sciences, *and ſilenceth the* Muſes; *and what they be who ſucceed in their ſtead. All her Children, by a wonderful attraction, are drawn about her; and bear along with them divers others, who promote her Empire by connivance, weak reſiſtance, or diſcouragement of Arts; ſuch as Half-wits, taſteleſs Admirers, vain Pretenders, the Flatterers of Dunces, or the Patrons of them. All theſe crowd round her; one of them offering to approach her, is driven back by a Rival, but ſhe commends and encourages both. The firſt who ſpeak in form are the* Geniuſes *of the* Schools, *who aſſure her of their care to advance her Cauſe, by confining Youth to* words, *and keeping them out of the way of real Knowledge. Their Addreſs, and her gracious Anſwer; with her Charge to them and the Univerſities. The* Univerſities *appear by their proper Deputies, and aſſure her that the ſame me-*

thod is obſerv'd in the progreſs of Education; The ſpeech of Ariſtarchus *on this ſubject. They are driven off by a band of young Gentlemen return'd from* Travel *with their* Tutors; *one of whom delivers to the Goddeſs, in a polite oration, an account of the whole Conduct and Fruits of their* Travels: *preſenting to her at the ſame time a young Nobleman perfectly accompliſhed. She receives him graciouſly, and indues him with the happy quality of* Want of Shame. *She ſees loitering about her a number of* Indolent Perſons *abandoning all buſineſs and duty and dying with lazineſs: To theſe approaches the Antiquary* Annius, *intreating her to make them* Virtuoſos, *and aſſign them over to him: But* Mummius, *another Antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent proceeding, ſhe finds a method to reconcile their difference. Then enter a Troop of people fantaſtically adorn'd, offering her ſtrange and exotic preſents: Amongſt them, one ſtands forth and demands juſtice on another, who had deprived him of one of the greateſt Curioſities in nature: but he juſtifies himſelf ſo well, that the Goddeſs gives them both her approbation. She recommends to them to find proper employment for the* Indolents *before-mention'd, in the ſtudy of Butterflies, Shells, Birds-neſts, Moſs,* &c. *but with particular caution, not to proceed beyond* Trifles, *to any uſeful or extenſive views of Nature,*

or of the Author of Nature. Againſt the laſt of theſe apprehenſions, ſhe is ſecured by a hearty Addreſs from the Minute Philoſophers *and* Freethinkers, *one of whom ſpeaks in the name of the reſt. The Youth thus inſtructed and principled, are delivered to her in a body by the hands of* Silenus; *and then admitted to taſte the Cup of the* Magus *her High Prieſt, which cauſes a total oblivion of all Obligations, divine, civil, moral, or rational. To theſe her Adepts ſhe ſends* Prieſts, Attendants, *and* Comforters, *of various kinds; confers on them* Orders, *and* Degrees; *and then diſmiſſing them with a ſpeech, confirming to each his* Privileges, *and telling what ſhe expects from each, concludes with a* Yawn *of extraordinary virtue: The Progreſs and Effects whereof on all orders of men, and the Conſummation of all, in the Reſtoration of Night and Chaos, conclude the Poem.*

THE DUNCIAD.

Book the Fourth.

YET, yet a moment, one dim Ray of Light
Indulge, dread Chaos, and eternal Night!

Remarks.

The Dunciad, Book IV.] This Book may properly be diſtinguiſhed from the former by the Name of the Greater Dunciad, not ſo indeed in Size, but in Subject; and ſo far contrary to the diſtinction anciently made of the *Greater* and *Leſſer Iliad*. But much are they miſtaken who imagine this Work in any wiſe inferior to the former, or of any other hand than of our Poet; of which I am much more certain than that the *Iliad* itſelf was the Work of *Solomon*, or the *Batrachomuomachia* of *Homer*, as the learned *Barnes* hath affirmed. Scriblerus.

Ver. 1, &c.] This is an Invocation of much Piety. The Poet, willing to approve himſelf a genuine Son, beginneth by ſhewing (what is ever agreeable to *Dulneſs*) his high reſpect for *Antiquity* and a *Great Family*, how dead or dark ſoever: Next declareth his paſſion for explaining Myſteries; and laſtly his impatience to be *re-united* to her. Scribl.

Ver. 2.—*dread Chaos, and eternal Night!*] Invoked, as the Reſtoration of their Empire is the Action of the Poem.

Of darkneſs viſible ſo much be lent,
As half to ſhew, half veil the deep Intent.
Ye Pow'rs! whoſe Myſteries reſtor'd I ſing,
To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,

REMARKS.

VER. 4.——*half to ſhew, half veil the deep Intent.*] This is a great propriety, for a dull Poet can never expreſs himſelf otherwiſe than by *halves* or imperfectly. There are ſome, I know, who underſtand it very differently; as if the Author in this work had indeed a *deep Intent*, that there were in it *Myſteries* or ἀπόῤῥητα, which he durſt not fully reveal, and that in divers verſes (according to *Milton*)

more is meant than meets the ear.

VER. 6. *To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing.*] Fair and ſoftly, good Poet! (cries the gentle *Scriblerus* on this place) For ſure, in ſpite of his unuſual modeſty, he ſhall not travel ſo faſt toward Oblivion, as divers others of more Confidence have done: For when I reſolve in my mind the Catalogue of thoſe who have the moſt boldly promiſed to themſelves Immortality, *viz. Pindar, Luis Gongora, Ronſard, Oldham*, Lyrics; *Lycophron, Statius, Chapman, Blackmore*, Heroics; I find the one half to be already dead, and the other in utter darkneſs. But it becometh not us, who have taken up the office of his Commentator, to ſuffer our Poet thus prodigally to caſt away his Life; contrariwiſe, the more hidden and abſtruſe is his work, and the more remote its beauties from common Underſtanding, the more is it our duty to draw forth and exalt the ſame, in the face of Men and Angels. Herein ſhall we imitate the laudable Spirit of thoſe, who have (for this very reaſon) delighted to com-

Suſpend a while your Force inertly ſtrong,
Then take at once the Poet and the Song.

Now flam'd the Dog-ſtar's unpropitious ray,
Smote ev'ry Brain, and wither'd ev'ry Bay;
Sick was the Sun, the Owl forſook his bow'r,
The moon-ſtruck Prophet felt the madding hour:
Then roſe the Seed of Chaos, and of Night,
To blot out Order, and extinguiſh Light,
Of dull and venal a new World to mold,
And bring Saturnian days of Lead and Gold.

REMARKS.

ment on *dark* and *uncouth* Authors, and even on their darker Fragments; preferred *Ennius* to *Virgil*, and choſen to turn the dark Lanthorn of LYCOPHRON, rather than to trim the everlaſting Lamp of *Homer*. SCRIBL.

VER. 7.— *Force inertly ſtrong.*] Alluding to the *Vis inertiæ of Matter*, which, tho' it really be no Power, is yet the Foundation of all the Qualities and Attributes of that ſluggiſh Subſtance.

VER. 14. *To blot out* Order, *and extinguiſh* Light.] The two great Ends of her Miſſion; the one in quality of Daughter of *Chaos*, the other as Daughter of *Night*. *Order* here is to be underſtood extenſively, both as Civil and Moral, the diſtinctions between high and low in Society, and true and falſe in Individuals: *Light*, as Intellectual only, Wit, Science, Arts.

VER. 15. *Of dull and venal*] The Allegory continued; *dull* referring to the extinction of Light or Science, *venal* to the deſtruction of Order, or the Truth of Things.

She mounts the Throne: her head a Cloud conceal'd,
In broad Effulgence all below reveal'd,
('Tis thus aſpiring Dulneſs ever ſhines)
Soft on her lap her Laureat ſon reclines.

REMARKS.

Ibid.—*a new World*] In alluſion to the Epicurean opinion, that from the Diſſolution of the natural World into Night and Chaos, a new one ſhould ariſe; this the Poet alluding to, in the Production of a new moral World, makes it partake of its original Principles.

VER. 16. Lead *and* Gold.] *i. e.* dull and venal.

VER. 18.—*all below reveal'd*,] Vet. Adag. **The higher you climb, the more you ſhew your A—.** Verified in no inſtance more than in Dulneſs aſpiring. Emblematized alſo by an Ape climbing and expoſing his poſteriors. SCRIBL.

VER. 20.—*her Laureat ſon reclines.*] With great judgment it is imagined by the Poet, that ſuch a Collegue as Dulneſs had elected, ſhould ſleep on the Throne, and have very little ſhare in the Action of the Poem. Accordingly he hath done little or nothing from the day of his Anointing, having paſt through the ſecond book, without taking part in any thing that was tranſacted about him, and through the third in profound Sleep. Nor ought this, well conſidered, to ſeem ſtrange in our days, when ſo many *King-conſorts* have done the like. SCRIBL.

This verſe our excellent Laureat took ſo to heart, that he appealed to all mankind, "if he was not as *ſeldom* "*aſleep as any fool?*" But it is hoped the Poet hath not injured him, but rather verified his Prophecy (p. 243. of his own Life, 8vo. ch. ix.) where he ſays "*Even my* "*Dulneſs will find ſomebody to do it right; and the Read-*

Beneath her foot-ſtool, *Science* groans in Chains,
And *Wit* dreads Exile, Penalties and Pains.

REMARKS.

" *er will be as much pleaſed to find me a* Dunce *in my* Old " age, *as he was to prove me a* briſk blockhead *in my* " Youth." Wherever there was any room for Briſkneſs, or Alacrity of any ſort, *even in ſinking*, he hath allowed it him; but here, where there is nothing for him to do but to take his natural reſt, he muſt permit his Hiſtorian to be ſilent. It is from their *actions* only that Princes have their Character, and Poets from their *works*: And if in *thoſe* he be *as much a ſleep as any fool*, the Poet muſt leave him and them to *ſleep to all eternity*. BENT.

VER. 21, 22. *Beneath her footſtool, &c.*] We are next preſented with the pictures of thoſe whom the Goddeſs leads in Captivity. *Science* is only depreſſed and confined ſo as to be rendered uſeleſs; but *Wit* and *Genius*, as a more dangerous and active enemy, puniſhed, or driven away: *Dulneſs* being often reconciled in ſome degree with Learning, but never upon any terms with Wit. And accordingly it will be ſeen, that ſhe admits ſomething *like* each Science, as Caſuiſtry, Sophiſtry, *&c.* but nothing like wit; *Opera* alone ſupplying its place.

VER. *id.—her Laureat*] " When I find my Name in " the ſatyrical works of this Poet, I never look upon it " as any malice meant to me, but PROFIT TO HIMSELF. " For he conſiders that *my face* is more *known* than moſt " in the nation; and therefore *a Lick at the Laureat* will " be a ſure bait *ad captandum vulgus*, to catch little rea- " ders." Life of Colley Cibber, chap. ii.

Now if it be certain. that the works of our Poet have owed their ſucceſs to this ingenious expedient, we hence derive an unanſwerable Argument, that this Fourth DUN-

There foam'd rebellious *Logic*, gagg'd and bound,
There, ſtript, fair *Rhet'ric* languiſh'd on the ground;
His blunted Arms by *Sophiſtry* are born,
And ſhameleſs *Billingsgate* her Robes adorn.
Morality, by her falſe Guardians drawn,
Chicane in Furs, and *Caſuiſtry* in Lawn,
Gaſps, as they ſtraiten at each end the cord,
And dies, when Dulneſs gives her Page the word.
Mad *Mátheſis* alone was unconfin'd,
Too mad for mere material chains to bind,
Now to pure Space lifts her extatick ſtare,
Now running round the Circle, finds it ſquare.

REMARKS.

CIAD, as well as the former three, hath had the Author's laſt hand, and was by him intended for the Preſs: Or elſe to what purpoſe hath he crowned it, as we ſee, by this finiſhing ſtroke, the profitable *Lick* at the *Laureate?* SCRIBL.

VER. 30.——*gives her* Page *the word.*] A Judge of this name, always ready to hang any man that comes before him; of which he was ſuffer'd to give a hundred miſerable examples during a long life, even to his dotage.—Tho' the candid *Scriblerus* imagined *Page* here to mean no more than a *Page* or *Mute*, and to allude to the cuſtom of ſtrangling State Criminals in *Turkey* by Mutes or Pages. A practice more decent than that of *our Pages*, who, before they hang any one, load him with reproachful language. SCRIBL.

VER. 31 *Mad* Máthefis.] Alluding to the ſtrange Concluſions ſome Mathematicians have deduced from

But held in ten-fold bonds the *Muſes* lie,
Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flatt'ry's eye:
There to her heart ſad Tragedy addreſt
The dagger wont to pierce the Tyrant's breaſt;
But ſober Hiſtory reſtrain'd her rage,
And promis'd Vengeance on a barb'rous age.

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their principles concerning the *real Quantity of Matter*, the *Reality of Space*, &c.

VER. 33.——*pure Space*] i. e. pure and defæcated from Matter. —— *extatick Stare*, the action of men who look about with full aſſurance of ſeeing what does not exiſt, ſuch as thoſe who expect to find *Space* a real being.

VER. 34.—*running round the* Circle, *finds it ſquare.*] Regards the wild and fruitleſs attempts of *ſquaring the Circle*,

VER. 36. *Watch'd both by* Envy's *and by* Flatt'ry's *eye.*] One of the Misfortunes falling on Authors, from the *Act* for ſubjecting *Plays* to the power of a *Licenſer*, being the falſe repreſentations to which they were expos'd, from ſuch as either gratify'd their Envy to Merit, or made their Court to Greatneſs, by perverting general Reflections againſt Vice into Libels on particular Perſons.

VER. 39. *But ſober* Hiſtory.] Hiſtory attends on Tragedy, Satire on Comedy, as their ſubſtitutes in the diſcharge of their diſtinct functions: the one in high life, recording the crimes and puniſhments of the great; the other in low, expoſing the vices or follies of the common People. But it may be aſked, How came *Hiſtory* and *Satire* to be admitted with impunity to miniſter comfort

There ſunk Thalia, nerveleſs, cold, and dead,
Had not her Siſter Satyr held her head:
Nor could'ſt thou, CHESTERFIELD! a tear refuſe,
Thou wept'ſt, and with thee wept each gentle Muſe.

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to the Muſes, even in the preſence of the Goddeſs, and in the midſt of all her triumphs? A queſtion, ſays *Scriblerus*, which we thus reſolve: *Hiſtory* was brought up in her infancy by Dulneſs herſelf; but being afterwards eſpouſed into a noble houſe, ſhe forgot (as is uſual) the humility of her birth, and the cares of her early friends. This occaſioned a long eſtrangement between her and Dulneſs. At length, in proceſs of time, they met together in a Monk's Cell, were reconciled, and became better friends than ever. After this they had a ſecond quarrel, but it held not long, and are now again on reaſonable terms, and ſo are like to continue. This accounts for the connivance ſhewn to Hiſtory on this occaſion. But the boldneſs of SATIRE ſprings from a very different cauſe; for the reader ought to know, that ſhe alone of all the ſiſters is unconquerable, never to be ſilenced when truly inſpired and animated, as ſhould ſeem from above, for this very purpoſe, to oppoſe the kingdom of Dulneſs to her laſt breath.

VER. 43. *Nor could'ſt thou, &c.*] This Noble Perſon in the year 1737, when the Act aforeſaid was brought into the Houſe of Lords, oppoſed it in an excellent ſpeech (ſays Mr. *Cibber*) "with a lively ſpirit, and uncommon eloquence." This ſpeech had the honour to be anſwered by the ſaid Mr. *Cibber*, with a lively ſpirit alſo, and in a manner very uncommon, in the viiith Chapter of his *Life and Manners*. And here, gentle Reader,

When lo! a Harlot form ſoft ſliding by,
With mincing ſtep, ſmall voice, and languid eye;
Foreign her air, her robe's diſcordant pride
In patch-work flutt'ring, and her head aſide:
By ſinging Peers up-held on either hand,
She tripp'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to ſtand;
Caſt on the proſtrate Nine a ſcornful look,
Then thus in quaint Recitativo ſpoke.

O *Cara! Cara!* ſilence all that train:
Joy to great Chaos! let Diviſion reign:

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would I gladly inſert the other ſpeech, whereby thou mighteſt judge between them: but I muſt defer it on account of ſome differences not yet adjuſted between the noble Author and myſelf, concerning the *True Reading* of certain paſſages. SCRIBL.

VER. 45. *When lo! a harlot form*] Every Reader will ſee, that from this verſe to the 70th is a detached Piece. We ſuppoſe it rightly inſerted here, from what is ſaid of her caſting a ſcornful look on the *proſtrate Muſes:* but if any one can ſhew us a properer place, we ſhall be obliged to him.—The Attitude given to this Phantom repreſents the nature and genius of the *Italian* Opera: its affected airs, its effeminate ſounds, and the practice of patching up theſe Operas with favourite Songs, incoherently put together. Theſe things were ſupported by the ſubſcriptions of the Nobility.

VER. 54.——*let Diviſion reign:*] Alluding to the falſe taſte of playing tricks in Muſic with numberleſs diviſions, to the neglect of that harmony which conforms to

Chromatic tortures ſoon ſhall drive them hence,
Break all their nerves, and fritter all their ſenſe:
One Trill ſhall harmonize joy, grief, and rage,
Wake the dull Church, and lull the ranting Stage;
To the ſame notes thy ſons ſhall hum, or ſnore,
And all thy yawning daughters cry, *encore*.
Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns,
Joys in my jiggs, and dances in my chains.

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the Senſe, and applies to the paſſions. Mr. *Handel* had introduced a great number of Hands, and more variety of inſtruments into the Orcheſtra, and employed even Drums and Cannon to make a fuller Chorus; which prov'd ſo much too manly for the fine Gentlemen of his age, that he was obliged to remove his Muſic into *Ireland*. After which they were reduced, for want of Compoſers, to practiſe the patch-work above-mentioned.

VER. 55. *Chromatic tortures.*] That ſpecies of the ancient muſic called the *Chromatic* was a variation and imbelliſhment, in odd irregularities of the *Diatonic* kind. —They ſay it was invented about the time of *Alexander*, and that the *Spartans* forbad the uſe of it, as languid and effeminate.

VER. 58. *Wake the dull Church, and lull the ranting Stage.*] i. e. diſſipate the *devotion* of one by light and wanton airs; and ſubdue the *pathos* of the other by recitative and ſing-ſong.

VER. 59.—*thy own* Phœbus *reigns.*]

Tuus jam regnat Apollo. VIRG.

Not the ancient *Phœbus*, the God of Harmony, but a modern *Phœbus* of *French* extraction, married to the Prin-

But ſoon, ah ſoon Rebellion will commence,
If Muſic meanly borrows aid from Senſe:
Strong in new Arms, lo! Giant HANDEL ſtands,
Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands;
To ſtir, to rouze, to ſhake the Soul he comes,
And Jove's own Thunders follow Mars's Drums.
Arreſt him, Empreſs; or you ſleep no more—
She heard, and drove him to th' Hibernian ſhore.

And now had Fame's poſterior Trumpet blown,
And all the Nations ſummon'd to the Throne.
The young, the old, who feel her inward ſway,
One inſtinct ſeizes, and tranſports away.
None need a guide, by ſure Attraction led,
And ſtrong impulſive gravity of Head:

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ceſs *Galimathia*, one of the handmaids of Dulneſs, and an aſſiſtant to Opera. Of whom ſee *Bouhours*, and other Critics of that nation.

VER. 71.—*Fame's poſterior Trumpet.*] *Poſterior*, viz. her *ſecond* or *more certain* Report: unleſs we imagine this word *poſterior* to relate to the poſition of one of her Trumpets, according to *Hudibras*:

She blows not both with the ſame Wind,
But one before and one behind;
And therefore modern Authors name
One good, and t'other evil Fame.

VER. 75. *None need a* Guide,—*none want a* Place.]

None want a place, for all their Centre found,
Hung to the Goddeſs, and coher'd around.
Not cloſer, orb in orb, conglob'd are ſeen
The buzzing Bees about their duſky Queen.

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The ſons of Dulneſs want no inſtructors in ſtudy, nor guides in life: they are their own maſters in all Sciences, and their own Heralds and introducers into all places.

VER. 76 to 101.] It ought to be obſerved that here are three claſſes in this aſſembly. The firſt, of men abſolutely and avowedly dull, who naturally adhere to the Goddeſs, and are imaged in the ſimile of the Bees about their Queen. The ſecond, involuntarily drawn to her, tho' not caring to own her influence; from verſe 81 to 90. The third, of ſuch, as, tho' not members of her ſtate, yet advance her ſervice by flattering Dulneſs, cultivating miſtaken talents, patronizing vile ſcriblers, diſcouraging living merit, or ſetting up for wits, and Men of taſte in Arts they underſtand not; from verſe 91 to 101. In this new world of Dulneſs each of theſe three claſſes hath its appointed ſtation, as beſt ſuits its nature, and concurs to the harmony of the Syſtem. The *firſt*, drawn only by the ſtrong and ſimple impulſe of attraction, are repreſented as falling directly down into her; as conglobed into her ſubſtance, and reſting in her centre:

——All their centre found,
Hung to the Goddeſs, and coher'd around.

The *ſecond*, tho' within the ſphere of her attraction, yet having at the ſame time a projectile motion, they are carried, by the compoſition of theſe two, in planetary revo-

The gath'ring number, as it moves along,
Involves a vaſt involuntary throng,
Who gently drawn, and ſtruggling leſs and leſs,
Roll in her Vortex, and her pow'r confeſs.
Not thoſe alone who paſſive own her laws,
But who, weak rebels, more advance her cauſe.
Whate'er of dunce in College or in Town
Sneers at another, in toupee or gown;
Whate'er of mungril no one claſs admits,
A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.
Nor abſent they, no members of her ſtate,
Who pay her homage in her ſons, the Great;
Who falſe to Phœbus, bow the knee to Baal;
Or impious, preach his Word without a call.

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lutions round her centre, ſome nearer to it, ſome further off:

Who gently drawn, and ſtruggling leſs and leſs,
Roll in her Vortex, and her pow'r confeſs.

The *third* are properly *excentrical*, and *no* conſtant *members of her ſtate* or ſyſtem. Sometimes at an immenſe diſtance from her influence, and ſometimes again almoſt on the ſurface of her *broad effulgence*. Their uſe, in their Perihelion, or neareſt approach to Dulneſs, is the ſame in the *moral World*, as that of *Comets* in the *natural*, namely to refreſh and recreate the *Dryneſs* and decays of the ſyſtem; in the manner marked out from ℣ 91 to 98. SCRIBL.

VER. 93. ——*falſe to* Phœbus.] Spoken of the an-

Patrons, who ſneak from living worth to dead,
With-hold the penſion, and ſet up the head;
Or veſt dull Flatt'ry in the ſacred Gown;
Or give from fool to fool the Laurel crown.
And (laſt and worſt) with all the cant of wit,
Without the ſoul, the Muſe's Hypocrit.

There march'd the bard and blockhead, ſide by ſide,
Who rhym'd for hire, and patroniz'd for pride.
Narciſſus, prais'd with all a Parſon's pow'r,
Look'd a white lilly ſunk beneath a ſhow'r.
There mov'd Montalto with ſuperior air;
His ſtretch'd-out arm diſplay'd a Volume fair;
Courtiers and Patriots in two ranks divide,
Thro' both he paſs'd, and bow'd from ſide to ſide:
But as in graceful act, with awful eye
Compos'd he ſtood, bold Benſon thruſt him by:

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cient and true *Phœbus*, not the *French Phœbus*, who hath no choſen Prieſts or Poets, but equally inſpires any man that pleaſeth to ſing or preach. SCRIBL.

VER. 105. *There mov'd* Montalto.] An eminent perſon of Quality, who was about to publiſh a very pompous Edition of a great Author, very much at his own expence indeed.

VER. 110.—*bold* Benſon.] This man endeavoured to raiſe himſelf to Fame by erecting monuments, ſtriking coins, and procuring tranſlations, of *Milton*; and

On two unequal crutches propt he came,
Milton's on this, on that one Johnſton's name.
The decent Knight retir'd with ſober rage,
"What! no reſpect, he cry'd, for Shakeſpear's page?"
But (happy for him as the times went then)
Appear'd Apollo's May'r and Aldermen,
On whom three hundred gold-cap youths await,
To lug the pond'rous volume off in ſtate.
When Dulneſs, ſmiling—"Thus revive the Wits!
But murder firſt, and mince them all to bits;
As erſt Medea (cruel, ſo to ſave!)
A new Edition of old Æſon gave.
Let ſtandard-Authors, thus, like trophies born,
Appear more glorious as more hack'd and torn,

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afterwards by a great paſſion for *Arthur Johnſton*, a *Scotch* phyſician's Verſion of the Pſalms, of which he printed many fine Editions. See more of him, Book iii.

VER. 119. *Thus revive, &c.*] The Goddeſs applauds the practice of tacking the obſcure names of Perſons not eminent in any branch of learning to thoſe of the moſt diſtinguiſhed Writers; either by printing *Editions* of their works with impertinent alterations of their Text, or by ſetting up *Monuments* diſgraced with their own vile names and inſcriptions.

VER. 122. ——*old Æſon.*] Of whom Ovid (very applicably to theſe reſtored authors)

Æſon *miratur*,
Diſſimilemque animum *ſubiit*—

And you, my Critics! in the checquer'd ſhade,
Admire new light thro' holes yourſelves have made.
Leave not a foot of verſe, a foot of ſtone,
A Page, a Grave, that they can call their own;
But ſpread, my ſons, your glory thin or thick,
On paſſive paper, or on ſolid brick.
So by each Bard an Alderman ſhall ſit.
A heavy Lord ſhall hang at ev'ry Wit,
And while on Fame's triumphal Car they ride,
Some Slave of mine be pinion'd to their ſide.
Now crowds on crowds around the Goddeſs preſs,
Each eager to preſent the firſt Addreſs.
Dunce ſcorning Dunce beholds the next advance,
But Fop ſhews Fop ſuperior complaiſance.

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VER. 128. *A Page, a Grave.*] For what leſs than a Grave can be granted to a dead author? or what leſs than a Page can be allow'd a living one?

VER. id. *A Page.*] *Pagina*, not *Pediſſequus*. A Page of a Book, not a Servant, Follower or Attendant; no Poet having had a *Page* ſince the death of Mr. Thomas Durfey.

VER. 131. *So by each Bard an Alderman*, &c.] Vide the *Tombs of the Poets*, Editio Weſtmonaſterienſis.

VER. 137—8. *Dunce ſcorning Dunce beholds the next advance,*
But Fop ſhews Fop ſuperior complaiſance.]
This is not to be aſcribed ſo much to the different man-

When lo! a Spectre roſe, whoſe index-hand
Held forth the Virtue of the dreadful wand;
His beaver'd brow a birchen garland wears,
Dropping with Infant's blood, and Mother's tears.
O'er ev'ry vein a ſhudd'ring horror runs;
Eton and Winton ſhake thro' all their Sons.
All Fleſh is humbled, Weſtminſter's bold race
Shrink, and confeſs the Genius of the place:
The pale Boy-Senator yet tingling ſtands,
And holds his breeches cloſe with both his hands.

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ners of a Court and College, as to the different effects which a pretence to Learning, and a pretence to Wit, have on Blockheads. For as judgment conſiſts in finding out the differences in things, and wit, in finding out their likeneſſes, ſo the *Dunce* is all diſcord and diſſenſion, and conſtantly buſied in *reproving*, *examining*, *confuting*, &c. while the Fop flouriſhes in peace, with Songs and Hymns of Praiſe, *Addreſſes*, *Characters*, *Epithalamiums*, &c.

VER. 140—*the dreadful wand*] A Cane uſually born by Schoolmaſters, which drives the poor Souls about like the wand of Mercury,

VER. 148. *And holds his breeches.*] An effect of Fear ſomewhat like this is deſcribed in the viith Æneid,

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VER. 142. *Dropping with Infant's blood, and Mother's tears.*]

Firſt Moloch, horrid King, beſmear'd with blood
Of human ſacrifice, and parents tears. MILT.

Then thus. Since Man from beaſt by Words is known,
Words are Man's province, Words we teach alone.
When Reaſon doubtful, like the Samian letter,
Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.
Plac'd at the door of Learning, youth to guide,
We never ſuffer it to ſtand too wide.

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Contremuit nemus———
Et trepidæ matres preſſere ad pectora natos.

nothing being ſo natural in any apprehenſion, as to lay cloſe hold on whatever is ſuppos'd to be moſt in danger. But let it not be imagined the author would inſinuate theſe youthful Senators (tho' ſo lately come from ſchool) to be under the undue influence of any Maſter.

VER. 151.——*like the Samian letter.*] The letter Y, uſed by Pythagoras as an emblem of the different roads of Virtue and Vice. *Perſius,*

Et tibi quæ Samios diduxit litera ramos.

VER. 153. *Plac'd at the door,* &c.] This circumſtance of the *Genius Loci* (with that of the Index-hand before) ſeems to be an alluſion to the *Table of Cebes,* where the Genius of human Nature points out the road to be purſued by thoſe entering into life. Ὁ δὲ γέρων ὁ ἄνω ἑστηκὼς ἔχων χάρτην τινὰ ἐν τῇ χειρὶ, καὶ τῇ ἑτέρᾳ ὥσπερ δεικνυων τί οὗτος Δαίμων καλεῖται, &c.

VER. 154. *We never ſuffer it to ſtand too wide.*] A pleaſant alluſion to the deſcription of the Door of Wiſdom in the *Table of Cebes,* Θύραν τινὰ μικράν.

To aſk, to gueſs, to know, as they commence,
As Fancy opens the quick ſprings of Senſe,
We ply the Memory, we load the brain,
Bind rebel Wit, and double chain on chain,
Confine the thought, to exerciſe the breath;
And keep them in the pale of Words till death.
Whate'er the talents, or howe'er deſign'd,
We hang one jingling padlock on the mind:
A Poet the firſt day he dips his quill;
And what the laſt? a very Poet ſtill.
Pity! the charm works only in our wall,
Loſt, loſt too ſoon in yonder Houſe or Hall.
There truant WYNDHAM ev'ry Muſe gave o'er,
There TALBOT ſunk, and was a Wit no more!
How ſweet an Ovid, MURRAY was our boaſt!
How many Martials were in PULT'NEY loſt!
Elſe ſure ſome Bard, to our eternal praiſe,
In twice ten thouſand rhyming nights and days,

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VER. 159.——*to exerciſe the breath.*] By obliging them to get the claſſic poets by heart, which furniſhes them with endleſs matter for Converſation, and Verbal amuſement for their whole lives.

VER. 162. *We hang one jingling padlock*, &c.] For youth being uſed like Packhorſes and beaten on under a heavy load of Words, leſt they ſhould tire, their Inſtructors contrive to make the words jingle, in rhime or metre.

Had reach'd the Work, the All that mortal can;
And South beheld that Maſter-piece of Man.

Oh (cry'd the Goddeſs) for ſome pedant Reign!
Some gentle JAMES, to bleſs the land again;
To ſtick the Doctor's Chair into the Throne,
Give law to Words, or war with Words alone,
Senates and Courts with Greek and Latin rule,
And turn the Council to a Grammar School!

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VER. 174. ——*that Maſter-piece of Man.*] viz. an *Epigram*. The famous Dr. *South* declared a perfect Epigram to be as difficult a performance as an Epic Poem. And the Critics ſay, "an Epic Poem is the greateſt work "human nature is capable of."

VER. 176. *Some gentle* James, &c.] Wilſon tells us that this king, *James* the firſt, took upon himſelf to teach the Latin tongue to Car, Earl of Somerſet; and that Gondomar the Spaniſh Ambaſſador would ſpeak falſe Latin to him, on purpoſe to give him the pleaſure of correcting it, whereby he wrought himſelf into his good graces.

This great Prince was the firſt who aſſumed the title of *Sacred Majeſty*, which his loyal Clergy transferr'd from *God* to *him*. "The principles of Paſſive Obedience and "Nonreſiſtance (ſays the Author of the Diſſertation on "Parties, Letter VIII.) which before his time had ſculk'd "perhaps in ſome old Homily, were talk'd, written, "and preach'd into vogue in that inglorious reign."

For ſure, if Dulneſs ſees a grateful Day,
'Tis in the ſhade of Arbitrary Sway.
O! if my ſons may learn one earthly thing,
Teach but that one, ſufficient for a King;

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VER. 182.——*if dulneſs ſees a grateful day,*
'Tis in the ſhade of Arbitrary ſway.]

And grateful it is in Dulneſs to make this confeſſion. I will not ſay ſhe alludes to that celebrated verſe of Claudian,

——*nunquam* Libertas *gratior exſtat*
Quam ſub Rege pio——

But this I will ſay, that the words *Liberty* and *Monarchy* have been frequently confounded and miſtaken one for the other by the graveſt authors. I ſhould therefore conjecture, that the genuine reading of the forecited verſe was thus,

——*nunquam* Libertas *gratior exſtat*
Quam ſub Lege *pia*——

and that *Rege* was the reading only of Dulneſs herſelf: And therefore ſhe might allude to it. SCRIBL.

I judge quite otherwiſe of this paſſage: The genuine reading is *Libertas* and *Rege:* So Claudian gave it. But the error lies in the firſt verſe: It ſhould be *Exit*, not *Exſtat*, and then the meaning will be, that Liberty was never *loſt*, or *went away* with ſo good a grace, as under a good King: it being without doubt a tenfold ſhame to loſe it under a bad one.

This farther leads me to animadvert upon a moſt grievous piece of nonſenſe to be found in all the Editions of

That which my Prieſts, and mine alone, maintain,
Which as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign:
May you, may Cam, and Iſis preach it long!
"The RIGHT DIVINE of Kings to govern wrong."

Prompt at the call, around the Goddeſs roll
Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a ſable ſhoal:
Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
A hundred head of Ariſtotle's friends.

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the Author of the Dunciad himſelf. A moſt capital one it is, and owing to the confuſion, above-mention'd by Scriblerus, of the two words *Liberty* and *Monarchy*. Eſſay on Crit.

Nature, like Monarchy, *is but reſtrain'd*
By the ſame Laws herſelf at firſt ordain'd.

Who ſees not, it ſhould be, *Nature like* Liberty? Correct it therefore *repugnantibus omnibus*, (even tho' the Author himſelf ſhould oppugn) in all the impreſſions which have been, or ſhall be, made of his works. BENTL.

VER. 192. *A hundred head of Ariſtotle's friends.*] The Philoſophy of *Ariſtotle* had ſuffered a long diſgrace in this learned Univerſity: being firſt expelled by the *Carteſian*, which, in its turn, gave place to the *Newtonian*. But it had all this while ſome faithful followers in ſecret, who never bowed the knee to *Baal*, nor acknowledged any ſtrange God in Philoſophy. Theſe, on this new appearance of the Goddeſs, come out like Confeſſors, and make an open profeſſion of the ancient faith, in the *ipſe dixit* of their Maſter. Thus far SCRIBLERUS.

Nor wert thou, Iſis! wanting to the day,
[Tho' Chriſt-church long kept prudiſhly away.]

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But the learned Mr. *Colley Cibber* takes the matter quite otherwiſe; and that this *various fortune of Ariſtotle* relates not to his *natural*, but his *moral* Philoſophy. For ſpeaking of that Univerſity in his time, he ſays, *they ſeemed to have as implicit a Reverence for Shakeſpear and Johnſon, as formerly for the* ETHICS *of Ariſtotle.* See his Life, p. 385. One would think this learned profeſſor had miſtaken *Ethics* for *Phyſics*; unleſs he imagine the Morals too were grown into diſuſe, from the relaxation they admitted of during the time he mentions, *viz.* while He and the Players were at Oxford.

Ibid. *A hundred head, &c.*] It appears by this the Goddeſs has been careful of keeping up a Succeſſion, according to the rule,

Semper enim refice: ac ne poſt amiſſa requiras,
Anteveni; et ſobolem armento *ſortire* quotannis.

It is remarkable with what dignity the Poet here deſcribes the *friends* of this ancient Philoſopher. Horace does not obſerve the ſame decorum with regard to thoſe of another ſect, when he ſays, *Cum ridere voles Epicuri de* grege *porcum.* But the word *Drove, Armentum*, here underſtood, is a word of honour, as the moſt noble *Feſtus* the *Grammarian* aſſures us, *Armentum id genus pecoris appellatur, quod eſt idoneum opus* armorum. And alluding to the temper of this *warlike breed*, our poet very appoſitely calls them *a hundred head.* SCRIBL.

VER. 194. *Tho' Chriſt-church*] This line is doubtleſs

Each ſtaunch Polemic, ſtubborn as a rock,
Each fierce Logician, ſtill expelling Locke,
Came whip and ſpur, and daſh'd thro' thin and thick
On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgerſdyck.
As many quit the ſtreams that murm'ring fall
To lull the ſons of Marg'ret and Clare-hall,
Where Bentley late tempeſtuous wont to ſport
In troubled waters, but now ſleeps in Port.

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ſpurious, and foiſted in by the impertinence of the Editor; and accordingly we have put it between Hooks. For I affirm this College came as yearly as any other, by its proper Deputies; nor did any College pay homage to Dulneſs in its whole body. BENTL.

VER. 196.—*ſtill expelling* Locke,] In the year 1703 there was a meeting of the heads of the Univerſity of Oxford to cenſure Mr. Locke's Eſſay on Human Underſtanding, and to forbid the reading it.

VER. 198. *On German* Crouzaz *and Dutch* Burgerſdyck.] There ſeems to be an improbability that the Doctors and Heads of Houſes ſhould ride on horſe-back, who of late days, being gouty or unwieldy, have kept their coaches. But theſe are horſes of great ſtrength, and fit to carry any weight, as their German and Dutch extraction may manifeſt; and very famous, we may conclude, being honour'd with Names, as were the horſes Pegaſus and Bucephalus.

VER. 199.—*the Streams.*] The River Cam, running by the walls of theſe Colleges, which are particularly famous for their ſkill in Diſputation.

VER. 202.—*ſleeps in Port.*] viz. "now retired in-

Before them march'd that awful Ariſtarch;
Plow'd was his front with many a deep Remark:
His Hat, which never vail'd to human pride,
Walker with rev'rence took, and laid aſide.
Low bow'd the reſt: He, kingly, did but nod;
So upright Quakers pleaſe both Man and God.
Miſtreſs! diſmiſs that rabble from your throne:
Avaunt—is Ariſtarchus yet unknown!

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" to harbour, after the tempeſts that had long agitated " his ſociety." So *Scriblerus*. But the learned *Scipio Maffei* underſtands it of a certain Wine called *Port*, from *Oporto* a city of Portugal, of which this Profeſſor invited him to drink abundantly. SCIP. MAFF. *de Compotationibus Academicis.*

VER. 205. *His Hat*, &c.——*So upright Quakers pleaſe both Man and God.*] The Hat-worſhip, as the Quakers call it, is an abomination to that ſect: yet, where it is neceſſary to pay that reſpect to man (as in the Courts of Juſtice and Houſes of Parliament) they have, to avoid offence and yet not violate their conſcience, permitted other people to uncover them.

VER. 210. *Ariſtarchus.*] A famous Commentator,

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VER. 207. *He, kingly, did but nod.*] Milton,

—He, kingly, from his State
Declin'd not———

VER. 210.—*Is* Ariſtarchus *yet unknown?*

——Sic notus Ulyſſes? Virg.

Doſt thou not feel me, Rome? Ben Johnſon.

Thy mighty Scholiaſt, whoſe unweary'd pains
Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's ſtrains.
Turn what they will to Verſe, their toil is vain,
Critics like me ſhall make it Proſe again.
Roman and Greek Grammarians! know your Better:
Author of ſomething yet more great than Letter;
While tow'ring o'er your Alphabet, like Saul,
Stands our Digamma, and o'er-tops them all.
'Tis true, on Words is ſtill our whole debate,
Diſputes of *Me* or *Te*, of *aut* or *at*,

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and Corrector of Homer, whoſe name has been frequently uſed to ſignify a ſevere Critic.

VER. 217, 218. *While tow'ring o'er your Alphabet like* Saul, *Stands our* Digamma—] Alludes to the boaſted reſtoration of the Æolic Digamma, in his long projected Edition of Homer. He calls it *ſomething more than Letter*, from the enormous figure it would make among the other letters, being one Gamma ſet upon the ſhoulders of another.

VER. 212.—*of* Me *or* Te.] It was a ſerious diſpute, about which the learned were much divided, and ſome treatiſes written: Had it been about *Meum* or *Tuum* it

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VER 215. *Roman and Greek* Grammarians, &c.] Imitated from Propertius ſpeaking of the Æneid.

Cedite, Romani *ſcriptores*, *cedite* Graii!
Neſcio quid majus *naſcitur Illiade*. ——

To ſound or ſink in *cano*, O or A,
Or give up Cicero to C or K.
Let Freind affect to ſpeak as Terence ſpoke,
And Alſop never but like Horace joke:
For me, what Virgil, Pliny may deny,
Manilius or Solinus ſhall ſupply:
For Attic Phraſe in Plato let them ſeek,
I poach in Suidas for unlicens'd Greek.
In ancient Senſe if any needs will deal,
Be ſure I give them Fragments, not a Meal;

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could not be more conteſted than whether at the end of the firſt Ode of Horace, to read, Me *doctarum hederæ præmia frontium*, or, Te *doctarum hederæ*——

By this the learned Scholiaſt would ſeem to inſinuate that the diſpute was not about *meum* and *tuum*; which is a miſtake, for, as a venerable Sage obſerveth, *words are the counters of wiſe Men, but the Money of fools*. So that we ſee their property was indeed concerned. SCRIBL.

VER. 222. *Or give up* Cicero *to* C *or* K.] Grammatical diſputes about the manner of pronouncing Cicero's name.

VER. 223. *Friend, Alſop*—] Dr. Robert Freind, maſter of Weſtminſter-ſchool, and canon of Chriſt-church—Dr. Anthony Alſop, a happy imitator of the Horatian ſtyle.

VER. 226 *Manilius or Solinus*] Some Critics having had it in their choice to comment either on Virgil or Manilius, Pliny or Solinus, have choſen the worſe author, the more freely to diſplay their critical capacity.

What Gellius or Stobæus hash'd before,
Or chew'd by blind old Scholiasts o'er and e'er.
The critic Eye, that microscope of Wit,
Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit:
How parts relate to parts, or they to whole,
The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse shall see,
When Man's whole frame is obvious to a *Flea*.

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VER. 228, *&c. Suidas, Gellius, Stobæus*] The first a Dictionary-writer, a collector of impertinent facts and barbarous words; the second a minute Critic; the third an author, who gave his Common-place book to the public, where we happen to find much Mince-meat of old books.

VER. 232. *Or chew'd by blind old Scholiasts o'er and o'er.*] These taking the same things eternally from the mouth of one another.

VER. 237.—*Kuster, Burman.*] Much wiser Critics than *Dennis* and *Gildon*; celebrated in the foregoing Book, who became the public Scorn by a mere mistake of their talents. They would needs turn Critics of their own Countrymen (just as Aristotle and Longinus did of theirs) and discourse upon the beauties and defects of composition: "*How parts relate to parts, and they to* whole; *The Body's harmony, the beaming Soul.*" Whereas had they followed the Example of these *Microscopes of wit*, Kuster, Burman, and their followers, in verbal Criticism on the learned Languages, their acuteness and industry might have raised them a name equal to the

Ah, think not, Miſtreſs! more true Dulneſs lies
In Folly's Cap, than Wiſdom's grave diſguiſe.
Like buoys, that never ſink into the flood,
On Learning's ſurface we but lie and nod.

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moſt famous of the Scholiaſts. We can therefore but lament the late Apoſtaſy of the *Prebendary of Rocheſter*, who beginning in ſo good a train, has now turned ſhort to write Comments on the FIRE-SIDE and DREAMS upon Shakeſpear; where we find the Spirit of Oldmixon, Gildon, and Dennis, all revived in his belaboured Obſervations. SCRIBL.

Here, *Scriblerus!* in this affair of the FIRE-SIDE, I want thy uſual candour. It is true Mr. Upton did write notes upon it; but with all honour and good faith. He took it to be a Panegyric on his Patron. This it is to have to do with Wits; a commerce unworthy a Scholiaſt of ſo ſolid learning. ARIST.

VER. 239, 240. *Ah, think not Miſtreſs, &c. In Folly's Cap &c.*—] By this it would ſeem the Dunces and Fops mentioned *v.* 139, 140, had a contention of rivalſhip for the Goddeſs's favour on this great day. Thoſe got the ſtart, but theſe make it up by their Spokeſman in the next ſpeech. It ſeems as if Ariſtarchus here firſt ſaw him advancing with his fair Pupil.

VER. 241, 242. *Like buoys, &c. On Learning's ſurface, &c.*] So that the ſtation of a *Profeſſor* is only a kind of *legal* Noticer to inform us where the ſhatter'd hulk of Learning lies at anchor; which after ſo long unhappy navigation, and now without either *Maſter* or *Patron*, we may wiſh, with Horace, may lie there ſtill;

Thine is the genuine head of many a houſe,
And much Divinity without a Nῦς.
Nor could a BARROW work on ev'ry block,
Nor has one ATTERBURY ſpoil'd the flock.

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——*Nonne vides, ut*
Nudum remigio latus?
——*non tibi ſunt integra lintea;*
Non Dî, *quos iterum preſſa voces malo.*
Quamvis pontica pinus,
Sylvæ filia nobilis,
Jactes et genus, et nomen inutile. SCRIBL.

VER. 244. *And much Divinity without a* Νοῦς.] A word much affected by the learned Ariſtarchus in common converſation, to ſignify *Genius* or natural *acumen*. But this paſſage has a farther view: Νοῦς was the Platonic term for *Mind*, or the *firſt Cauſe*, and that ſyſtem of Divinity is here hinted at which terminates in blind Nature without a Νοῦς: ſuch as the Poet afterwards deſcribes (ſpeaking of the dreams of one of theſe later Platoniſts)

Or that bright Image *to our Fancy draw,*
Which Theocles *in raptur'd Viſion ſaw,*
That Nature——&c.

VER. 245, 246. *Barrow, Atterbury.*] Iſaac Barrow Maſter of Trinity, Francis Atterbury Dean of Chriſt-church, both great Genius's and eloquent Preachers; one more converſant in the ſublime Geometry, the other in claſſical Learning; but who equally made it their care to advance the Polite Arts in their ſeveral Societies.

See! ſtill thy own, the heavy Canon roll,
And Metaphyſic ſmokes involve the Pole.

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VER. 247.—*the heavy Canon.*] Canon here, if ſpoken of *Artillery*, is in the plural number; if of the *Canons of the Houſe*, in the ſingular, and meant only of *one:* in which caſe I ſuſpect the *Pole* to be a falſe reading, and that it would be the *Poll*, or Head of that Canon. It may be objected, that this is a mere *Paranomaſia* or *Pun:* But what of that? Is any figure of Speech more appoſite to our gentle Goddeſs, or more frequently uſed by her? Doubtleſs it better ſuits the Character of Dulneſs than that of an Angel; yet *Milton* fear'd not to put a conſiderable quantity into the mouths of his. It hath indeed been obſerved, that they were the Devil's Angels, as if he did it to ſuggeſt the Devil was the Author as well of falſe Wit as of falſe Religion, and that the Father of Lies was alſo the Father of Puns. But this is idle: it muſt be own'd a Chriſtian practice, uſed in the primitive times by ſome of the Fathers, and in later by moſt of the Sons of the Church, 'till the debauch'd reign of Charles the ſecond, when the ſhameful Paſſion for *Wit* overthrew every thing: and even then the beſt Writers admitted it, provided it was obſcene, uuder the name of the *Double entendre*. SCRIBL.

VER. 248. *And Metaphyſic ſmokes, &c.*—] Here the learned Ariſtarchus ending the firſt member of his harangue in behalf of *Words*; and entering on the other half which regards the teaching of *Things*; very artfully connects the two parts in an encomium on METAPHYSICS, a kind of *Middle nature* between words and things:

For thee we dim the eyes, and ſtuff the head
With all ſuch reading as was never read:
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, Goddeſs, and about it:
So ſpins the ſilk-worm ſmall its ſlender ſtore,
And labours till it clouds itſelf all o'er.
What tho' we let ſome better ſort of fool
Thrid ev'ry ſcience, run thro' ev'ry ſchool?

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communicating, in its obſcurity with *Subſtance*, and in its emptineſs with *Names*. SCRIBL.

VER. 265 to 271. *What tho' we let ſome better ſort of fool, &c.*] Hitherto Ariſtarchus hath diſplayed the art of teaching his Pupils words, without things. He ſhews greater ſkill in what follows, which is to teach things, without profit. For with the *better ſort of fool* the firſt expedient is, ℣ 254 to 258, to run him ſo ſwiftly through the circle of the Sciences that he ſhall ſtick at nothing, nor nothing ſtick with him; and though ſome little, both of words and things, ſhould by chance be gathered up in his paſſage, yet he ſhews, ℣ 259 to 261, that it is never more of the one than juſt to enable him to *perſecute with Rhyme*, or of the other than to *plague with Diſpute*. But, if after all, the Pupil will needs *learn* a Science, it is then provided by his careful directors, ℣ 261, 226, that it ſhall either be ſuch as he can never *enjoy* when he comes out into life, or ſuch as he will be obliged to *divorce*. And to make all ſure, ℣ 263 to 267, the uſeleſs or pernicious Sciences, thus taught, are ſtill applied perverſely; the man of Wit *petrified* in Euclid, or *tram-*

Never by tumbler thro' the hoops was ſhown
Such ſkill in paſſing all, and touching none.
He may indeed (if ſober all this time)
Plague with Diſpute, or perſecute with Rhyme.
We only furniſh what he cannot uſe,
Or wed to what he muſt divorce, a Muſe:
Full in the midſt of Euclid dip at once,
And petrify a Genius to a Dunce:

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melled in Metaphyſics; and the man of Judgment *married*, without his parents conſent, to a *Muſe*. Thus far the particular arts of modern Education, uſed partially, and diverſified according to the Subject and the Occaſion: But there is one general Method, with the encomium of which the great Ariſtarchus ends his ſpeech, ℣ 267 to 270, and that is AUTHORITY, the univerſal *Cement*, which fills all the cracks and chaſms of *lifeleſs* matter, ſhuts up all the pores of *living* ſubſtance, and brings all human minds to *one dead level*. For if Nature ſhould chance to ſtruggle through all the entanglements of the foregoing ingenious expedients to *bind rebel-wit*, this claps upon her one ſure and entire cover. So that well may Ariſtarchus defy all human power to *get the Man out* again from under ſo impenetrable a cruſt. The Poet alludes to this Maſter-piece of the Schools in ℣ 501, where he ſpeaks of *Vaſſals to a name*.

VER. 264.—*petrify a Genius*] Thoſe who have no Genius, employ'd in works of imagination; thoſe who have, in abſtract ſciences.

Or ſet on Metaphyſic ground to prance,
Show all his paces, not a ſtep advance.
With the ſame CEMENT, ever ſure to bind,
We bring to one dead level ev'ry mind.
Then take him to devellop, if you can,
And hew the Block off, and get out the Man.
But wherefore waſte I words? I ſee advance
Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governor from France.

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VER. 270. *And hew the Block off,*] A notion of Ariſtotle, that there was originally in every block of marble, a Statue, which would appear on the removal of the ſuperfluous parts.

VER. 272.——*lac'd Governor.*] Why *lac'd?* Becauſe Gold and Silver are neceſſary trimming to denote the dreſs of a perſon of rank, and the Governor muſt be ſuppoſed ſo in foreign countries, to be admitted into Courts and other places of fair reception. But how comes Ariſtarchus to know by ſight that this Governor came from France? Know? why, by the laced coat. SCRIBL.

VER. id. *Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governor.*] Some Critics have objected to the order here, being of opinion that the Governor ſhould have the precedence before the Whore, if not before the Pupil. But were he ſo placed, it might be thought to inſinuate that the Governor led the Pupil to the Whore: and were the Pupil placed firſt, he might be ſuppoſed to lead the Governor to her. But our impartial Poet, as he is drawing their Picture, repreſents them in the order in which they are generally ſeen; namely, the Pupil between the Whore and the Governor;

Walker; our hat—nor more he deign'd to ſay,
But, ſtern as Ajax' ſpectre, ſtrode away.
In flow'd at once a gay embroider'd race,
And titt'ring puſh'd the Pedants off the place:
Some would have ſpoken, but the voice was drown'd
By the French horn, or by the op'ning hound.
The firſt came forwards, with as eaſy mien,
As if he ſaw St. James's and the Queen.

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but placeth the Whore firſt, as ſhe uſually governs both the other. SCRIBL.

VER. 274. *But ſtern as Ajax' ſpectre, ſtrode away.*] See Hom. Odyſſ. xi. where the Ghoſt of Ajax turns ſullenly from Ulyſſes the *Traveller*, who had ſucceeded againſt him in the diſpute for the Arms of Achilles. There had been the ſame contention between the *Travelling* and the *Univerſity* Tutor for the Spoils of our young Heroes; and faſhion adjudged it to the former. So that this might well occaſion the ſullen dignity in departure which Longinus ſo much admired. SCRIBL.

VER. 280. *As if he ſaw St.* James's.] Reflecting on the diſreſpectful and indecent Behaviour of ſeveral forward young Perſons in the Preſence, ſo offenſive to all ſerious men, and to none more than the good Scriblerus.

VER. id. *The firſt came forward*, &c.] This Forwardneſs or Pertneſs is the certain Conſequence, when the Children of Dulneſs are ſpoiled by too great fondneſs and indulgence; as was probably the caſe of this her *accom-*

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VER. 276. *And titt'ring puſh'd*, &c.]
Rideat et pulſet laſciva decentius ætas. Hor.

When thus th' attendant Orator begun.
Receive, great Empreſs! thy accompliſh'd Son:
Thine from the birth, and ſacred from the rod,
A dauntleſs infant! never ſcar'd with God.

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pliſh'd Son. It is not to be thought ſtrange therefore that over-much careſſing ſhould make even Dulneſs herſelf Pert, eſpecially in her Youth; tho' her only *natural alacrity* was *in ſinking*, or towards *Gravity*; ſhe being indeed, as the Poet in the ſame Place obſerves,

Groſs as her Sire, and as her Mother grave. SCRIBL.

VER. 283.—*th' attendant Orator.*] The Governor aboveſaid. The Poet gives him no particular name; being unwilling, I preſume, to offend or do injuſtice to any, by celebrating one only, with whom this character agrees, in preference to ſo many who equally deſerve it. SCRIBL.

VER. 284. *A dauntleſs Infant! never ſcar'd with God.*] i. e. brought up in the enlarged principles of modern Education; whoſe great point is to keep the infant-mind free from the prejudices of Opinion, and the growing Spirit unbroken by terrifying *Names*. Amongſt the happy conſequences of this reformed diſcipline, it is not the leaſt that we have never afterwards any occaſion for the *Prieſt*, whoſe trade, as a modern wit informs us, is only to finiſh what the nurſe began. SCRIBL.

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VER. 284. *A dauntleſs Infant! never ſcar'd with God.*] Hor.

——*ſine Dis animoſus Infans.*]

The Sire ſaw, one by one, his Virtues wake:
The Mother begg'd the bleſſing of a Rake.
Thou gav'ſt that Ripeneſs, which ſo ſoon began,
And ceas'd ſo ſoon, he ne'er was Boy, nor Man.
Thro' School and College, thy kind cloud o'ercaſt,
Safe and unſeen the the young Æneas paſt:
Thence burſting glorious, all at once let down,
Stunn'd with his giddy Larum half the town.
Intrepid then, o'er ſeas and lands he flew:
Europe he ſaw, and Europe ſaw him too.

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VER. 288.——*he ne'er was Boy nor Man.*] Nature hath beſtowed on the human ſpecies two ſtates or conditions, *Infancy* and *Manhood*. Wit ſometimes makes the *firſt* diſappear, and Folly the *latter*; but true Dulneſs annihilates *both*. For, want of *apprehenſion* in Boys, not ſuffering that conſcious ignorance and inexperience which produce the awkward baſhfulneſs of youth, makes them *aſſured*; and want of *imagination* makes them *grave*. But this *gravity* and *aſſurance*, which is beyond *boyhood*, being neither wiſdom nor knowledge, do never reach to *manhood*. SCRIBL.

VER. 282.—*unſeen the young* Æneas *paſt*,
Thence burſting glorious.] See Virg. Æn. 1.

At Venus obſcuro gradientes aëre ſepſit,
Et multo nebulæ circum Dea fudit amictu,
Cernere ne quis eos;—1. *neu quis contingere poſſit;*
2. *Molirive moram;*—*aut* 3. *veniendi poſcere cauſas.*

There all thy gifts and graces we diſplay,
Thou, only thou, directing all our way!
To where the Seine, obſequious as ſhe runs,
Pours at great Bourbon's feet her ſilken ſons;
Or Tyber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
Vain of Italian Arts, Italian Souls:
To happy Convents, boſom'd deep in vines,
Where ſlumber Abbots, purple as their wines:
To Iſles of fragrance, lilly-ſilver'd vales,
Diffuſing languor in the panting gales:
To lands of ſinging, or of dancing ſlaves,
Love-whiſp'ring woods, and lute-reſounding waves.
But chief her ſhrine where naked Venus keeps,
And Cupids ride the Lyon of the Deeps;
Where, eas'd of Fleets, the Adriatic main
Wafts the ſmooth Eunuch and enamour'd ſwain.
Led by my hand, he ſaunter'd Europe round,
And gather'd ev'ry Vice on Chriſtian ground;

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Where he enumerates the cauſes why his mother took this care of him: to wit, 1. that no body might touch or correct him: 2. might ſtop or detain him: 3. examine him about the progreſs he had made, or ſo much as gueſs why he came there.

VER. 303.—*Lilly ſilver'd Vales.*] Tuberoſes,

VER. 308. *And Cupids ride the Lyon of the Deeps.*] The winged Lyon, the Arms of Venice. This Republic heretofore the moſt conſiderable in Europe for her

Saw ev'ry Court, hear'd ev'ry King declare
His royal Senſe, of Op'ra's or the Fair;
The Stews and Palace equally explor'd,
Intrigu'd with glory, and with ſpirit whor'd;
Try'd all *hors-d'œuvres*, all *liqueurs* defin'd,
Judicious drank, and greatly-daring din'd;
Dropt the dull lumber of the Latin ſtore,
Spoil'd his own language, and acquir'd no more;
All Claſſic learning loſt on Claſſic ground;
And laſt turn'd *Air*, the Echo of a Sound!
See now, half-cur'd, and perfectly well-bred,
With nothing but a Solo in his head;

REMARKS.

Naval Force and the extent of her Commerce; now illuſtrious for her Carnivals.

VER. 318.—*greatly daring din'd.*] It being indeed no ſmall riſque to eat thro' thoſe extraordinary compoſitions, whoſe diſguis'd ingredients are generally unknown to the gueſts, and highly inflammatory and unwholeſome.

VER. 322. *And laſt turn'd* Air, *the Echo of a Sound.*] Yet leſs a Body than Echo itſelf; for Echo reflects *Senſe* or *Words* at leaſt, this Gentleman only *Airs* and *Tunes*.

——Sonus *eſt*, *qui vivit in* illo. Ovid. Met.

So that this was not a Metamorphoſis either in one or the other, but only a Reſolution of the Soul into its true Principles, its real Eſſence being Harmony; according to the Doctrine of Orpheus, the inventor of Opera, who firſt perform'd to a ſelect aſſembly of Beaſts. SCRIBL.

VER. 324. *With nothing but a* Solo *in his head.*] With

As much Eſtate, and Principle, and Wit,
As Janſen, Fleetwood, Cibber ſhall think fit;
Stol'n from a Duel, follow'd by a Nun,
And, if a Borough chuſe him, not undone;
See, to my country happy I reſtore
This glorious Youth, and add one Venus more.
Her too receive (for her my ſoul adores)
So may the ſons of ſons of ſons of whores
Prop thine, O Empreſs! like each neighbour Throne,
And make a long Poſterity thy own.

REMARKS.

nothing but a *Solo?* Why, if it be a *Solo*, how ſhould there be any thing elſe? Palpable Tautology! Read boldly an *Opera*, which is enough of conſcience for ſuch a head as has loſt all its Latin. SCRIBL.

VER. 326.—*Janſen, Fleetwood, Cibber.*] Three very eminent perſons, all Managers of *Plays*; who, tho' not Governors by profeſſion, had, each in his way, concern'd themſelves in the Education of youth; and regulated their Wits, their Morals, or their Finances, at that period of their age which is the moſt important, their entrance into the polite word.

VER. 331. *Her too receive*, &c.] This confirms what the learned Scriblerus advanced in his Note on ℣. 272, that the Governor, as well as the Pupil, had a particular intereſt in this lady.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 324. *So may the ſons of ſons*, &c.] Virg.

Et nati natorum, et qui naſcentur ab illis.

Æn. iii.

Pleas'd, ſhe accepts the Hero, and the Dame,
Wraps in her Veil, and frees from ſenſe of Shame.
Then look'd, and ſaw a lazy, lolling ſort,
Unſeen at Church, at Senate, or at Court,
Of ever-liſtleſs Loit'rers, that attend
No Cauſe, no Truſt, no Duty, and no Friend.
Thee too, my Paridel! ſhe mark'd thee there,
Stretch'd on the rack of a too eaſy chair,
And heard thy everlaſting yawn confeſs
The Pains and Penalties of Idleneſs.
She pity'd! but her Pity only ſhed
Benigner influence on thy nodding head.
But Annius, crafty Seer, with ebon wand,
And well diſſembled em'rald on his hand,

REMARKS.

VER. 341. *Thee too, my* Paridel!] The poet ſeems to ſpeak of this young gentleman with great affection. The name is taken from Spenſer, who gives it to a *wandring Courtly Squire*, that travell'd about for the ſame reaſon, for which many young Squires are now fond of travelling, and eſpecially to *Paris*. Faery Queen.

VER. 342, &c. *Stretch'd on the Rack—— And heard,* &c.] Virg. Æn. vi.

Sedet, æternumque ſedebit,
Infelix Theſeus, Phlegyaſque miſerrimus *omnes*
Admonet——

VER. 347. *Annius.*] The name taken from Annius

Falſe as his Gems, and canker'd as his Coins,
Came, cramm'd with capon, from where Pollio dines.
Soft, as the wily Fox is ſeen to creep,
Where baſk on ſunny banks the ſimple ſheep,
Walk round and round, now prying here, now there;
So he; but pious, whiſper'd firſt his pray'r.

Grant, gracious Goddeſs! grant me ſtill to cheat,
O may thy cloud ſtill cover the deceit!
Thy choicer miſts on this aſſembly ſhed,
But pour them thickeſt on the noble head.
So ſhall each youth, aſſiſted by our eyes,
See other Cæſars, other Homers riſe;
Thro' twilight ages hunt th' Athenian fowl,
Which Chalcis Gods, and mortals call an Owl,

REMARKS.

the Monk of Viterbo, famous for many Impoſitions and Forgeries of ancient manuſcripts and inſcriptions, which he was prompted to by mere vanity, but our Annius had a more ſubſtantial motive.

VER. 355.——*Grant me ſtill to cheat!*
O may thy cloud ſtill cover the deceit!]

Hor.——*Da, pulchra Laverna,*
Da mihi fallere——
Noctem peccatis et fraudibus objice nubem.

VER. id.—ſtill *to cheat.*] Some read *ſkill*, but that is frivolous, for Annius hath that ſkill already; or if he had not, *ſkill* were not wanting to cheat ſuch perſons.
BENTL.

VER. 361.——*hunt th'* Athenian *fowl.*] The Owl

Now ſee an Attys, now a Cecrops clear,
Nay, Mahomet! the Pigeon at thine ear;
Be rich in ancient braſs, tho' not in gold,
And keep his Lares, tho' his houſe be ſold;
To headleſs Phœbe his fair bride poſtpone,
Honour a Syrian Prince above his own;
Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true;
Bleſt in one Niger, till he knows of two.
Mummius o'erheard him; Mummius, Fool-renown'd,
Who like his Cheops ſtinks above the ground,

REMARKS.

ſtamp'd on the reverſe of the ancient money of Athens.

Which Chalcis *Gods, and mortals call an* Owl,

is the verſe by which Hobbes renders that of Homer,

Χαλκίδα κικλήσκουσι Θεοὶ, ἄνδρες δὲ Κύμινδιν.

VER. 363. *Attys and Cecrops.*] The firſt Kings of Athens, of whom it is hard to ſuppoſe any Coins are extant; but not ſo improbable as what follows, that there ſhould be any of Mahomet, who forbad all Images; and the Story of whoſe Pigeon was a Monkiſh fable. Nevertheleſs one of theſe Annius's made a counterfeit medal of that Impoſtor, now in the collection of a learned Nobleman.

VER. 371. *Mummius.*] This name is not merely an alluſion to the Mummies he was ſo fond of, but, probably, referred to the Roman General of that name, who burn'd Corinth, and committed the curious Statues to the Captain of a Ship, aſſuring him " that if any were

Fierce as a ſtartled Adder, ſwell'd, and ſaid,
Rattling an ancient Siſtrum at his head.
Speak'ſt thou of Syrian Princes? Traitor baſe!
Mine, Goddeſs! mine is all the horned race.

REMARKS.

" loſt, or broken, he ſhould procure others to be made " in their ſtead:" by which it ſhould ſeem (whatever may be pretended) that Mummius was no Virtuoſo.

VER. 371. Mummius, *Fool renown'd.*] A compound epithet in the Greek manner; *renown'd by fools*, or *renown'd for making fools.* SCRIBL.

VER. 372. *Cheops.*] A King of Egypt, whoſe body was certainly to be known, as being buried alone in his Pyramid, and is therefore more genuine than any of the Cleopatra's. This Royal Mummy, being ſtolen by a wild Arab, was purchas'd by the Conſul of Alexandria, and tranſmitted to the Muſeum of Mummius; for proof of which he brings a paſſage in Sandys's Travels, where that accurate and learned Voyager aſſures us that he ſaw the Sepulchre empty, which agrees exactly (ſaith he) with the time of the Theft above mention'd. But he omits to obſerve that Herodotus tells the ſame thing of it in his time.

VER. 375. *Speak'ſt thou of Syrian Princes*, &c.] The ſtrange ſtory following, which may be taken for a fiction of the Poet, is juſtified by a true relation in Spon's Voyages. Vaillant (who wrote the Hiſtory of the Syrian Kings as it is to be found on medals) coming from the Levant, where he had been collecting various Coins, and being purſued by a Corſaire of Sallee, ſwallowed down twenty gold medals. A ſudden Bouraſque freed him from

True, he had wit, to make their value riſe;
From fooliſh Greeks to ſteal them, was as wiſe;
More glorious yet, from barb'rous hands to keep,
When Sallee Rovers chac'd him on the deep.
Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,
Down his own throat he riſqu'd the Grecian gold;
Receiv'd each Demi-God, with pious care,
Deep in his Entrails—I rever'd them there,

REMARKS.

the Rover, and he got to land with them in his belly. On his road to Avignon he met two Phyſicians, of whom he demanded Aſſiſtance. One adviſ'd Purgations, the other Vomits. In this uncertainty he took neither, but purſued his way to Lyons, where he found his ancient friend, the famous Phyſician and antiquary Dufour, to whom he related his adventures. Dufour firſt aſk'd him *whether the Medals were of the higher Empire?* He aſſur'd him they were. Dufour was raviſh'd with the hope of poſſeſſing ſuch a treaſure, he bargain'd with him on the ſpot for the moſt curious of them, and was to recover them at his own expence.

VER. 383.—*each* Demi-God.] they are called Θεῖοι on their Coins.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 383. *Receiv'd each Demi-God with pious care*]

Emiſſumque ima de ſede Typhœa terræ
Cœlitibus feciſſe metum; cunctoſque dediſſe
Terga fugæ: donec feſſos Ægyptia tellus
Ceperit— Ovid.

I bought them, ſhrouded in that living ſhrine,
And, at their ſecond birth, they iſſue mine.

Witneſs great Ammon! by whoſe horns I ſwore,
(Reply'd ſoft Annius) this our paunch before
Still bears them, faithful; and that thus I eat,
Is to refund the Medals with the meat.
To prove me, Goddeſs! clear of all deſign,
Bid me with Pollio, ſup, as well as dine:
There all the Learn'd ſhall at the labour ſtand,
And Douglas lend his ſoft, obſtetric hand.

The Goddeſs ſmiling ſeem'd to give conſent;
So back to Pollio hand in hand, they went.

Then thick as Locuſts black'ning all the ground,
A tribe, with weeds and ſhells fantaſtic crown'd,

REMARKS.

VER. 387. *Witneſs great* Ammon!] Jupiter Ammon is call'd to witneſs, as the father of Alexander, to whom thoſe Kings ſucceeded in the diviſion of the Macedonian Empire, and whoſe *Horns* they wore on their Medals.

VER. 394. *Douglas.*] A Phyſician of great Learning and no leſs Taſte; above all curious in what related to *Horace*, of whom he collected every Edition, Tranſlation, and Comment, to the number of ſeveral hundred volumes.

VER. 397. *Then thick as locuſts black'ning all the ground.*] The ſimilitude of *Locuſts* does not refer more to the numbers than to the qualities of the Virtuoſi: who

Each with ſome wondrous gift approach'd the Pow'r,
A Neſt, a Toad, a Fungus, or a Flow'r.
But far the foremoſt, two, with earneſt zeal,
And aſpect ardent, to the Throne appeal.

The firſt thus open'd: Hear thy ſuppliant's call,
Great Queen, and common Mother of us all!
Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this Flow'r,
Suckled, and chear'd, with air, and ſun, and ſhow'r,
Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I ſpread,
Bright with the gilded button tipt its head,
Then thron'd in glaſs, and nam'd it CAROLINE:
Each Maid cry'd, charming! and each Youth, divine!
Did Nature's pencil ever blend ſuch rays,
Such vary'd light in one promiſcuous blaze?
Now proſtrate! dead! behold that Caroline:
No Maid cries, charming! and no Youth, divine!

REMARKS.

not only devour and lay waſte every tree, ſhrub, and green leaf in their *Courſe*, i. e. of experiments; but ſuffer neither a moſs nor fungus to eſcape untouched. SCRIBL.

VER. 409. ——*and nam'd it* Caroline] It is a compliment which the Floriſts uſually pay to Princes and great perſons, to give their names to the moſt curious Flowers of their raiſing: Some have been very jealous of vindicating this honour, but none more than that ambitious Gardiner at Hammerſmith, who cauſed his Favourite to be painted on his Sign, with this inſcription, *This is* My *Queen Caroline.*

And lo the wretch! whoſe vile, whoſe inſect luſt
Lay'd this gay daughter of the Spring in duſt.
Oh puniſh him, or to th' Elyſian ſhades
Diſmiſs my ſoul, where no Carnation fades.
He ceas'd, and wept. With innocence of mien,
Th' Accus'd ſtood forth, and thus addreſs'd the Queen.

REMARKS.

VER. 418. *Diſmiſs my ſoul where no Carnation fades.*] It is a trite obſervation, that men have always placed the happineſs of their fancied *Elyſium* in ſomething they took moſt delight in here. The joys of a Mahometan paradiſe conſiſt in young maidens always virgins: Our modeſter Votary warms his imagination only with Carnations always in bloom; which, alluding, at the ſame time, to the perpetual ſpring of the old Elyſian fields, give an inimitable pleaſantry, as well as decorum, to the concluſion of his prayer.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 405, &c. *Fair from its humble bed*——&c.
——*nam'd it* Caroline.
Each Maid cry'd, charming! *and each Youth,* divine!
Now proſtrate! dead! behold that Caroline!
No maid cries charming! *and no Youth,* divine!]

Theſe Verſes are tranſlated from Catullus, Epith.

Ut flos in ſeptis ſecretus naſcitur hortis,
Quam mulcent auræ, firmat Sol, educat imber,
Multi illum pueri, multæ optavere puellæ:
Idem quum tenui carptus defloruit ungui,
Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavere puellæ, &c.

Of all th' enamel'd race, whoſe ſilv'ry wing
Waves to the tepid Zephyrs of the ſpring,
Or ſwims along the fluid atmoſphere,
Once brighteſt ſhin'd this child of Heat and Air.
I ſaw, and ſtarted from its vernal bow'r
The riſing game, and chac'd from flow'r to flow'r.
It fled, I follow'd; now in hope, now pain;
It ſtopt, I ſtopt; it mov'd, I mov'd again.
At laſt it fix'd, 'twas on what plant it pleas'd,
And where it fix'd, the beauteous bird I ſeiz'd:
Roſe or Carnation was below my care;
I meddle, Goddeſs! only in my ſphere.
I tell the naked fact without diſguiſe,
And, to excuſe it, need but ſhew the prize;
Whoſe ſpoils this paper offers to your eye,
Fair ev'n in death! this peerleſs *Butterfly*.
My ſons! (ſhe anſwer'd) both have done your parts:
Live happy both, and long promote our arts.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 421. *Of all the enamel'd race.*] The Poet ſeems to have an eye to Spenſer, Muiopotmos.

Of all the race of ſilver-winged Flies
Which do poſſeſs the Empire of the Air.

VER. 427, 428. *It fled, I follow'd,* &c.]

——— I ſtarted back,
It ſtarted back; but pleas'd I ſoon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as ſoon —— Milton.

But hear a Mother, when ſhe recommends
To your fraternal care, our ſleeping friends.
The common Soul, of Heav'n's more frugal make,
Serves but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake:
A drowzy Watchman, that juſt gives a knock,
And breaks our reſt, to tell us what's a clock.

REMARKS.

VER. 440. *our ſleeping Friends.*] Of whom ſee ver. 345 above.

VER. 443. *A drouzy Watchman &c.*] Theſe two lines ſtood originally thus,

" And moſt but find that Centinel of God
" A drowzy Watchman in the land of *Nod.*

but to this there were two objections, the pleaſantry was too low for the Poet, and a deal too good for the Goddeſs. For tho' (as he told us before) *Gentle Dulneſs ever loves a joke,* and (as this ſpecies of mirth ariſes from a *mal-entendu*) we may well ſuppoſe it to be much to her Taſte, yet this above is not genuine, but a mere counterfeit of wit, as we ſhall ſee by placing by the ſide of it one of her own jokes, which we find in the Reverend Mr. B——n's late Satire upon *Bath,* in the following words, *Virum, quem non ego ſane doctiſſimum, at certe omnium, quotquot fere uſpiam,* Literatiſſimum *appellare auſim.* And look, the more reſpectable the Subject, the more grateful to our Goddeſs is the offering. SCRIBL.

VER. 444. *And breaks our reſt, to tell us what's a clock.*] i. e. When the feaſt of life is juſt over, calls on us to think of breaking up; but never watches to prevent the diſorders that happen in the heat of the entertainment.

Yet by ſome object ev'ry brain is ſtirr'd ;
The dull may waken to a Humming-bird ;
The moſt recluſe, diſcreetly open'd, find
Congenial matter in the Cockle-kind ;
The mind, in Metaphyſics at a loſs,
May wander in a wilderneſs of Moſs !
The head that turns at ſuper-lunar things,
Poiz'd with a tail, may ſteer on Wilkins' wings.
O ! would the Sons of Men once think their Eyes
And Reaſon giv'n them but to ſtudy *Flies !*

REMARKS.

VER. 450.——*a wilderneſs of Moſs.*] Of which the Naturaliſts count I can't tell how many ſpecies.

VER. 452. Wilkins' *Wings.*] One of the firſt Projectors of the Royal Society, who, among many enlarged and uſeful notions, entertain'd the extravagant hope of a poſſibility to fly to the Moon ; which has put ſome volatile Genius's upon making wings for that purpoſe.

VER. 453. *O would the Sons of Men,* &c.] This is the third ſpeech of the Goddeſs to her Supplicants, and compleats the whole of what ſhe had to give in inſtruction on this important occaſion, concerning Learning, Civil Society, and Religion. In the firſt ſpeech, ver. 119, to her Editors and conceited Critics, ſhe directs how to deprave Wit and diſcredit fine Writers. In her ſecond, ver. 175, to the Educators of youth, ſhe ſhews them how all Civil Duties may be extinguiſh'd, in that one doctrine of divine Hereditary Right. And in this third, ſhe charges the Inveſtigators of Nature to amuſe themſelves in Trifles, and reſt in ſecond cauſes, with a total diſregard of the

See Nature in ſome partial narrow ſhape,
And let the Author of the Whole eſcape:
Learn but to trifle; or, who muſt obſerve,
To wonder at their Maker, not to ſerve.

Be that my taſk (replies a gloomy Clerk,
Sworn foe to Myſt'ry, yet divinely dark!
Whoſe pious hope aſpires to ſee the day
When Moral Evidence ſhall quite decay,

REMARKS.

Firſt. This being all that Dulneſs can wiſh, is all ſhe needs to ſay; and we may apply to her (as the Poet hath manag'd it) what hath been ſaid of true Wit, that *She neither ſays too little, nor too much.*

VER. 459.—*a gloomy Clerk.*] The Epithet *gloomy* in this line may ſeem the ſame with that of *dark* in the next. But *gloomy* relates to the uncomfortable and diſaſtrous conditions of an irreligious Sceptic, whereas *dark* alludes only to his puzzled and embroiled Syſtems.

VER. 462. *When Moral Evidence ſhall quite decay.*] Alluding to a ridiculous and abſurd way of ſome Mathematicians, in calculating the gradual decay of Moral Evidence by mathematical proportions; according to which calculation, in about fifty years it will be no longer probable that Julius Cæſar was in Gaul, or died in the Senate Houſe. See *Craig's Theologiæ Chriſtianæ Principia Mathematica.* But as it ſeems evident, that facts of a thouſand years old, for inſtance, are now as probable as they were five hundred years ago; it is plain that if in fifty more they quite diſappear, it muſt be owing, not to their Arguments, but to the extraordinary Power of our

And damns implicit faith, and holy lies,
Prompt to impoſe, and fond to dogmatize :)
Let others creep by timid ſteps, and ſlow,
On plain Experience lay foundations low,
By common ſenſe to common knowledge bred,
And laſt, to Nature's Cauſe thro' Nature led.
All-ſeeing in thy miſts, we want no guide,
Mother of Arrogance, and Source of Pride!
We nobly take the high Priori Road,
And reaſon downward, till we doubt of God:

REMARKS.

Goddeſs; for whoſe help therefore they have reaſon to pray.

VER. 471. *the high Priori Road.*] Thoſe who, from the effects in this Viſible world, deduce the Eternal Power and Godhead of the Firſt Cauſe, tho' they cannot attain to an adequate idea of the Deity, yet diſcover ſo much of him, as enables them to ſee the end of their Creation, and the Means of their Happineſs; whereas they who take this high Priori Road, (ſuch as Hobbs, Spinoza, Des Cartes, and ſome better Reaſoners) for one that goes right, ten loſe themſelves in Miſts, or ramble after Viſions, which deprive them of all ſight of their End, and miſlead them in the choice of wrong means.

VER. 472. *And reaſon downward, till we doubt of God.*] This was in fact the caſe of thoſe who, inſtead of reaſoning from a *viſible world*, to an *inviſible God*, took the other road; and, from an *inviſible God* (to whom they had given attributes agreeable to certain metaphyſical principles formed out of their own imaginations) rea-

Make Nature ſtill incroach upon his plan;
And ſhove him off as far as e'er we can:
Thruſt ſome Mechanic Cauſe into his place;
Or bind in Matter, or diffuſe in Space.
Or, at one bound o'er-leaping all his laws,
Make God Man's Image, Man the final Cauſe,

REMARKS.

ſoned *downwards* to a *viſible world* in theory, of Man's Creation; which not agreeing, as might be expected, to that of God's, they began, from their inability to account for *evil*, which they ſaw in his world, to doubt of that God whoſe being they had admitted, and whoſe attributes they had deduced, *a priori*, on weak and miſtaken principles.

VER. 473. — *Make Nature ſtill.*] This relates to ſuch as being aſhamed to aſſert a mere Mechanic Cauſe, and yet unwilling to forſake it intirely, have had recourſe to a certain *Plaſtic Nature*, *Elaſtic Fluid*, *ſubtile Matter*, &c. For Philoſophy has at length brought us to that extreme of Folly, as to eſteem it unphiloſophical to reſt in the *firſt Cauſe*; as if its end was an endleſs indagation of cauſe after cauſe, without ever coming to the firſt. So that to avoid this unlearned diſgrace, occaſioned a recourſe to the ingenious expedients above mentioned.

VER. 475. *Thruſt ſome* Mechanic Cauſe *into his place*,
Or bind in Matter, *or diffuſe in* Space.]
The firſt of theſe Follies is that of Des Cartes, the ſecond of Hobbs, the third of ſome ſucceeding Philoſophers.

VER. 477. *Or, at one bound*, &c.] Theſe words are

Find Virtue local, all Relation ſcorn,
See all in *Self*, and but for ſelf be born:
Of nought ſo certain as our *Reaſon* ſtill,
Of nought ſo doubtful as of *Soul* and *Will*.

REMARKS.

very ſignificant: In their Phyſical and Metaphyſical reaſonings it was a chain of pretended demonſtrations that drew them into all theſe abſurd concluſions. But their errors in *morals* reſt only on bold and impudent aſſertions, without the leaſt ſhadow of proof, in which they *o'erleap* all the laws of *Argument* as well as *Truth*. Here the Poet, from the errors relating to a Deity in Natural Philoſophy, deſcends to thoſe in Moral,

Make God Man's Image, Man the Final Cauſe,
Find Virtue local, *all* Relation *ſcorn,*
See all in Self———

Man was made according to *God's Image*; this falſe Theology, meaſuring his Attributes by ours, makes God after *Man's Image*. This proceeds from the imperfection of his *Reaſon*. The next, of imagining himſelf the Final Cauſe, is the effect of his *Pride*: as the making Virtue and Vice arbitrary, and Morality the impoſition of the Magiſtrate, is of the Corruption of his heart. Hence he centers every thing in *himſelf*. The Progreſs of Dulneſs herein differing from that of Madneſs, one ends in *ſeeing all in God*, the other in *ſeeing all in Self*.

VER. 481. *Of nought ſo certain as our* Reaſon *ſtill.*] Of which we have moſt cauſe to be diffident. *Of nought ſo doubtful as of* Soul *and* Will: Two things the moſt

Oh hide the God ſtill more! and make us ſee
Such as Lucretius drew, a God like Thee:
Wrapt up in Self, a God without a Thought,
Regardleſs of our merit or default.
Or that bright Image to our fancy draw,
Which Theocles in raptur'd viſion ſaw,

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ſelf-evident, the Exiſtence of our Soul, and the Freedom of our Will.

VER. 484. *Such as Lucretius drew.*] Lib. I. ver. 57.

Omnis enim per ſe Divom natura neceſſe'ſt
Immortali ævo ſumma cum pace *fruatur*,
Semota *ab noſtris rebus*, ſummotaque *longe*——.
Nec bene pro meritis *capitur*, *nec tangitur* ira.

For whence the two verſes following are tranſlated, and wonderfully agree with the character of our Goddeſs. SCRIBL.

VER. 487. *Or that bright Image*, &c.] i. e. Let it be either the *Chance God* of Epicurus, or the FATE, of this Goddeſs.

Bright Image was the Title given by the later Platoniſts to that viſion of *Nature*, which they had form'd out of their own fancy, ſo bright, that they call'd it Αὐτοπτον Αγαλμα, or the *Self-ſeen Image*; i. e. ſeen by its own light. This *Ignis fatuus* has in theſe our times appeared again in the *North*; and the writings of *Hutcheſon*, *Geddes*, and their followers, are full of its wonders. For in this *lux borealis*, this *Self-ſeen Image*, theſe ſecond-ſighted philoſophers ſee every thing elſe. SCRIBL.

While thro' Poetic ſcenes the GENIUS roves,
Or wanders wild in Academic Groves; 490

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VER 488. Which *Theocles raptnr'd viſion ſaw,*] Thus this Philoſophercalls upon his Friend, to partake with him in theſeViſions.

" To-morrow, when the Eaſtern Sun
" With his firſt Beams adorns the front
" Of yonder Hill, if you're content
" To wander with me in the Woods you ſee,
" We will purſue thoſe Loves of ours,
" By favour of the Sylvan Nymphs:
" and invoking firſt the *Genius* of the *Place*, we'll try to
" obtain at leaſt ſome faint and diſtant view of the *Sove-*
" *reign Genius* and *firſt Beauty.*" *Character.* Vol. 2. pag. 245.

This *Genius* is thus apoſtrophized (pag. 345.) by the ſame Philoſopher:

" —— O glorious *Nature!*
" Supremely fair, and ſovereignly good!
" All loving, and all-lovely! all divine!
" Wiſe Subſtitute of Providence! *impower'd*
" *Creatreſs!* or, *impow'ring Deity,*
" *Supreme Creator!*
" Thee I invoke, and thee alone adore.

Sir *Iſaac Newton* diſtinguiſhes between theſe two in a very different manner. [Princ. Schol. gen. ſub. fin]— *Hunc cognoſcimus ſolummodo per proprietates ſuas et attributa, et per ſapientiſſimas et optimas rerum ſtructuras, et cauſas finales; veneramur autem et colimus ob dominium.* Deus *etenim ſine dominio, providentia, et cauſis finalibus, nihil aliud eſt quam* Fatum *et* Natura.

VER. 489 —*roves, Or wanders wild in Academic*

That NATURE our Society adores,
Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus ſnores.
Rous'd at his name, up roſe the bowzy Sire,
And ſhook from out his Pipe the ſeeds of fire;
Then ſnapt his box, and ſtrok'd his belly down:
Roſy and rev'rend, tho' without a Gown.
Bland and familiar to the throne he came,
Led up the Youth, and call'd the Goddeſs *Dame*.
Then thus. From Prieſt-craft happily ſet free,
Lo! ev'ry finiſh'd Son returns to thee:
Firſt ſlave to Words, then vaſſal to a Name,
Then dupe to Party! child and man the ſame;

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Groves.] "Above all things I lov'd *Eaſe*, and all Phi-
"ſophers thoſe who reaſon'd moſt *at their Eaſe*, and
"were never angry or diſturb'd, as thoſe call'd *Sceptics*
"never were: I look'd upon this kind of Philoſophy as
"the *prettieſt*, *agreeableſt*, *roving Exerciſe of the Mind*,
"poſſible to be imagined." Vol. II. p. 206.

VER. 491. *That* NATURE *our Society adores,*] See the *Pantheiſticon*, with its liturgy and rubrics compoſed by TOLAND.

VER. 492. *Silenus.*] Silenus was an Epicurean Philoſopher, as appears from Virgil, Eclog. vi. where he ſings the Principles of that Philoſophy in his drink.

VER. 494. *Seeds of Fire.*] The Epicurean language, *Semina rerum*, or Atoms. Virg. Eclog. vi, *Semina ignis —ſemina flammæ———*

VER. 501. *Firſt ſlave to Words*, &c.] A Recapula-

Bounded by Nature, narrow'd ſtill by Art,
A trifling head, and a contracted heart.
Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I ſeen,
Smiling on all, and ſmil'd on by a Queen.
Mark'd out for Honours, honour'd for their Birth,
To thee the moſt rebellious things on earth:
Now to thy gentle ſhadow all are ſhrunk,
All melted down, in Penſion, or in Punk!
So K* ſo B** ſneak'd into the grave,
A Monarch's half, and half a Harlot's ſlave.
Poor W** nipt in Folly's broadeſt bloom,
Who praiſes now? his Chaplain on his Tomb.
Then take them all, oh take them to thy breaſt!
Thy *Magus*, Goddeſs! ſhall perform the reſt.

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tion of the whole Courſe of Modern Education deſcrib'd in this book, which confines Youth to the ſtudy of Words only in Schools, ſubjects them to the authority of Syſtems in the Univerſities, and deludes them with the names of Party-diſtinctions in the World. All equally concurring to narrow the underſtanding, and eſtabliſh Slavery and Error, in Literature, Philoſophy, and Politics. The whole finiſhed in modern Free-thinking; the completion of whatever is vain, wrong, and deſtructive to the happineſs of mankind, as it eſtabliſhes *Self-love* for the ſole Principle of Action.

VER. 506.—*ſmil'd on by a Queen.*] That is to ſay, this Queen, or the Goddeſs of Dulneſs. SCRIBL.

With that, a WIZARD OLD his *Cup* extends;
Which whoso taſtes, forgets his former friends,

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VER. 517. *With that a Wizard old,* &c.] Here beginneth the celebration of the GREATER MYSTERIES of the Goddeſs, which the Poet in his *Invocation* ℣ 5. promiſed to *ſing*. For when now each *Aſpirant*, as was the cuſtom, had proved his qualification and claim to a *participation*, the HIGH-PRIEST of Dulneſs firſt initiateth the Aſſembly by the uſual way of *Libation*. And then each of the *Initiated*, as was always required, putteth on a *new Nature*, deſcribed in ℣ 530. *Firm impudence, and Stupefaction mild*, which the Antient Writers on the *Myſteries* call τῆς ψυχῆς ἔρμα, the great prop or *fulcrum* of the human mind. When the High Prieſt and Goddeſs have thus done their Parts, each of them is delivered into the hands of his Conductor, an inferior Miniſter or *Hierophant*, whoſe names are *Impudence, Stupefaction, Self-conceit, Self intereſt, Pleaſure, Epicuriſm*, &c. to lead them from ℣ 532 to 565. thro' the ſeveral apartments of her Myſtic Dome or Palace. When all this is over, the ſovereign Goddeſs, from ℣ 565 to 600 conferreth her *Titles* and *Degrees*; rewards inſeparably attendant on the *participation* of the *Myſteries*; which made the ancient *Theon* ſay of them—κάλλιστα μὲν ἴσι, καὶ τῶν μεγίστων ἀγαθῶν τὸ Μυστηρίων μετέχειν. Hence it was enriched with ſo

IMITATIONS.

VER. 518——*Which whoſo taſtes, forgets his former friends, Sire,* &c.] Homer of the Nepenthe. Odyſſ. iv.

Αὐτίκ' ἄρ' εἰς οἶνον βάλε φάρμακον, ἔνθεν ἔπινον
Νηπενθές τ' ἀχολόν τε, κακῶν ἐπίληθον ἁπάντων.

Sire, Anceſtors, Himſelf. One caſts his eyes
Up to a *Star*, and like Endymion dies:
A *Feather*, ſhooting from another's head,
Extracts his brain; and Principle is fled;
Loſt is his God, his Country, ev'ry thing;
And nothing left but Homage to a King!

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many various Gifts and Graces; INITIATION into th Myſteries was anciently, as well as in theſe our times, eſteemed a neceſſary qualification for every high office and employment, whether in Church or State. Laſtly, the great Mother, the BONA DEA, ſhutteth up the Solemnity with her gracious benediction, which concludeth in drawing the Curtain, and laying all her Children to reſt. It is to be obſerved that DULNESS, long before this her Reſtoration, had her Pontiffs *in Partibus*; who from time to time held her Myſteries in ſecret, and with great privacy. But now, on her Re-eſtabliſhment, ſhe celebrateth them, like thoſe of the *Cretans*, the moſt ancient of all Myſteries, in open day, and offereth them to the inſpecting of all Men. SCRIBL.

VER. 517. *his Cup, Which whoſo taſtes*, &c] The *Cup* of *Self-love*, which cauſes a total oblivion of the obligations of Friendſhip, Honour, and Service of God or our Country; all ſacrificed to Vain-Glory, Court-worſhip, or the yet meaner conſiderations of Lucre and brutal Pleaſures. From ℣ 520 to 528.

VER. 523, 524. *Loſt is his God, his Country——*
And nothing left but homage to a King.] So ſtrange as this muſt ſeem to a mere Engliſh reader, the famous Monſ. de la Bruyere declares it to be the character of

The vulgar herd turn off to roll with Hogs;
To run with Horſes, or to hunt with Dogs;
But, ſad example! never to eſcape
Their Infamy, ſtill keep the human ſhape.
But ſhe, good Goddeſs, ſent to ev'ry child
Firm Impudence, or Stupefaction mild;

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every good Subject in a Monarchy: "Where (ſays he) "*there is no ſuch thing as Love of our Country*, the Inter- "eſt, the Glory, and Service of the Prince ſupply its "place." [*De la Republique*, Chap. x.]

Of this duty another celebrated *French* Author ſpeaks, indeed, a little more diſreſpectfully; which, for that reaſon, we ſhall not tranſlate, but give in his own words: "L'Amour de la Patrie, le grand motif des prémiers "Heros, n'eſt plus regardé que comme une Chimère; "l'idée du Service du Roi, etendüe juſqu'à l'oubli de "tout autre Principe, tient lieu de ce qu'on appelloit au- "trefois Grandeur d'Ame & Fidelité." *Boulainvilliers Hiſt. des anciens Parlements de France, &c.* SCRIBL.

VER. 528. *ſtill keep the human ſhape.*] The effects of the Magus's Cup, by which is allegorized a *total* corruption of heart, are juſt contrary to that of Circe, which only repreſents the *ſudden* plunging into pleaſures. Her's, therefore, took away the ſhape, and left the human mind; his takes away the mind, and leaves the human ſhape.

VER. 529. *But ſhe, good Goddeſs,* &c.] The only comfort ſuch people can receive, muſt be owing in ſome ſhape or other to Dulneſs; which makes ſome ſtupid, others impudent; gives Self-conceit to ſome, upon the Flatte-

And ſtrait ſucceeded, leaving ſhame no room,
Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.
Kind Self-conceit to ſome her glaſs applies,
Which no one looks in with another's eyes:
But as the Flatt'rer or Dependant paint,
Beholds himſelf a Patriot, Chief, or Saint.
On others Int'reſt her gay liv'ry flings,
Int'reſt, that waves on Party-colour'd wings:
Turn'd to the Sun, ſhe caſts a thouſand dyes,
And, as ſhe turns, the colours fall or riſe.
Others the Syren Siſters warble round,
And empty heads conſole with empty ſound.
No more, alas! the voice of Fame they hear,
The balm of Dulneſs trickling in their ear.

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ries of their dependants; preſents the falſe colours of Intereſt to others; and buſies or amuſes the reſt with idle pleaſures or ſenſuality, till they become eaſy under any infamy. Each of which ſpecies is here ſhadowed under Allegorical perſons.

VER. 544. *The Balm of Dulneſs*] The true *Balm of Dulneſs*, called by the Greek Phyſicians Κολαχεία, is a *Sovereign* remedy againſt Inanity; and has its poetic name from the Goddeſs herſelf. Its ancient Diſpenſators were *her Poets*; and for that reaſon our Author, Book ii. ℣ 207. calls it, *the Poet's healing Balm:* but it is now got into as many hands as Goddard's Drops or Daffy's Elixir. It is prepared by the *Clergy*, as appears from ſeveral places of this poem: And by ℣ 534, 535, it ſeems as if

Great C**, H**, P**, R**, K*, 545
Why all your Toils? your Sons have learn'd to ſing.
How quick Ambition haſtes to ridicule!
The Sire is made a Peer, the Son a Fool.

On ſome, a Prieſt ſuccinct in amice white
Attends! all fleſh is nothing in his ſight! 550
Beeves, at his touch, at once to jelly turn,
And the huge Boar is ſhrunk into an Urn:
The board with ſpecious miracles he loads,
Turns Hares to larks, and Pigeons into Toads.

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the *Nobility* had it made up in their own houſes. This, which *Opera* is here ſaid to adminiſter, is but a ſpurious ſort. See my Diſſertation on the *Silphium* of the *Antients*. BENT.

VER. 553. *The board with* ſpecious Miracles *he loads*, &c.] Scriblerus ſeems at a loſs in this place. *Specioſa Miracula* (ſays he) according to Horace, were the monſtrous Fables of the Cyclops, Læſtrygons, Scylla, &c. What relation have theſe to the transformation of Hares into Larks, or of Pigeons into Toads? I ſhall tell thee. The Læſtrygons ſpitted Men upon Spears, as we do Larks upon Skewers: and the fair Pigeon turned to a Toad is ſimilar to the fair Virgin Scylla ending in a filthy beaſt. But here is the difficulty: why Pigeons in ſo ſhocking a ſhape ſhould be brought to a Table? Hares indeed might be cut into Larks at a ſecond dreſſing, out of frugality; Yet that ſeems no probable motive, when we conſider the extravagance before-mention'd, of diſſolving whole Oxen and Boars into a ſmall vial of Jelly; nay, it is expreſly

Another (for in all what one can ſhine?)
Explains the *Seve* and *Verdeur* of the Vine.
What cannot copious Sacrifice atone?
Thy Treufles, Perigord! thy Hams, Bayonne!
With French Libation, and Italian Strain,
Waſh Bladen white, and expiate Hays's ſtain.

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ſaid, that *all Fleſh is nothing in his ſight.* I have ſearched in Apicius, Pliny, and the Feaſt of Trimalchio, in vain; I can only reſolve it into ſome myſterious Superſtitious Rite, as it is ſaid to be done by a *Prieſt*, and ſoon after called a *Sacrifice*, and attended (as all ancient ſacrifices were) with *Libation* and *Song*. SCRIBL.

This good Scholiaſt, not being acquainted with modern Luxury, was ignorant that theſe were only the miracles of French Cookery, and that particularly *Pigeons en crapeau* were a common diſh.

VER. 556. *Seve* and *Verdeur*] French Terms relating to Wines, which ſignify their flavor and poignancy.

Et je gagerois que chez le Commandeur
Villandri priſeroit ſa Seve *et ſa* Verdeur. Depreaux.

St. Evremont has a very pathetic Letter to a *Nobleman in diſgrace*, adviſing him to ſeek Comfort in a *good Table*, and particularly to be attentive to *theſe Qualities* in his Champaigne.

VER. 560. *Bladen—Hays*] Names of Gameſters. Bladen is a black man. ROBERT KNIGHT Caſhier of the South-ſea Company, who fled from England in 1720, (afterwards pardoned in 1742.)—Theſe lived with the utmoſt magnificence at Paris, and kept open Table, fre-

KNIGHT lifts the head, for what are crowds undone
To three eſſential Partriges in one?
Gone ev'ry bluſh, and ſilent all reproach,
Contending Princes mount them in their Coach.
Next bidding all draw near on bended knees,
The Queen confers her *Titles* and *Degrees*,
Her children firſt of more diſtinguiſh'd ſort,
Who ſtudy Shakeſpeare at the Inns of Court,

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quented by perſons of the firſt Quality of England, and even by Princes of the Blood of France.

Ibid. *Bladen* &c.] The former Note of *Bladen is a black man*, is very abſurd. The Manuſcript here is partly obliterated, and doubtleſs could only have been, *Waſh* Blackmoors *white*, alluding to a known Proverb.

SCRIBL.

V. 562, 568. *three eſſential Partriges in one?*] i. e. two diſſolved into Quinteſſence to make ſauce for the third. The honour of this invention belongs to France, yet has it been excell'd by our native luxury; an hundred ſquab Turkeys being not unfrequently depoſited in one Pye in the Biſhoprick of Durham; to which our Author alludes in ℣ 583 of this work.

VER. 567. *Her Children firſt of more diſtinguiſh'd ſort, Who ſtudy* Shakeſpeare *at the Inns of Court.*] Ill would that Scholiaſt diſcharge his duty, who ſhould neglect to honour thoſe whom DULNESS has *diſtinguiſhed:* or ſuffer them to lye forgotten, when their rare modeſty would have left them nameleſs. Let us not, therefore, overlook the Services which have been done her Cauſe, by one Mr. Thomas EDWARDS, a *Gentleman*,

Impale a Glow-worm, or Vertù profeſs,
Shine in the dignity of F. R. S.
Some, deep Free-Maſons, join the ſilent race
Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place:

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as he is pleaſed to call himſelf, of *Lincoln's Inn*; but, in reality, a Gentleman only of the Dunciad; or, to ſpeak him better, in the plain language of our honeſt Anceſtors to ſuch Muſhrooms, *A Gentleman of the laſt Edition*; who nobly eluding the ſolicitude of his careful Father, very early retained himſelf in the cauſe of *Dulneſs* againſt *Shakeſpear*, and hath now happily finiſhed the *Dunce's progreſs*, in perſonal abuſe. For a Libeller is nothing but a Grub-ſtreet Critic run to Seed. SCRIBL.

This Tribe of Men, which Scriblerus has here ſo well exemplified, our Poet hath elſewhere admirably characterized in that happy line,

A brain of Feathers, and a heart of Lead.

For the ſatire extends much farther than to the perſon who occaſioned it, and takes in the whole ſpecies of thoſe on whom a good Education (to fit them for ſome uſeful and learned profeſſion) has been beſtowed in vain. That worthleſs band,

Of ever liſtleſs Loit'rers, that attend
No cauſe, no truſt, no duty, and no Friend.

Who, with an underſtanding too diſſipated and futile for the offices of *civil* life; and a heart too lumpiſh, narrow, and contracted for thoſe of *ſocial*, become fit for nothing: And ſo turn *Wits* and *Criticks*, where ſenſe and civility are neither required nor expected.

VER. 571. *Some, deep Free Maſons, join the ſilent race.*]

Some Botaniſts, or Floriſts at the leaſt,
Or iſſue Members of an Annual feaſt.
Nor paſt the meaneſt unregarded, one
Roſe a Gregorian, one a Gormogon.
The laſt, not leaſt in honour or applauſe,
Iſis and Cam made DOCTORS of her LAWS.

Then bleſſing all, Go Children of my care!
To Practice now from Theory repair.
All my commands are eaſy, ſhort, and full:
My Sons! be proud, be ſelfiſh, and be dull,
Guard my Prerogative, aſſert my Throne:
This Nod confirms each Privilege your own.

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The Poet all along expreſſes a very particular concern for this ſilent Race: He has here provided, that in caſe they will not waken or open (as was before propoſed) to a *Humming-Bird* or *Cockle*, yet at worſt they may be made Free-Maſons; where *Taciturnity* is the only eſſential Qualification, as it was one of the chief of the diſciples of Pythagoras.

VER. 576.—*a Gregorian, one a Gormogon.*] A ſort of Lay-brothers, *Slips* from the root of the Free-Maſons.

VER. 584. *each* Privilege *your own*, &c.] This ſpeech of Dulneſs to her Sons at parting may poſſibly fall ſhort of the Reader's expectation; who may imagine the Goddeſs might give them a Charge of more conſequence, and, from ſuch a Theory as is before delivered, incite them to the practice of ſomething more extraordinary, than to perſonate Running-Footmen, Jockeys, Stage Coachmen, &c.

The Cap and Switch be ſacred to his Grace;
With Staff and Pumps the Marquis lead the Race;
From Stage to Stage the licens'd Earl may run,
Pair'd with his Fellow-Charioteer the Sun;
The learned Baron Butterflies deſign,
Or draw to ſilk Arachne's ſubtile line;

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But if it be well conſider'd, that whatever inclination they might have to do miſchief, her ſons are generally render'd harmleſs by their Inability; and that it is the common effect of Dulneſs (even in her greateſt efforts) to defeat her own deſign; the Poet, I am perſuaded, will be juſtified, and it will be allow'd that theſe worthy perſons, in their ſeveral ranks, do as much as can be expected from them. And we ſee he was aware of this, by ſingling out one or two who aimed higher, but at the ſame time tells us that their aims muſt be unſucceſsful.

VER. 585. *The Cap and Switch &c.*] The Goddeſs's political balance of favour, in the diſtribution of her rewards, deſerves our notice. It conſiſts in joining with thoſe Honours claimed by birth and high place, others more adapted to the genius and talents of the Candidates. And thus her great Fore-runner, *John of Leiden*, King of Munſter, entered on his Government, by making his ancient friend and companion, *Knipperdolling*, General of his Horſe and Hangman. And had but Fortune ſeconded his great ſchemes of Reformation, it is ſaid, he would have eſtabliſhed his whole Houſhold on the ſame reaſonable plan. SCRIBL.

VER. 590. *Arachne's ſubtile line*;] This is one of the moſt ingenious employments aſſign'd, and therefore re-

The Judge to dance his brother Sergeant call;
The Senator at Cricket urge the Ball;
The Biſhop ſtow (Pontific Luxury!)
An hundred Souls of Turkeys in a pye;
The ſturdy Squire to Gallic maſters ſtoop,
And drown his Lands and Manors in a Soupe.
Others import yet nobler arts from France,
Teach Kings to fiddle, and makes Senates dance.
Perhaps more high ſome daring ſon may ſoar,
Proud to my liſt to add one Monarch more;
And nobly conſcious, Princes are but things
Born for Firſt Miniſters, as Slaves for Kings,
Tyrant ſupreme! ſhall three Eſtates command,
And MAKE ONE MIGHTY DUNCIAD OF THE LAND!

More ſhe had ſpoke, but yawn'd—All nature nods:
What Mortal can reſiſt the Yawn of Gods?

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commended only to Peers of Learning. Of weaving Stockings of the Webs of Spiders. See the Phil. Tranſ.

VER. 598. *Teach Kings to fiddle*] An ancient amuſement of Sovereign Princes, (viz.) Achilles, Alexander, Nero; tho' deſpis'd by Themiſtocles, who was a Republican.—*Make Senates dance*, either after their Prince, or to Pontoiſe, or Siberia.

VER. 606. *What Mortal can reſiſt the Yawn of Gods?*] This verſe is truly Homerical; as is the concluſion of the

Churches and Chapels inſtantly it reach'd;
(St. James's firſt, for leaden Gilbert preach'd)
Then catch'd the Schools; the Hall ſcarce kept awake;
The Convocation gap'd, but could not ſpeak: 610
Loſt was the Nation's Senſe, nor could be found,
While the long ſolemn Uniſon went round:

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Action, where the great Mother compoſes all, in the ſame manner as Minerva at the period of the Odyſſey.— It may indeed ſeem a very ſingular Epitaſis of a Poem, to end, as this does, with a *Great Yawn*; but we muſt conſider it as the *Yawn of a God*, and of powerful effects. It is not out of Nature, moſt long and grave counſels concluding in this very manner: Nor without Authority, the incomparable Spenſer having ended one of the moſt conſiderable of his works with a *Roar*, but then it is the *Roar of a Lion*, the effects whereof are deſcribed as the Cataſtrophe of his Poem.

VER. 607. *Churches and Chapels, &c.*] The Progreſs of this Yawn is judicious, natural, and worthy to be noted. Firſt it ſeizeth the Churches and Chapels; then catcheth the Schools, where, tho' the Boys be unwilling to ſleep, the Maſters are not: Next Weſtminſter hall, much more hard indeed to ſubdue, and not totally put to ſilence even by the Goddeſs: Then the Convocation, which tho' extremely deſirous to ſpeak, yet cannot: Even the Houſe of Commons, juſtly called the Senſe of the Nation, is *loſt* (that is to ſay *ſuſpended*) during the Yawn (far be it from our Author to ſuggeſt it could be

Wide, and more wide, it ſpread o'er all the realm!
Ev'n Palinurus nodded at the Helm:
The Vapour mild o'er each Committee crept;
Unfiniſh'd Treaties in each office ſlept;
And Chiefleſs Armies doz'd out the Campaign;
And Navies yawn'd for Orders on the Main.
O Muſe! relate (for you can tell alone,
Wits have ſhort Memories, and Dunces none)

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loſt any longer!) but it ſpreadeth at large over all the reſt of the Kingdom, to ſuch a degree, that Palinurus himſelf (tho' as incapable of ſleeping as Jupiter) yet noddeth for a moment: the effect of which, tho' ever ſo momentary, could not but cauſe ſome Relaxation, for the time, in all public affairs. SCRIBL.

VER. 615, 618.] Theſe Verſes were written many years ago, and may be found in the State Poems of that time. So that Scriblerus is miſtaken, or whoever elſe have imagined this Poem of a freſher date.

VER. 620. *Wits have ſhort Memories,*] This ſeems to be the reaſon why the Poets, whenever they give us a Catalogue, conſtantly call for help on the Muſes, who, as the Daughters of *Memory*, are obliged not to forget any thing. So Homer, Iliad ii.

Πληθὺν δ' ἐκ ἂν ἐγὼ μυθήσομαι, οὐδ' ὀνομήνω,
Εἰ μὴ Ὀλυμπιάδες Μῶσαι, Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο
Θυγατέρες, μνησαίαθ' ——

And Virgil, Æn. vii.

Et meminiſtis enim, Divæ, et memorare poteſtis:
Ad nos vix tenuis famæ perlabitur aura.

Relate, who firſt, who laſt reſign'd to reſt;
Whoſe Heads ſhe partly, whoſe completely bleſt;
What Charms could Faction, what Ambition lull,
The Venal quiet, and intrance the Dull;
'Till drown'd was Senſe, and Shame, and Right, and Wrong—
O ſing, and huſh the Nations with thy Song!

* * * * * *

In vain, in vain,—the all-compoſing Hour
Reſiſtleſs falls: The Muſe obeys the Pow'r.
She comes! ſhe comes! the ſable Throne behold
Of *Night* Primæval, and of *Chaos* old!

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But our Poet had yet another reaſon for putting this Taſk upon the Muſe; that all beſides being *aſleep*, ſhe only could relate what paſſed. SCRIBL.

VER. 624. *The Venal quiet, and intrance the Dull;*] It were a Problem worthy the ſolution of *Ariſtarchus* himſelf (and perhaps not of leſs importance than ſome of thoſe weighty queſtions ſo long diſputed among Homer's Scholiaſts) to inform us, which required the greateſt effort of our Goddeſs's power, to *intrance the Dull*, or to *quiet the Venal*. For tho' the *Venal* may be more unruly than the *Dull*, yet, on the other hand, it demands a much greater expence of her Virtue to *intrance* than barely to *quiet*. SCRIBL.

VER. 629.—*The ſable Throne behold,*] The ſable Throne of Night and Chaos, here repreſented as advancing to extinguiſh the light of the Sciences, in the firſt

Before her, *Fancy*'s gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying Rain-bows die away.
Wit ſhoots in vain its momentary fires,
The meteor drops, and in a flaſh expires.
As one by one, at dread Medea's ſtrain,
The ſick'ning Stars fade off th'ethereal plain;
As Argus' eyes by Hermes' wand oppreſt,
Clos'd one by one to everlaſting reſt;
Thus at her felt approach, and ſecret might,
Art after *Art* goes out, and all is Night.
See ſkulking *Truth* to her old Cavern fled,
Mountains of Caſuiſtry heap'd o'er her head!
Philoſophy, that lean'd on Heav'n before,
Shrinks to her ſecond cauſe, and is no more.

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place blot out the Colours of *Fancy*, and damp the Fire of *Wit*, before they proceed to their greater work.

VER. 641.—*Truth to her old Cavern fled*,] Alluding to the ſaying of Democritus, That Truth lay at the bottom of a deep well, from whence he had drawn her: Though Butler ſays, *He firſt put her in, before he drew her out.*

VER. 643. *Philoſophy that lean'd on Heav'n*] Philo-

IMITATIONS.

VER. 637. *As Argus' eyes, &c.*]

Et quamvis ſopor eſt oculorum parte receptus,
Parte tamen vigilat———
——*Vidit Cyllenius omnes*
Succubuiſſe oculos, &c. Ovid. Met. ii.

Phyſic of *Metaphyſic* begs defence,
And *Metaphyſic* calls for aid on *Senſe!*

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ſophy has at length brought things to that paſs, as to have it eſteemed unphiloſophical to reſt in the *firſt cauſe*; as if its ends were an endleſs indagation of cauſe after cauſe, without ever coming to the firſt. So that, to avoid this unlearned diſgrace, ſome of the propagators of our beſt philoſophy have had recourſe to the contrivance here hinted at. For this Philoſophy, which is founded in the principle of *Gravitation*, firſt conſidered that property in matter, as ſomething extrinſecal to it, and impreſſed immediately by God upon it. Which fairly and modeſtly coming up to the firſt Cauſe, was puſhing natural enquiries as far as they ſhould go. But this ſtopping, though at the extent of our ideas, and on the maxim of the great founder of this Philoſophy, *Bacon*, who ſays, *circa ultimates rerum fruſtranea eſt inquiſitio*, was miſtaken by foreign Philoſophers as recurring to the *occult* qualities of the Peripatetics. To avoid which imaginary diſcredit to the new theory, it was thought proper to ſeek for the *cauſe* of *gravitation* in a certain *elaſtic fluid*, which pervaded all body. By this means, inſtead of really advancing in natural enquiries, we were brought back again by this ingenious expedient to an unſatisfactory *ſecond cauſe*: For it might ſtill, by the ſame kind of objection, be aſked, what was the *cauſe* of that *elaſticity?* See this folly cenſured, ℣ 475.

VER. 645, 646. *Phyſic of Metaphyſic, &c.—And Metaphyſic calls, &c.*] Certain writers, as Malbranch, Norris, and others, have thought it of importance, in order to ſecure the exiſtence of the *ſoul*, to bring in queſtion the reality of *body*; which they have attempted to do by a very refined *metaphyſical* reaſoning: While others of the ſame party, in order to perſuade us of the neceſſity of a Revelation which promiſes immortality, have been as

See *Myſtery* to *Mathematics* fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Religion bluſhing veils her ſacred fires,
And unawares *Morality* expires.

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anxious to prove that thoſe qualities, which are commonly ſuppoſed to belong only to an immaterial being, are but the reſult from the ſenſations of matter, and the ſoul naturally mortal. Thus, between theſe different reaſonings, they have left us neither Soul nor Body; nor the Sciences of Phyſics and Metaphyſics the leaſt ſupport, by making them depend upon, and go a begging to one another.

VER. 647. *See Myſtery to Mathematics fly!*] A ſort of men who make human Reaſon the adequate meaſure of all Truth, having pretended that whatſoever is not fully comprehended by it, is contrary to it: certain defenders of Religion, who would not be out-done in a paradox, have gone as far in the oppoſite folly, and attempted to ſhew that the myſteries of Religion may be mathematically demonſtrated; as the authors of *Philoſophic*, or *Aſtronomic* Principles of Religion, *natural* and *revealed*.

VER. 649. *Religion bluſhing veils her ſacred fires*;] *Bluſhing*, not only at the memory of the *paſt*, when the barbarous learning of ſo many ages was ſolely employed in corrupting the ſimplicity, and defiling the purity of Religion, but at the view of theſe her falſe ſupports in the *preſent* overflow of dulneſs; whoſe ſcandalous contentions for modes of faith have violated Chriſtian Charity, and diſhonoured ſacred Scripture: As particularly the miſchievous ſquabble between W—r—d and *Jackſon*, on a point confeſſedly above Reaſon, and amongſt thoſe adorable myſteries which it is the honour of our Religion to find unfathomable. In this, by the weight of anſwers and replies, redoubled upon one another without mercy, they made ſo profound a progreſs, that the *One* proved, nothing hindered, in Nature, but that *the Son might have*

Nor *public* Flame, nor *private*, dares to ſhine;
Nor *human* Spark is left, nor Glimpſe *divine!*

REMARKS.

been the Father; and the *Other*, that nothing hindered, in Grace, but that *the Son may be a mere Creature*. In a word, they made all things diſputable but their own dulneſs; and this they left unqueſtioned; and it was the only thing they did leave, of which their readers could be certain. But if, inſtead of throwing ſo many Greek Fathers at one another's heads, they had but chanced to reflect on the ſenſe of one Greek word, ΑΠΕΙΡΙΑ, that it ſignifies both INFINITY and IGNORANCE, this ſingle *equivocation* might have ſaved them ten thouſand, which they expended in carrying on the controverſy. However, thoſe *Miſts, that magnified the Scene*, enlarged the Character of the Combatants: and no body expecting *common* ſenſe on a ſubject where we have no ideas, the defects of dulneſs diſappeared, and its advantages (for, advantages it has) were all provided for.

The worſt is, ſuch kind of Writers ſeldom know when to have done. For, writing themſelves up into the ſame deluſion with their Readers, they are apt to venture out into the more open paths of Literature, where their reputation, made out of that ſtuff, which Lucian calls Σκότος ὁλόχροος, preſently falls from them, and their nakedneſs appears. And thus it fared with our two Worthies. The World, which muſt have always ſomething to amuſe it, was now in good time grown weary of its play-things, and catched at a new object that promiſed them more agreable entertainment. Tindal, a kind of Baſtard Socrates, had brought our ſpeculations from *Heaven* to *Earth*: and, under the pretence of advancing the Antiquity of Chriſtianity, laboured to undermine its original. This was a controverſy that required another management. Clear ſenſe, ſevere reaſoning, a thorough knowledge of prophane and ſacred Antiquity, and an intimate acquaintance with hu-

Lo! thy dread Empire, CHAOS! is reſtor'd;
Light dies before thy uncreating word:
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall;
And Univerſal Darkneſs buries All.

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man Nature, were the qualities to determine upon this Queſtion. A very unpromiſing adventure for theſe metaphyſical nurſelings, bred up under the ſhade of chimeras. Yet they would needs venture out. What they got by it was only to be once well laughed at, and then forgotten. But one odd circumſtance deſerves to be remembered; tho' they wrote not, you may be ſure, in concert, yet each attacked his Adverſary at the ſame time, faſtened upon him in the ſame place, and mumbled him juſt in the ſame manner. But the ill ſucceſs of this eſcape ſoon brought them to themſelves. The One made a fruitleſs effort to revive the old game, in a diſcourſe on *The importance of the Doctrine of the Trinity*; and the Other has been ever ſince, till very lately, rambling in SPACE.

This ſhort hiſtory, as inſignificant as the ſubjects of it are, may not be altogether unuſeful to poſterity. Divines may learn by theſe examples to avoid the miſchiefs done to Religion and Literature thro' the affectation of being wiſe above what is written, and knowing beyond what can be underſtood.

VER. 650. *And unawares Morality expires.*] It appears from hence, that our Poet was in very different ſentiments from the Author of the Characteriſtics, who has written a formal treatiſe on Virtue, to prove it not only real but durable, without the ſupport of Religion. The word *unawares* alludes to the confidence of thoſe men who ſuppoſe that Morality would flouriſh beſt without it; and conſequently to the ſurpriſe ſuch would be in (if any ſuch there are) who indeed love Virtue, and yet do all they can to root out the Religion of their Country.

FINIS.

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DENNIS, Remarks on Pr. ARTHUR.

I Cannot but think it the moſt *reaſonable* thing in the world, to diſtinguiſh good writers, by diſcouraging the bad. Nor is it an *ill-natured* thing, in relation even to the very *perſons* upon whom the reflections are made. It is true, it may deprive them, a little the ſooner, of a *ſhort profit* and a *tranſitory reputation*; but then it may have a good effect, and oblige them (before it be too late) to decline that for which they are ſo very *unfit*, and to have recourſe to *ſomething* in which they may be more ſucceſsful.

CHARACTER of Mr. P. 1716.

THE *Perſons* whom Boileau has attacked in his writings, have been for the moſt part *Authors*, and moſt of thoſe Authors, *Poets:* And the cenſures he hath paſſed upon them have been confirmed by all Europe.

GILDON Pref. to his NEW REHEARSAL.

IT is the common cry of the *Poetaſters* of the town, and their fautors, that it is an *ill-natured thing* to expoſe the *Pretenders* to wit and poetry. The Judges and Magiſtrates may with full as good reaſon be reproached with *Ill-nature* for putting the Laws in execution againſt a Thief, or Impoſtor. — The ſame will hold in the re-

public of Letters, if the Critics and Judges will let every *ignorant pretender* to ſcribling, paſs on the world.

THEOBALD, Letter to Miſt, June 22, 1728.

ATTACKS may be levelled, either againſt *Failures* in *Genius*, or againſt the *Pretenſions* of *writing without one*.

CONCANEN, Ded. to the Author of the DUNCIAD.

A *Satyr* upon *Dulneſs* is a thing that has been *uſed* and *allowed* in *All Ages*,

Out of thine own Mouth will I judge thee, wicked Scribler!

ERRATA.

Lib. i. Note on ℣ 145. line 8. for 194 read 198.

Lib. ii. ℣ 17. for *of long wigs, of bags* — read, *in* long wigs, *in* bags.

Lib. ii. Note on ℣ 282. lin. 12. for *Cauſe* of Poetry and Poverty, read, *Cave* ——

Lib. iii. Note on ℣ 5, 6. at the end of the Note put the Name of SCRIBLERUS.

Lib. iii. ℣ 54. for *mix*, read *mix'd*.

℣ 276. for *witheld*, read *with-held*.

Lib. iv. ℣ 612. for Wits have ſhort Memories and *Dulneſs* none, read, *Dunces* none.

Lib. iv. ℣ 633. for *her*, read *their*.